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THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G., K.T.

PHOTO BY ELLIOT & FRY

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX MAY, 1902 No. 1

LORD ROSEBERY AGAIN IN POLITICS

By Arthur H. U. Colquhoun

LORD ROSEBERY has suffered not a little in Canadian estimation at the hands of the cable correspondents. His exceptional position in British politics has been ascribed to vacillation, caprice, and lack of practical purpose. He has been thrown into contrast with Mr. Chamberlain, the alert, resourceful and audacious leader of the Conservative democracy. To us on this continent the one man has been pictured as wanting in successful leadership, the other as a new type of English politician, half American in method, a modernized jingo, bordering upon the demagogue. Neither view is in the least degree accurate. It is by looking through the spectacles of the New York cable correspondents that we get these distorted visions.

To explain the keen interest taken in Lord Rosebery's recent speeches, especially that delivered at Chesterfield last December, when he announced his return to politics, one must go back several years. A certain veil of mystery surrounds the withdrawal of Mr. Gladstone from the Premiership in 1893, and Lord Rosebery's accession thereto. There has been gossip, half-fanciful, possibly half-real, but authoritative explanation of why Mr. Gladstone insisted upon retiring when he did, and how far Lord Rosebery secured the loyal co-operation of Mr. Gladstone's associates in the Cabinet, there has been none.

A commonly accepted story is that when the Home Rule Bill had been forced through the House of Commons and rejected by the Lords, the veteran Prime Minister desired to appeal again to the constituencies. But his colleagues urged that as the majority secured in 1892 had been given in favour of other promised measures besides Home Rule, it was well to attempt to carry some of these—Welsh and Scotch disestablishment, reform of the registration laws, local option, etc.—before dissolving again.

Feeling that his failing faculties did not warrant his staying longer in active politics, Mr. Gladstone withdrew. His mantle fell upon Lord Rosebery, but, as we can see now after the lapse of years, the vitality of the Liberal party departed with its illustrious leader. The seeds of decay were in the Ministry he left behind him, and according to the stories current at the time and since, the leader in the House of Commons, Sir William Harcourt, was never on cordial terms with the new Prime Minister. It was even said that they did not speak.

Be that as it may, the Ministry soon fell. The elections of 1895 gave a great majority to the Salisbury-Chamberlain coalition, and Lord Rosebery's position, equivocal enough, owing to defeat, was rendered intolerable by Mr. Gladstone suddenly emerging from his retreat and beginning a campaign against the Armenian atrocities, and incidentally, of course, against the foreign policy of the Ministry, a policy which had a modified support from Lord Rosebery. Recognizing that the rank and file of Liberals still regarded Mr.

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Gladstone as chief, Lord Rosebery wisely laid down the leadership, announcing his retirement in a dignified and consistent speech at Edinburgh in October, 1896.

Every public utterance of his since has been subjected to curious examination. His attitude, a perfectly comprehensible one, has been misconstrued From almost every argument or illustration he has used, unwarranted conclusions or grotesque inferences have been drawn.

The Chesterfield speech, read in the light of these facts, must strike an impartial onlooker as a strong and reasonable deliverance, telling enough from the party standpoint and constructive enough as far as a politician in opposition can frame a policy. Naturally Lord Rosebery began by allusions to the past—his own past. He cut himself loose from Home Rule. He ridiculed the Liberal programme, that of his own Ministry in 1894, as promising too much, and bound to break by reason of its own bulk, and, to use his expression, he "wiped the slate clean." He laid down flatly and forcibly the view that any new Liberal policy must regard the sentiment of Empire—not an Imperialism of "greed, aggression and violence," but one of "affection and family feeling, of pride, and of hopefulness." Then he arraigned the "inefficiency" of the present system of administration—an inefficiency which he found expressed in British foreign relations, in the conduct of the war, and in the Ministry itself. In supporting this three-fold indictment he brought out many facts, and expounded many views, from which, if we are so minded, we can construct Lord Rosebery's "policy."

This, in brief outline, is really his attitude to-day. There is no mystery about it. Whether you agree with it or not, you can hardly avoid admitting that its meaning is plain, its spirit statesmanlike and patriotic, and when coupled with Lord Rosebery's declaration that he is ready for political service if his countrymen want him, constitutes him at once an alternative Prime Minister in the event of such an individual being in demand to carry on the King's Government. This, in itself, is a gain to British Liberalism. For several years, while the former Prime Minister lurked in the background, the feeling was general and well-founded that no one in Opposition—not Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, not Sir William Harcourt, not Mr. Asquith—possessed either a personality strong enough, or a following in the country numerous enough to form a Ministry with any chance of life. Estimable and clever men each of these. But worth and ability alone do not constitute leadership. Parliamentary leaders you can select in ten minutes at a caucus called together in a simple manner. An electorate of six millions of voters is not bound by any such selection.

It was inevitable that a breach should occur between the former and present leaders of the Liberals. One felt himself impelled to repudiate so much of the other's policy that the line of division between them became more clearly defined. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is engaged in keeping his nominal forces together for present Parliamentary purposes. Lord Rosebery has an eye to the future, and his open bids for reconciliation with the Liberal-Unionists were intended to take effect in the time to come when, the war being over, the supporters of the Ministry may begin to quarrel among themselves. The alliance between the Tories and the Liberal-Unionists is cemented by the war and the Irish question. Lord Rosebery foresees a time when, these obstacles removed, something like the old-time strength of the Liberal party should re-assert itself.

We, in this country, whatever our political sympathies may be, are far enough removed from the strife in Great Britain to take a fairly impartial view of British politicians. We ought to be able to regard Lord Rosebery without partizan feeling. We cannot possess the insight, the certainty of knowledge, employed by those on the spot, but we have an advantage in perspective. The Chesterfield speech,

from this standpoint, was not a great speech. It inaugurated no new era in political action. Except that Lord Rosebery released himself definitely from his former pledges of withdrawal, the occasion was hardly important politically. The allies of the ex-Minister in the press and the House of Commons had worked up curiosity and excitement by methods quite familiar to the politics of all countries. The Management had arranged matters well for purposes of stage effect. The personality of the man enabled them to do this with success. But the speech, clever as it was, and Lord Rosebery's speeches are always that, failed to make any profound impression upon the country. His subsequent deliverances have only accentuated the division between the official Liberal and the Liberal-Imperialists.

The power of the Government remains absolutely unshaken. For the moment, and until the conclusion of the war, Conservative rule in the present temper of the English people is as sure of continuance as anything in politics can be. A dozen Roseberys could not by any feats of oratory alter the situation. The influence of the pro-Boers, as they are called, is out of all proportion to the noise they make. The Liberal party still exists, and under favourable circumstances is bound to revive. Its policy and main reason for being is not opposition to the war. It is held together by attachment to principles which cannot be developed now, because the time is not opportune. When the occasion arrives for once more raising the banner of Reform, the mettle of Lord Rosebery will have to prove itself. Meanwhile, there is a period of reaction, or rather quiescence, in domestic legislation, and this works out to the temporary disadvantage of the Liberal party. The old Tories have been hurried along by Mr. Chamberlain's zeal. But the limit to their patience will soon be reached.

Of all Lord Rosebery's recent declartions the one with the most direct bearing on future politics was his reference to Imperialism already mentioned. Perhaps his exact words ought to be quoted :

"The last piece of advice I shall venture to offer the Liberal party is this—that they shall not dissociate themselves, even indirectly or unconsciously, or by any careless words from a new sentiment of Empire which occupies the nation. To many the word 'Empire' is suspect as indicating aggression, and greed, and violence, and the characteristics of other Empires that the world has known. But the sentiment that is represented now by Empire in these islands has nothing of that in it. It is a passion of affection and family feeling, of pride and of hopefulness, and the statesman, however great he may be, who dissociates himself from that feeling must not be surprised if the nation dissociates itself from him."

If this advice be taken, the swing of the pendulum must in due course restore the Liberals to power ; but if other counsels take possession of the party, and it allows itself to be divorced from the growing sentiment in favour of the unity of Englishmen at home with Englishmen in the Imperial domains beyond the seas—a long ascendency of the Conservative party may safely be predicted.

But the approaching peace, and a budget imposing duties on wheat and flour, clearly point to a new political situation. Lord Rosebery is in the best position to take advantage of both these factors. His attitude on the war has been in accordance with popular sentiment. As to free trade, he has consistently adhered to the Cobden policy. A year or two ago, during his retirement from party strife, he visited Manchester and there upheld free trade and all its works in a stirring speech, one of the most pronounced reiterations of the doctrine of Peel, Bright and Cobden given in the present generation. More recently still, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith, his chief lieutenant, have declined to endorse a preferential trade policy involving a revival of protection. Practically a new issue has suddenly appeared. The war once out of the way, an appeal to the traditional and accepted views of Englishmen on trade matters may meet with a response from powerful elements now quiescent. Lord Rosebery is apparently the man best fitted to make that appeal.

ONE OF 500 LUMBERING AND MINING CAMPS IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

LIFE IN THE LUMBERING CAMPS

By Norman Patterson

ALONG the northern outskirts of the Province of Ontario are 500 camps containing 50,000 woodsmen and miners. These camps are collections of houses, temporarily built, and each able to accommodate from 10 to 50 men. There are no streets, no water-works, no doctors, no lawyers, no churches, no public libraries ; only a general store where the necessaries of life may be purchased, and an occasional saloon. From seven to nine o'clock each evening these men spend their time in idleness or in amusements which are sometimes vicious. There are no theatres, no music halls and no home-life.

The needs of these men are attracting much attention. The Ontario Government has done a little towards giving them travelling libraries ; the boss lumbermen have done something towards erecting reading rooms; McGill and Queen's Universities, the Canadian Club of Toronto, and various organizations throughout the Province have sent them books, papers and periodicals. Several broad-minded educationists have devoted some of their spare time in giving instruction to evening classes. Much has been done, much remains undone. More libraries are needed, more permanent library buildings are required and educational facilities should be extended.

The Ontario Government should do more than it has done. Its revenue from woods and forests is nearly a million and a half dollars each year. It can afford to make a much larger grant for the good of these pioneer labourers on the frontier than it has yet seen fit to do. On this point, Mr. Alfred Fitzpatrick, the secretary of the Reading camp movement (Nairn, Ont.) says :

"The Government now offers a dollar for every dollar spent in books and papers by a

public library board, and why should not something similar be offered to these employers in lumbering, mining and railway construction camps, who provide a special building—club house, reading camp or tent for this purpose? What is needed and what is fair is the diffusion of education, not the education of a privileged class alone."

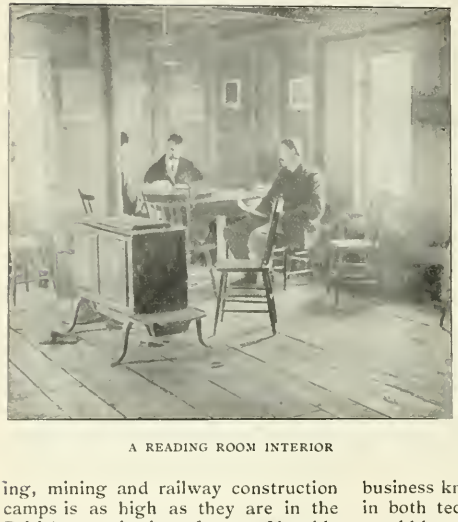
READING ROOM AT A LUMBERING CAMP

There is no doubt that every provincial government owes a duty to this class of citizen, a duty which embraces the supplying of reading matter and general instructors until such times as these camps are broken up and removed or until they have grown into organized villages capable of supplying their own reading rooms and schools. From an industrial, as well as a philanthropic standpoint, it is advisable. In the general interest of the country, it is absolutely necessary.

Mr. Fitzpatrick states another point which is of interest also for its own sake. He believes that hereafter forests in Canada will be cut periodically and that lumbering operations will be of a more permanent and stable character. If this be true, and it is to be hoped that it is not merely the wish which is father to the thought, the expense of erecting permanent reading rooms would be more easily justified. Of course, these permanent reading rooms need not be expensive. They may be built of logs or rough lumber, cheaply finished and plainly furnished. Mr. F. H. Clergue, the Sault Ste. Marie manufacturer and lumberman, has adopted portable buildings which admirably suit the purpose, and which may be recommended to all mine-owners, lumbermen, and railway contractors. Of course, the larger reading rooms may also be used as churches and general meeting places.

In addition to reading facilities, there is a great need of medical facilities. At present, few railway construction or lumbering camps have resident physicians. Many camps are a hundred miles from the nearest medical man and two hundred miles from a hospital. At Nairn Centre, for example, there are eight hundred men within a radius of twenty miles, and no doctor nearer than Webbwood, eighteen miles by rail, or Sudbury, thirty-three miles by rail. Within the last fifteen months six men have died by accident, one hundred and fifty were invalided by disease, and fifty by wounds. The death and accident rates of the lumber-

ANOTHER READING ROOM



A READING ROOM INTERIOR

ing, mining and railway construction camps is as high as they are in the British army in time of war. Monthly visits of medical men are unsatisfactory. It is also hard to get physicians to settle in such districts, where the distances are great, the travelling uncomfortable and the patients poor. In case of accidents, in many of the camps lying off the railway, it may be two days before a doctor can reach the camp, and then the patient is usually beyond the aid of medical skill. When smallpox breaks out, it is impossible to do much to check its ravages, and the public health is seriously endangered. Mr. Fitzpatrick suggests that medical students who have finished their college course should be allowed to spend their fifth year in the camps, such experience to count as if spent in a hospital. The idea is to be discussed by the Medical Council in June and should find favour there. Failing this, Mr. Fitzpatrick thinks the Medical Council may be induced to grant a special certificate of registration for this special work, and good for one year only. Such a twelve-month would, he thinks, be of much more benefit than a fifth series of lectures at a medical college.

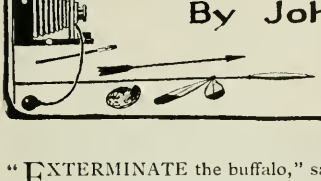
These young doctors may also receive government appointments as sanitary inspectors and educational instructors, and thus be even more generally useful and influential. Two provincial mining professors from the universities were recently sent through the mining camps giving lectures and instruction. The appreciation of the miners shows that the men will welcome any teaching which makes for the improvement of their business knowledge. Evening classes in both technical and general studies would be a great boon to the men in these isolated communities, men isolated from social, literary and religious advantages. It is only so that gambling, obscenity and drunkenness can be kept down and the workingman kept moral and progressive.

These observations and suggestions apply to the other provinces as well as to Ontario. In the great railway-building area of the Northwest the Dominion Government will also have responsibilities, and it is hoped that some of the inhuman experiences of the building of some of the Western lines will not be repeated. Even the meanest railway navvy has a value, and he should not be treated as a dog and left, without medical attendance, to sink miserably into an unmarked grave. There are many unavoidable hardships on the frontiers, but our governments should not allow any one to fail to distinguish between what is avoidable and what is not.

Buffalo Hunting

Modern and Ancient

By John Innes



"EXTERMINATE the buffalo," said the wise-heads amongst the North American peoples, "and the Indians are at our mercy." How true this was, and how well the saying has been carried to an almost absolute conclusion, is a fact well known to all who take an intelligent interest in the Great West. The Indians, from time immemorial, have been dependent upon the game of the country for a living; and of all the game the buffalo were the most valuable. The horns were used for the making of ornaments, household utensils, and various gear for the warriors. The hides of the cow served as coverings for the lodges, and as warm robes against the winter's chill. Those of the bulls were converted into shields and thongs and ropes. The flesh, both fresh and dried, formed the staple food of the tribes, and the bones and sinews had also their several uses. So the red men warred with one another over the buffalo; made peace again, hunted the buffalo, and were happy.

Then came the white men.

At the first they were welcome, for the Indians are good hosts, and the pale faces taught them many things and gave them articles of wondrous beauty and weapons new and deadly, in exchange for the spoils of their hunting expeditions. Afterwards these visitors hunted on their own account. More and more arrived. Whole waggon trains, with women and children, wended their snaky way across the prairies and settled and hunted. The Indians awoke to a realization of the fact that their country was being invaded, and did what you or I would have done—fought for what they considered their rights. Trading posts were attacked, trappers and settlers were murdered wholesale. Reprisals naturally followed, and troops poured in. Still the natives remained well-fed and aggressive, lived on the buffalo, harassed the troops, and made everything like settlement well-nigh impossible. At this juncture came the command, "Destroy the buffalo." In season and out of season this was done. The prairie was white with their bones, and the smell from the rotting carcasses of the mighty beasts stank to heaven. The Indians saw, got hungry, and became gradually and sullenly resigned. Later on they signed treaties, ate government beef and flour, and lived on reserves. They are there yet, being gradually civilized out of existence.

And how of the beasts that were made the victims of grim necessity? The poor remnant of them were treat-

A BUFFALO BABY

ed very much like the Indians, for the greater number are now on reserves, although a few isolated bands—like non-treaty red men—still roam at will over the sheltered country in far Northern Alberta.

It is a well-known fact that if anything in this life is forced out of its normal condition there is certain to follow a corresponding reaction. It is now the whites who are spending money and making laws to preserve

BUFFALO IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS PARK, NEAR BANFF

the buffalo, and the Indians—who as a class do not give a tra-la-la for legislation—who love to kill them on the sly just for old times' sake, and also I presume to satisfy certain natural longings for a good square meal of their own getting.

It is passing strange to see on every hand throughout the West innumerable evidences of this vanished race of animal kings. They, the numberless, the owners of the feeding grounds from southern Mexico to the Arctic chill, before whose coming no living thing could stand—are all gone. The plains are netted with the million deep-worn trails over which they marched; the grass-grown hollows where the great bulls wallowed, score the prairies in thousands. They might have passed there but a few short months ago. Yet even their bones have disappeared. Time was when the white ribs were strewn thickly on the dumb green ocean and the huge skulls grinned amid the bunch grass. Even here civilization could not let them rest. Wise men found a place for these poor remains in the commercial market, and lo! the carts passed to and fro, hundreds upon hundreds of them, each with its load of gathered bones to pile in grim array beside the railroad tracks ready for the cars to bear eastward. Thus passed the buffalo.

In Canada there are some few remaining, however. Three or four hundred run wild in Northern Alberta,

and a far smaller number are preserved in the Rocky Mountains Park near Banff.

Taking arms, ammunition and a pony, I determined to shoot some of the latter "bunch" for the CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

My shooting apparatus consisted of a rapid fire, twelve-shot camera ; my ammunition was a quantity of film cartridges, and my war-horse was a daisy. I chose him as being the most likely thing in sight from which one could fall off easily. He towered to the height of something under eleven hands, which was most convenient, because when I desired to dismount I had only to straighten my legs and let him walk away ; and when I wished to proceed it was so simple to just sit down on him, twist his tail, and jiggle on again.

Off we went ; down through the village of Banff and along the Anthracite trail. The mountains were looking their best in the crisp autumn air, and the sailing masses of mist far overhead flung shadow-curtains that softly shifted and gloomed all amongst the valleys and far up the noble ranges, causing the snowy summits to glisten or fade in magnificent variation. Ghostly violets, purples, and grays, lingered amid the broad masses of nearly naked trees ; and brown and gold were the infrequent leaves which the winds whisked hither and thither amongst them. Only the evergreens stood stoutly and stiffly, caring not a jot for the approaching winter.

I turned my buffalo-runner toward the foot of the great Cascade mountain, jogged across a small prairie to the C.P.R. tracks, and passing through a huge gate in a huge fence, found myself safely within the happy hunting grounds. The space on the inside of that fence appeared just as big as the space outside, as far as one could observe, so, following a grass trail, running in the direction of the valley between the Cascade and the Little-Stoney-Squaw mountains, I arrived at the camp of the men whose duty it is to keep the buffalo herd within bounds. A war-whoop brought Ellis, the boss herder, and one of his assistants into the open. Them I informed that my mission was to shoot buffalo, whereat they were in no wise enthusiastic until

FULL-GROWN BULL

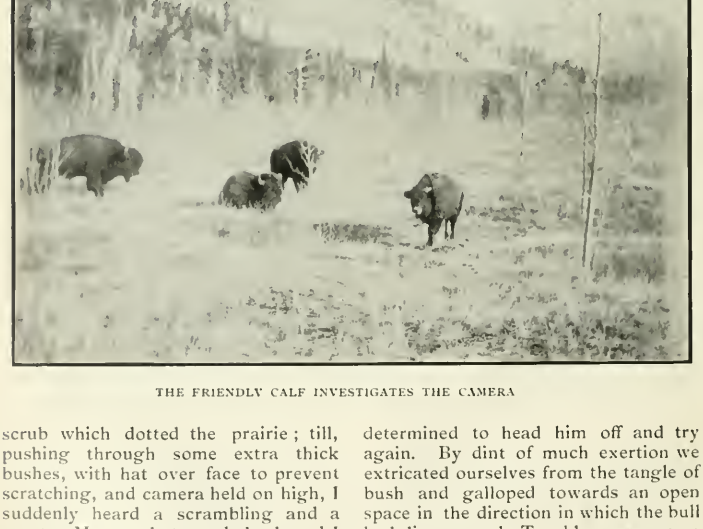
they spied the weapons, after which they gave full information as to the whereabouts of the herd.

It was truly exhilarating, that hunt, because Mr. Ellis had told me it would be as well not to excite the animals as they were cross that day. I knew by the often evinced desire of my buffalo-runner to stop and eat grass, that however excited or cross the buffalo got the horse certainly would be calm and deliberate.

We ambled gaily into and out of and all about the clumps of trees and

opinion was, as, to my relief, he ceased shaking his head, gave a blasé sort of sigh, and turned his huge bulk contemptuously about. His actions said as plainly as words could : "Great Scott ! here's another idiot with a camera." Then he walked lazily away toward the foot of the Cascade mountain, and was lost to view on the farther side of some trees.

About this time I recollected that an excellent opportunity for a snap-shot had been everlastingly missed ; so, having awakened my buffalo-runner, I



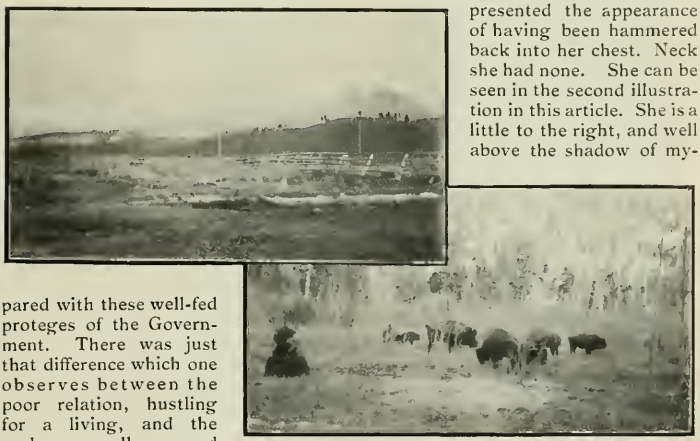
THE FRIENDLY CALF INVESTIGATES THE CAMERA

scrub which dotted the prairie ; till, pushing through some extra thick bushes, with hat over face to prevent scratching, and camera held on high, I suddenly heard a scrambling and a snort. My steed stopped dead, and I awoke to the consciousness that a young and energetic bull was eyeing my "outfit" with suspicion from a few yards distant. I looked at him ; he looked at me ; and my horse, true to the estimate I had placed on his character, let his ears flop, lowered his head, and apparently slumbered. It was easy to tell what that buffalo's

determined to head him off and try again. By dint of much exertion we extricated ourselves from the tangle of bush and galloped towards an open space in the direction in which the bull had disappeared. Troubles never come singly ; swinging around a corner we galloped gaily into the middle of the whole herd. They evidently were not expecting us, which fact gave me an opportunity to get a good snap of a few of them at quite close quarters. It will be noticed in the first illustration —which is the snap-shot spoken of— that only one bull is fully alive to the

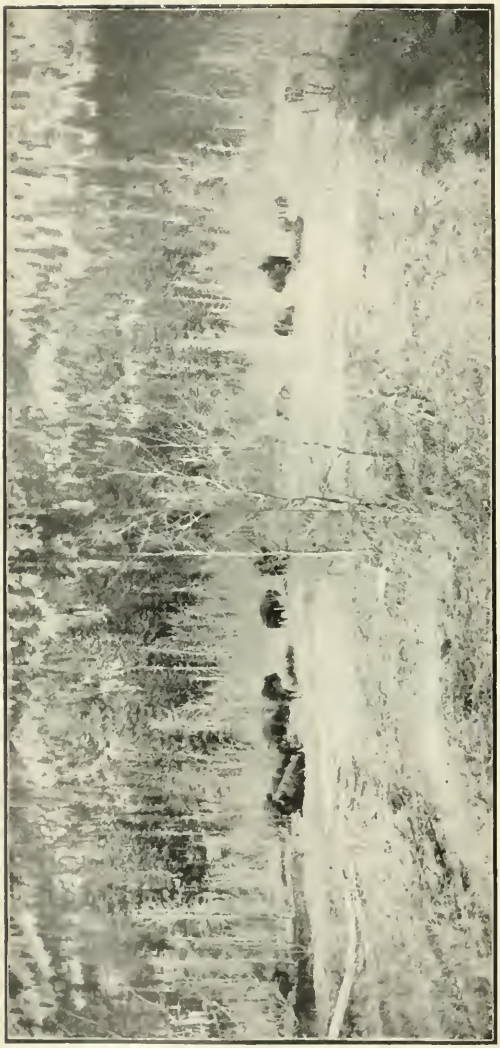
situation ; so, passing through them, we vanished amid the trees, and on looking back through the sheltering trunks I could see the whole band up, switching their tails about and trotting here and there with much moaning and grumbling ; evidently in great wonder as to what all the excitement was, anyway.

It was certainly a very interesting sight. The buffalo which I remembered having seen in the old days upon the prairie, seemed to my mind to have been ragged and unkempt when compared with these well-fed proteges of the Government. There was just that difference which one observes between the poor relation, hustling for a living, and the cocksure, well-groomed civil servant. However, they were certainly impressive. The huge, shaggy heads of the bulls hung low, and swung from side to side, the beards sweeping the ground, as their little eyes glared from beneath the black masses of tossed foretops, in an endeavour to locate the cause of the trouble. The great humps were tawny-coloured at the crest, darkening into a rich, rusty brown lower down, and gradually shading into black where the matted hair hung long below the jaws, neck, chest, and about the forelegs. Behind this towering and impressive mass the hindquarters sloped sharply away to the tail, and the fact of their being but lightly covered with hair, gave them the appearance of being ridiculously inadequate for the task of propelling the huge forequarters. The portions of the hide touched by the sunlight were very much the colour of the dried grasses and leaves upon which they were standing. The cows were in altogether better proportion, with the exception of one old dame. She looked as if she had unwillingly charged a locomotive in her giddy youth and had not hurt it. She had two or three double chins, and her head presented the appearance of having been hammered back into her chest. Neck she had none. She can be seen in the second illustration in this article. She is a little to the right, and well above the shadow of myself and horse upon the foreground. A very well-proportioned cow is that which appears in the second picture to the left, and behind the bull.



SCENES IN THE PARK AT BANFF

So the great brutes searched for the imaginary danger, and finding none, fell to bunting one another vigorously till they were tired, and when all was again quiet I and my war-horse left the shelter of the trees and moved in a wide circle about them, edging closer and closer as the beasts became more accustomed to our presence, till finally I was enabled to get a very good shot at a fine young bull not fifteen feet dis-



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HERD IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS PARK

tant. This is shown in the second plate.

All further efforts at close quarter work were suddenly frustrated by the friendliness of a calf. I had noticed that he took an absorbing interest in the whole proceedings, so, when he trotted towards my steed, I had a shot at him, and was preparing for another when his mother —a vulgar person — with a switch of her tail and a bawl of warning to her offspring, lowered her head and charged. I regret being unable to give a photo of the charging cow, but unfortunately at the time she was doing it I was heading in a direction which prevented my looking at her. From this incident onward the operations consisted of sniping at long range.

Now, the foregoing is a true and accurate account of the modern method of shooting buffalo. It has the supreme merit of unselfishness, in that the animal, after being safely bagged, is in reality left just as good as ever for the next camera maniac whom a delirious craving for snapshots drives in his direction.

Enough of civilization. Let us brush away the years ; banish the railroads and towns and cattle ; blot out the reserve lines, and look once more at an old-time buffalo hunt, in the days when Indians were Indians, and the great hairy bison was king of the plains.

It is morning in the camp. The sun has not yet arisen, but the blue smoke already curls upward from between the wings of many lodges, which stand in a small level meadow in a sheltered valley. Close by rushes and swirls a glacier-fed stream, its waters skirting the foot of a precipitous bank of yellow earth upon the side opposite the village. Behind the clustering tepees wooded terraces gently slope to the upper prairie.

There is an air of suppressed excitement amongst the inhabitants. The squaws chatter incessantly as they prepare the morning meal ; the dogs are kicked for more trivial offences than is usual, and the children cluster in groups and are silent. The bucks stalk majestically amongst their gathered horses, examining their favourites with care, for this day will test them to the utmost. Only last evening scouts had brought word of a large herd of buffalo on the prairie to the eastward.

The bustle of preparation continues. The sky is slightly overcast ; a lazy wind favours the expedition, and hardly has the sun lighted the highest snows upon the mountains which tower in the west before the hunters are in readiness for a start.

Every man is mounted on a small pony, and leads by a rawhide thong his buffalo-runner. These latter are the most highly-prized possession of the red man, being chosen for their sure-footedness, intelligence, endurance, and speed. They—the horses—are naked, save for a long rawhide strip fastened about the under jaw, and gay feathers or totems plaited into forelock and tail. In hunting, the rawhide strip mentioned passes up one side of the animal's neck to the withers, where it crosses in front of the rider to the other side, and is allowed to trail behind upon the ground. This is a provision made to enable any man who is thrown to more readily catch his mount.

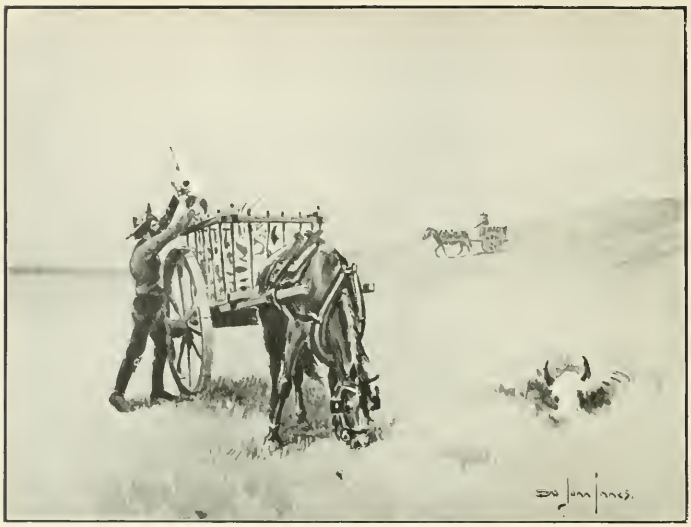
The scouts climb the hills to the upper prairie. In loose procession the hunters follow. Every man is close wrapped in multi-coloured covering against the morning chill, and has his face daubed with paint in an odd design, while feathers or ornaments of some description flaunt bravely above the fantastically dressed hair.

Over the rises and into the hollows of the great grass sea they ride ; whilst the scouts approach each ridge with caution, and peer into the valley land beyond in ceaseless search for the quarry.

Ha! They have dismounted, and are crawling stealthily toward the crest of a long divide. The excitement is intense as the dark bodies worm their way, hugging close, close to the ground. The main body of hunters sit like statues and watch. A quick sign is passed ; it is the sign of the buffalo.

BUFFALO SIGN

In a moment the warriors fling themselves from their ponies, throw aside their blankets or skin coverings, and vault upon their hunting beasts. It is then that the Indian appears at his best. Horses and men are transfigured with the spirit of the chase. The riders are naked, save for their gorgeous breechclouts, neck ornaments, and weapons. Gaily-beaded quivers of hide hang at



COLLECTING BUFFALO BONES ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIES

their backs, full of their best arrows. Spears and bows complete their equipment. The scouts and younger men take charge of the discarded ponies.

Under the direction of the hunting chief a long line is formed facing the ridge from which the buffalo were sighted, and the horsemen ride silently forward. All is in readiness, the unconscious beasts are in sight grazing quietly upon the slopes. Every man grasps his weapons more closely, and grips with the naked knees the quivering beast he bestrides. A quick signal is followed by a general shout, and over the ridge rushes tumultuously the crescent-shaped line of shrieking, painted savages, each lying low upon his horse's neck. In a moment the buffalo have taken alarm, and, with cows and calves in the centre, gallop ponderously away. The dust from the thousands of striking hoofs rises like the smoke of some mighty fire, and in that dust the slaughter is carried on. Through the rear guard of old bulls the horsemen press to where the bellowing cows and younger animals race for their lives. The bowstrings thrum incessantly, and the arrows find lodgment in the vitals of the great beasts. The ones so struck, stop stupidly, sink to their knees, and lie quietly down as though to sleep. At times the arrow only wounds and enrages some bull; then roaring he charges. Should he be able to drive the charge home, they would be as a straw before a tornado.

Dust! blood! sweat! thundering of hoofs! crashing of horns! yells, as of a thousand devils! bellowing! roaring! rushing! heat! stumbling! choking!

Arrows gone; horses spent; the herd dispersed; the hunt is over.

It has been a truly great day. All the way back to the ridge from which the buffalo were first sighted, the prairie is strewn with dead and wounded animals. The warriors return to camp, and the chattering squaws sharpen the knives and depart, with ponies, travoys and dogs, to bring in the spoils.

Hundreds of warm robes, hundreds of hides to cover the lodges, meat for

the winter, horn and sinew, and everything useful safely secured. Is it to be wondered at that the tom-toms bang and thump far into the night, and the hunting songs rise and fall in measured cadence under the stars? Truly the Great Spirit is in a bountiful humour.

This ancient method of hunting bison is undoubtedly more picturesque and exciting than the modern shooting expedition before described. However, hunting for a magazine editor, and hunting to live—are they not precisely the same thing?

AT MIDNIGHT

TURN Thou the key upon our thoughts, dear Lord,
And let us sleep;
Give us our portion of forgetfulness,
Silent and deep.

Lay Thou Thy quiet hand upon our eyes
To close their sight;
Shut out the shining of the moon and stars
And candle light.

Keep back the phantoms and the visions sad,
The shades of gray,
The fancies that so haunt the little hours
Before the day.

Quiet the time-worn questions that are all
Unanswered yet;
Take from the spent and troubled souls of us
Their vain regret;

And lead us far into Thy silent land,
That we may go
Like children out across the field o' dreams
Where poppies blow.

So all Thy saints—and all Thy sinners too—
Wilt Thou not keep,
Since not alone unto Thy well-beloved
Thou givest sleep?

Virna Sheard

THE NATURE-POETRY OF BYRON AND SHELLEY

By Pelham Edgar, Ph.D.

BYRON'S nature-poetry lends itself readily to investigation for a variety of reasons. In the first place, we may take Goethe's word for it that he is "a child when he begins to think," and incapable therefore of any systematic philosophy. Thus we have no profound Wordsworthian synthesis to investigate of the almost sacred relations that subsist between man and the world of nature. Again a number of his poems are imitatively classical in manner, the earlier satires for example. Here the poet never departs from the mundane ideals of the type; and thus we may at once eliminate a not inconsiderable series of poems from our consideration. There remain the metrical tales, the dramas, "Childe Harold," and humoristic satiric poems in the "Beppo" or "Don Juan" manner.

Within this category of poems there are three Byrons to be considered. In the metrical tales the incidents and characters have absorbed all the romanticism. The description, dashed in here and there in the pauses of the action, is for the most part colourless and artificial. In the early dramas and in the "Childe Harold" the description is genuinely and romantically inspired, and, however misanthropic in its sentiment, it is devoid of the extreme cynicism of the humorous and satirical poems. In this last group he broke a lance with sentiment. Here, though we may discover pictures of intensest realism, like the shipwreck in the "Don Juan," we shall discern few traces of the mood that inspired the closing cantos of "Childe Harold" or the nature passages of "Manfred," where the signs of Shelley's influence and Wordsworth's are clearly discernible in his almost religious devotion to Nature.

The change came when with "Beppo" Byron discovered that he could vent his gathering cynicism in humorous satire. The year which followed produced the memorable fourth canto of "Childe Harold" where the serious mood is still supreme. But elsewhere through the short remainder of his career the crackling of cynic laughter alone is heard. His old enthusiasms were dead.

I have spoken of the graphic realism of some few isolated passages, as the description of the shipwreck in "Don Juan." There follows the Haidée episode which affords us a final brief return to his earlier manner. Byron has scarcely surpassed in tenderness and delicacy of sentiment the twilight description which closes the third canto:

"O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things,—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast."

In this tone the description continues. But the poet realizing how out of keeping it was with the prevailing mood of his satire, breaks off with one of his madcap verses—

"I feel this tediousness will never do"—etc

Of these three Byrons, therefore (the classical Byron of the early satires is excluded), the Byron of the middle period chiefly concerns us here. This does not bear with it the implication that in the "Childe Harold" series he attained the summit of his genius. But there, and in his early dramas, his nature-poetry is found in its highest development, unrestrained by his later-developed antipathy to anything that savoured of "enthusymusy" or Wordsworthian didacticism.

In the discussion which follows of Byron as a romantic nature-poet his philosophy of nature is first considered, or rather, if he would disclaim the intention to philosophise, at least the

prevailing mood is sought which inspired his nature studies as a whole. What points of contact there may be here in a general way with Shelley are examined briefly, and in conclusion a comparison somewhat more definite in character is instituted between the two poets.

In discussing Byron we are not dealing with a purely artistic temperament as with Keats, nor with a simple straightforward nature as with Shelley. Artistically considered, and from the point of view of character, Byron is a very complex product. We must distinguish the clay from the gold in his mind and disposition ; we must divide the chaff from the grain in his work. His nature-philosophy, such as it is, is largely the outcome of circumstance, and only in part does it seem to be an ordinary growth of his intellect as it would have expressed itself under normal conditions. Love of admiration, whatever cynical veneer he may have sought to hide it by, was part of the original clay of his composition ; and the desire, at first ingenuous, to attitudinize before the public is clearly evident from the outset of his career. This was while he was London's idol, the spoiled child of a capricious world. And when this world spurned him contemptuously aside, realizing as we must the pride and vigour of his manhood and the keen edge of his penetrating intellect, shall we wonder at the added clay of disdainful cynicism which clogged and weighted down his native generous sympathies, destroyed his ideals and aspirations, and brought forth the bitter Dead Sea fruit of disillusionment in the savage protest of his later verse? Keats may have been ignored by the world, but his artistic ideals sufficed him, and the solitary approval of his own artistic conscience ;—" when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary reperception and ratification of what is fine." Shelley may have been spurned by the world, but his faith in the humanitarian ideal never deserted him ; and in the lowest ebb of his stagnant popularity the ardour of his unabated hopes supported him, and the consciousness that, however unsuccessfully in the present, he had still laboured with undeviating aim for the moral and material advancement of the race.

But Byron was incapable of either ideal. He was, if judged by the standards of the greatest, emphatically weak upon the artistic side, and blundered impetuously into his finest things ; and revolutionary poet though he was, he cherished only a distant and a scornful sympathy for the purely humanitarian ideals of the Revolutionary period.

He is pre-eminently, then, a poet of revolt without the resources of an artistic conscience, or the stimulus of a humanitarian ideal. With this in mind we shall not find it difficult to estimate the limited scope of his nature-philosophy, the outcome as it was of no closely-reasoned system, but the creation of an impetuous mood.

If we ask ourselves, therefore, what relation Byron assumed to subsist between man and nature, a problem which Wordsworth devoted his lifetime to solve, the answer is not far to seek. Like Rousseau he sought Nature as a wounded beast seeks his lair, and found in her a misanthropic refuge from the hated world of men. Her consolation for him was in proportion to her inaccessibility and her strength, as witness the positive exultation which pulses through his descriptions of storm and sea and mountain.

But the charm of Nature's solitudes has been felt as passionately by Shelley. The opening lines of "Julian and Maddalo" sufficiently emphasize that peculiarly modern exultation for the ranker sides of Nature, in which Byron also shares. But the question is whether the pleasure is here with Shelley so selfishly exclusive.

> I love all waste
> And solitary places ; where we taste
> The pleasure of believing all we see
> Is boundless as we wish our souls to be :
> And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
> More barren than its billows ; and yet more
> Than all, with a remembered friend I love
> To ride as then I rode :—for the winds drove

The living spray along the sunny air
Into our faces ; the blue heavens were bare,
Stripped to their depths by the awakening
north ;
And from the waves, sound like delight broke
forth
Harmonizing with solitude, and sent
Into our hearts aerial merriment.

A more explicit statement of the desire for community of pleasure with a kindred soul is found in the "Stanzas in Dejection," though not in this instance in connection with desolate scenery.

I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet did any heart now share in my
emotion.

Shelley therefore shows no trace of that savage spirit of misanthropy which inspires Byron's highest flights of nature-poetry, and yet examples abound in his poetry which reveal in him the power to represent as strenuously as Byron scenes of savage desolation.

It is not necessary, however, to restrict our discussion here to the wilder aspects of the outer world. Many of the gentlest passages in Shelley's verse represent conditions altogether removed from the human sphere. Of this type are the many exquisite Nature myths that are scattered through his poems ; and in his spheral symphonies when stars and sun and moon sing together, though the theme of their song is love, the passion strikes a universal and not a human note. Byron, on the contrary, with all his vehement misanthropy and partly because of that, infallibly refers Nature to human standards by implication of scornful reference, and by seeking to wrench that sympathy from Nature which the world denied. He seems to follow Nature to her wildest haunts, not like Shelley or like Keats, for any love of mystery or of beauty, but as a homage to her inaccessibility.

The early "Childe Harold" had its share of romantic posing, but disillusionment was as yet rather a mask assumed than a habit formed. The second Canto contains the first example of the misanthropical juxtaposition of man and nature to which I have already referred.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion
dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her
stores unroll'd.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock
of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless you, none whom we
can bless ;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress ;
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flattered, followed, sought and
sued ;
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude.

Childe Harold II. xxv-vi.

As Byron's life become more embittered, passages of this sort multiply. But cynicism of a more biting nature grew by degrees to be a habit of his mind, until in the "Don Juan" it finally put an effective check upon the genuine expression of his sympathies. I pass over the well-known examples of misanthropic description in the remaining cantos of "Childe Harold,"* and quote the famous lines from "Manfred" which represent the last and highest flights of his nature-poetry in this connection.

From my youth upwards
My spirit walked not with the souls of men,
Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes ;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine ;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my
powers,
Made me a stranger ; though I wore the
form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded
me
Was there but one who—but of her anon.
I said with men, and with the thoughts of
men ;

* See Esp. C. H. III. xiii. f. and lxxii.

I held but slight communion ; but instead,
My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain top
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite ; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
Of river-stream or ocean in their flow,
In these my earthly strength exulted ; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their development ; or watch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim ;
Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,
While Autumn winds were at their evening song.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone ;
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
Hating to be so—crossed me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again.

This is extremely Byronic, alike in the crude vigour of the verse and in the malignant cynicism of the sentiment. Byron is, or affects to be, as hearty a man-hater as his unhappy predecessor Swift, whose misanthropy preyed upon his mind until it became a disease. It is pessimism upon its ignoble side. We can imagine, and indeed the facts supports us, a pessimism inherently charitable in its essence, which challenges not man's pitiable weaknesses, but the unswerving ruthlessness of Fate. But Byron's quarrel was both with destiny and man. Waging that larger warfare, he attains in "Cain" an unwonted nobility of utterance, but in the petty acrimony of the lesser contest he sinks to a level of petulancy where his eloquence or his amazing wit alone could save him from literary disaster.

This undercurrent of bitterness flows through all that Byron wrote concerning man and nature alike. The world is always curious to learn the harsher secrets of the human heart ; and when these secrets were poured forth with an irresistible eloquence which neither Rousseau nor Goethe had surpassed, all Europe paid homage to his genius. But apart from that which was half sincere and half romantic posing, there were certain definite qualities besides in Byron's poetry (and this intimately concerns his descriptive work) which confirmed his popularity at home and abroad.

Among the many things which attracted the reading world to "Childe Harold" on its first appearance, two stand prominently forward as still commanding our admiration. In the first place, his power of throwing the poetical halo of historical association around the objects he describes, a power which he shared with Scott alone in his generation ; and again the remarkable rush and vigour of his description, which he shared with Shelley in his more impetuous mood. The "Childe Harold" best represents Byron upon the historical side, but any of his contemporary or later work might exhibit the rushing vigour of his style, as for example, the story of Mazeppa's ride, Jacopo Foscari's description of the joys of swimming in the first scene of the "Two Foscari," or, more famous than all, the shipwreck scene in "Don Juan.

Yet discerning critics have not allowed these and kindred passages to pass unscathed. They find in all of them heinous faults of style, infelicitous phrasing, and slovenliness in the structure of the verse. This we are prepared for in view of the acknowledged bluntness of Byron's artistic sense, save in the peculiar domain which he conquered for himself in humoristic satire. But the criticism goes deeper, and affirms that these great descriptive passages are mere feats of eloquent rhetoric and not born of an imaginative insight into the object or scene described. Browning was even bold to assert that it was precisely this rhetorical element which vitiated in his eyes the famous apostrophe to the Ocean in "Childe Harold." If this is not allowed to pass unscathed, what hope of redemption is there for his ordinary descriptive verse ?

It is truly a very debatable borderland which divides great rhetoric from true poetry, and our solitary judgment might wander far astray in an attempt to establish a reliable demarcation. The question is almost a metaphysical

one, and susceptible rather of statement than of proof. Certain broad facts are, however, established with tolerable clearness in reference to this question ; the most important being that on the whole other national poetries, the French for example, make their appeal from the rhetorical elements which they contain ; while on the contrary too large an infusion of rhetoric is counted by us as a defect. It would seem therefore that this affinity of Byron with continental poetry on what appears to us its weakest side, is the most satisfactory explanation of his unrivalled European popularity. His foreign readers because they are foreign are callous to much of the uncouthness and even slovenliness of Byron's verse ; because their ears are tuned to other rhythms they are deaf to his discords ; and finally because they judge poetry by other standards than we they are led captive by the splendid vigour of his rhetoric.

If the question of the distinction between rhetoric and poetry is too obscure for purposes of argument, let us for a moment examine Byron's nature-poetry in detail for tangible results about which there can be no dispute. What then are the objects of Nature which Byron most cares to describe ; and keeping the object of the paper in view, do these descriptions afford points of contact with similar descriptions in Shelley?

Shall we consider it an indication of Byron's gloomy temperament, or of his poetical feeling for mystery, that above all he loves Nature in the hours of night ?

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains—Beautiful.
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.

Manfred III. 4.

Even the few lines of this passage quoted betray its misanthropical affinities. One curious fact must however be noted, namely the extreme gentleness which characterizes this and almost every night or twilight scene in the poems. In " Lara," in the " Siege of Corinth " and in " Parisina " a similar tenderness prevails to the disturbance even of our preconceived ideas of Byron. But generally it will be found that the mildness of Nature serves as a foil to the tumult of human passions, or as in the "Parisina" affords a peaceful setting for a tragic event. The celebrated stanzas in the third canto of " Childe Harold " are inspired with a similar tenderness of feeling ; but there the tranquillity of night forms an effective contrast with the storm which soon thunders among the sleeping Alps.

Shelley does not give us so many extensive studies of Nature by night, but obtains his effects rather by a few delicate touches full of the subdued colour which moonlight sheds upon a familiar scene.

Shelley only, or Coleridge, could have given us the delicate description in " Rosalind and Helen " of the frail cloud wandering across the moon into the darker spaces of the sky. The poetry of the stars too, though he moralizes less about them, is better transmitted in Shelley's verse than in Byron's. One quotation must suffice.

As I have seen
A fierce south blast tear through the darkened sky,
Driving along a rack of wingèd clouds,
Which may not pause, but ever hurry on,
As their wild shepherd wills them, while the stars,
Twinkling and dim, peep from between the plumes.
Anon the sky is cleared, and the high dome
Of serene Heaven, starred with fiery flowers,
Shuts in the shaken Earth ; or the still moon
Swiftly, yet gracefully, begins her walk,
Rising all bright behind the eastern hills.

Orpheus, 87f.

It may not be possible to set this passage over against any one of Byron's night pieces, and argumentatively to prove its superiority. It is not only by virtue of a subtle poetic quality, which may be felt rather than described, that it is beyond the reach of Byron. If we examine it in detail, every line while adding to the general

effect will be found perfect within itself, and intensely musical in the harmony of its pauses. The serene objectivity of the picture is likewise unattainable by Byron, who ever sullies the fair face of Nature with the tempest of his passions, and mars the gentlest scenes by the suggestion never long withheld of human turmoil. If finally it is suggested that Byron is admirable in his rendering of the mood of night, in voicing the feelings that those mysterious hours inspire, criticism here cannot lift a dissenting voice. But Shelley has also translated the feelings which night evokes, and few lovers of poetry would care to barter his exquisite stanzas "To Night" for any or all of Byron's wonderful descriptions.

Considering Byron's love of the sea, it is astonishing to note the comparatively few descriptions of it to be found within the poems. The ocean apostrophe already referred to, is somewhat under the ban, but it is really too fine for wire-drawn quibbling when the last word has been said. If characteristic detail is neglected, and if lines of luminous poetic power are rare in the range of his sea descriptions, they still possess qualities which raise them very far above mediocrity. Especially remarkable is their astonishing vigour, to which I have already had occasion to draw attention, in reference to the "Don Juan" shipwreck, and the swimming passage in the "Two Foscari." This vigour, it will be noted, resides in the stirring sense of conflict between man on the one hand, and the forces of Nature ranged on the other. The shipwreck scene would lose its appeal for us if deprived of its intense humanity. If Shelley were therefore to be judged here purely upon his descriptive merits, the lack of this dramatic element would surely tell against him. And so closely are our human destinies wrought up with the sea, that there is much force in the objection. But here again Shelley's imaginative vigour comes to his aid, and if on the score of human interest we cannot set his sea descriptions by the side of Byron's, they still have definite poetic qualities in which Byron's are lacking. There is not, for example, in the latter such a disinterested and impersonal study of an ocean storm hurling itself aimlessly upon a barren shore, as is described in the first canto of "Laon and Cythna." But neither is there in Byron following upon such a conscientiously objective study, such a fantastic disregard of natural possibilities as the sequel of Shelley's description involves. The storm, it will be remembered, had been fierce, and after the passing of the tempest Shelley is careful still to observe that the waves were running mountain-high beneath the sunset.

> And with it fled the tempest, so that ocean
> And earth and sky shone through the atmosphere—
> Only, 'twas strange to see the red commotion
> Of waves like mountains o'er the sinking sphere
> Of sunset sweep, and their fierce roar to hear
> Amid the calm:

Thus far admirable and true, but continue—

> down the steep path I wound
> To the sea-shore—the evening was most clear
> And beautiful, and there the sea I found
> Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound.

What can have happened while he was walking down the steep path? The next stanza tells us that

> There was a woman beautiful as morning
> Sitting beneath the rocks, upon the sand
> Of the waste sea—

and I suppose that we must accept her as the cause of the miracle! It is impossible to avoid impatience at such meaningless destruction of a fine description. Is the whole thing meant to be purely symbolical? It is the same fault that disturbs our gravity in the "Alastor," where the poet, in his leaky and crazy craft, with a wretched cloak for sail, performs prodigies of seamanship that startle the sober sense. In the "Alastor," as in "Laon and Cythna," the surrounding description, apart from a few obscurities, is clear-cut and precise, which merely serves to intensify the incongruous effect.

Byron, it is needless to say, is free from such absurdities. The saving grace of humour was his, and a strong infusion of common sense made him careful to cause other people rather than himself to appear ridiculous.

It would serve no further purpose to follow Byron step by step in the varied descriptions which belong to his romantic period. The same general characteristics everywhere prevail to impress upon his nature-poetry the stamp of a vigorous individuality. His nature-verse, therefore, like his poetry in general, is essentially Byronic—more vigorous than profound, the highest reach of declamatory eloquence rather than the inevitable and subtle inspiration of the poetic spirit. As Tennyson has said, Byron's merits (and his defects) lie upon the surface. The pilgrimage of his first hero affords us a brilliant panoramic view of Southern Europe and Asia Minor. We pass "Fair Cadiz rising o'er the dark blue sea," and skirt the bright Mediterranean shore until

> "Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's hills,
> Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
> Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,
> Array'd in many a dun and purple streak
> Arise;"

The scenes in the Levant and Switzerland are brilliantly portrayed upon a background of historic human action; or, as in the last two cantos, imbued with the strenuousness of his own unrestful soul. It is, indeed, a magnificent itinerary. And yet, though never erring on the side of tediousness, the narrative yields us nothing that can compare as *Nature* poetry with Wordsworth's account of his pedlar's crawling journey through northern England. "Byron's merits are on the surface"; and no poet is more admirable than he to reproduce the picturesque and obvious detail which would strike the casual observer's eye. But to recapture the spirit of a natural scene, apart from its adventitious human associations, he is powerless. He revelled in storms, for his own nature was tempestuous; and in peaceful twilight scenes, for they were as balm to his spirit. But apart from this Nature was a meaningless word for him.

The world of human action and endeavour was his sphere; and there, had he possessed a more competent grasp of character, his defective artistic sense would have been his only bar to supremacy. But in the companion realm of nature-poetry no series of brilliant descriptions, however picturesquely diversified, will suffice to raise a poet into distinction. Here Byron must yield to five, at least, of his contemporaries. He lacks Wordsworth's fine impressiveness, the last result of the contemplative spirit brooding at once upon beauty and mystery. He does not surpass Shelley in emotional vigour, nor in the power in which both are alike supreme in English poetry, to grapple with the resistless forces of nature. Still he falls immeasurably below both Keats and Shelley in his feeling for sensuous beauty, whether of the eye or ear, and in his gift of artistic expression. He has more diversity than Coleridge, and his nature inspiration is less remote from the sphere of human action. But Coleridge again combines the power of mystical suggestiveness with a limpid purity and directness of expression, which flashes upon our vision at once the spirit of the scene and its visible attributes of beauty. With Scott he would seem to vie in diversity, in historical allusion, and in graphic picturesqueness of detail. He is probably inferior in realistic precision; but where there is so little difference in power, the question of relative superiority is an idle one, and a mere matter of individual preference. The comparison resolves itself into the problem which Ruskin propounded concerning the extent to which a poet is permitted to make Nature the echo and reflection of his own emotions. And this, opening out as it does the further problem of the fundamental distinction between ancient and modern poetry, between objective and subjective art, is too extensive in its scope, and too familiar in its details to be discussed here.

A BUSINESS TALK ON THE YUKON *

By F. C. Wade

IT is rather presumptuous on my part to speak of a business talk, because I am not a business man. But in certain kinds of business he who runs may read, and so far as the Yukon is concerned a very primordial business germ is all that is necessary ro realize that the Yukon business interests are not being attended to by the Canadian people as they should be.

I suppose you are all familiar with most of the facts with regard to the Yukon and its situation, because of the interest that was awakened in that far-off country in 1897 and 1898; but perhaps it would be well to point out one or two features with regard to its area and extent. To begin with, the Yukon is situated on our west coast, locking arms with Alaska—in fact, there is a little too much locking arms on the part of Alaska at the present time. That long arm that goes down on the western coast, seems to get longer all the time, so that it is difficult to tell which is our own country and which is the Alaskan arm with which we are encircled from time to time.

In the fact that Alaska at the north was purchased by the United States Government from the Russians, we have the first error or misfortune made with regard to the Yukon, and one of the most unfortunate things that ever occurred so far as the development of the north-western part of Canada is concerned. It was bad enough to have an immense hostile country below the 49th parallel, and all along our south. It was worse to allow that country to become possessed on the north of a large district which must ever remain hostile to us. We see the difficulties of it every day—customs difficulties, the trouble in delimiting our boundary, the tearing down of the British flag at Skagway, and other matters which might at any time lead to international complications.

The Klondyke, which is a portion of the Yukon, is situated in about sixty-four degrees north latitude; in fact, Circle City, a little below the Yukon, was so called because it was supposed to be within the Arctic Circle; it was afterwards found out not to be within the Arctic Circle, but it was sufficiently far north to justify the name. The Yukon country itself is 198,000 square miles in extent, which is considerably more than the area of Quebec, and very considerably more than the area of Ontario—twice the area of Ontario as it used to be given in the geographies.

The Klondyke mining camp, of the trade of which I have to speak, is a circumscribed area, bounded on the south by the Indian River, on the north by the Klondyke River, on the west by the Rocky Mountains, and on the east by the Yukon. It is some 800 square miles in extent.

The mileage of creeks actually operated in the Yukon does not go over fifty miles. Professor McConnell, Mr. Meyers, and others who have visited the country agree that there is no reason for imagining that the gold area will not extend to almost all the creeks in the Yukon, and when I tell you that only fifty miles have been worked, and that there are seven thousand miles of creeks in the Yukon, almost all of which are unprospected, you can have some idea of the future which lies before that country. (Hear, hear.) As to the little area of the Klondyke, with which we have to deal, I would like to make it clear to you that it has only been actively developed during the last four or five years.

The first stake was driven by George Cormack on Discovery Claim at Bonanza, on August 16th, 1896. The stampede into the country commenced in 1897, and continued in 1898. The first large gold production was made

* An address delivered before the Canadian Club of Toronto.

in 1898, when $10,000,000 were taken from the pay gravels of the country. That is according to the Governmental returns, but a government return is like an Income Tax return—I do not care what the Government is, or what the municipal body that is at the head of affairs, such a return must always be misleading. You remember that old story which is told in Fawcett's "Political Economy," about a street in London where the income tax was levied, and nobody on the street had an income at all, although it was one of the richest streets in London; but afterwards when the street was closed and every resident had to be paid damages according to his income, the amount swelled to tremendous proportions.

It must not be expected that a royalty official return will be any more accurate than an income tax return, especially when the miners are not the old miners of the old '49 days, the old miner or old prospector who spends all his life in the mountains, whether it be on the American or on the Canadian side, and whose single boast is his honour, and especially when they are dealing with a substance in which so much value is incorporated in so small a space or bulk as it is in the case of gold.

However, taking the returns as they are, ten millions of dollars were taken out of the soil in 1898, sixteen millions in 1899, twenty-two millions of dollars in 1900, and twenty-four millions in 1901. And yet people ask us every day on the street, in the face of these figures, if the gold production of the Klondyke is falling off. It has almost trebled in four years.

When we first arrived in the Yukon in 1897, and, travelling over the ice during that winter, came to Dawson, the sensation that I, in common with all others, no doubt experienced, was a very composite one. It did seem strange, after passing over hundreds or even thousands of miles of forest, stream and wilderness, to suddenly descend into a little basin formed by the junction of the Yukon and Klondyke Rivers in among the hills, under the shadow of Moosemin Mountain, and find a little city all by itself, a sort of microcosm, a coming metropolis.

Even then, in the dead of winter, Dawson City was composed of tents and huts made up of rough frames covered with tarred paper, with some whipped lumber made in the locality, but largely made up of packing boxes, and anything else that could be obtained. Windows there were none. What might be called the windows of the cabins were made up largely, at the mines and in the city, of bottles set side by side. Strange to say—and this is a matter to be considered in connection with the referendum, no matter how remote the country, and no matter how impossible it is to get window glass, if you penetrate into the regions adjoining the North Pole, you find bottles, bottles, everywhere. There they were turned to a useful purpose, because they were set side by side, and chinked in with moss, and they made a very good window indeed.

However, such was Dawson in 1897-8, a collection of tents adjoining the old fishery hut of George Cormack, a collection of tar paper and canvas houses scattered around without any regard to sanitary arrangements, and with no street. Nothing better could have been expected.

We were in our infancy, and just then Miss Flora Shaw, of the London *Times*, descended upon the camp and found that we had not good roads, and that the billiard tables were not strictly up to date, and the London *Times* has been talking about it ever since.

However, the spirit of enterprise soon became very evident in the camp, with the result that after the lapse of four years we have to present to you the City of Dawson. In 1898 a cluster of huts, to-day a city with an assessment of $12,000,000 real estate and personalty. (Applause.) In 1868 there was not a steamer on the Upper Yukon River; the first small steamer—a very small one indeed—arrived in June, 1898, and the succession of steamers arriving has been so tremen-

dous that now we can show you on the Upper Yukon a fleet of twenty-seven steamers valued at $878,000, and just bonded on the British market for nearly $1,000,000.

On the Lower Yukon River were formerly the *Arctic* and the *Weir* and a few of the old tubs of the Alaska Commercial Company that were being operated. We now have two fleets. The fleet of the Northern Navigation Company, of twenty-eight steamers, valued to the assessor at $1,125,000, and the fleet of the North America Transportation Company, of seven ships worth about half a million of dollars.

So that on the two ends of the river we have about two and a half million dollars' worth of steamers.

In the City of Dawson we have about $12,000,000 worth of real estate and personalty. In the two years we have produced about $46,000,000 of gold. In houses and land alone the assessment amounts to some $5,000,000.

So that in four years that little country has piled up a total — I am not taking into account all the public buildings built by the Government, or the 218 miles of roads built by the Government with all these public improvements — of over $100,000,000, and that not at some railroad centre in Eastern Canada, and not at some great lake terminus in the Province of Ontario, but at sixty-four and one-half degrees north latitude, under the very shadow of the North Pole.

It seems to me that is very excellent evidence of what enterprise in a country can accomplish.

The White Pass Railway was also built, and last year that White Pass Railway netted some one million and a quarter of dollars in profits, and paid a dividend of twenty-five per cent. to its shareholders.

On all sides, then, you have evidences of enterprise, trade and progress.

During last year there were carried into the country by the White Pass Railway and the steamers in connection with it, no less than 36,000 tons of freight, as against 32,000 tons in the year previous. And last year there were taken in from Vancouver alone 9,600 cattle, horses and sheep, as against some 2,000 in the latter part of 1898. So much for our trade in the Yukon.

But what can be said with regard to our trade interests in the Yukon? What trade interests have the Canadians as a people managed to secure in the Yukon, and to what extent have they shared in the marvellous prosperity of that camp?

It is indeed regrettable that a camp of such value, so far as gold mining is concerned, has to be opened up to the entire world. It does seem regrettable that foreigners and aliens from everywhere should be allowed to swoop down on that camp and without "by your leave" or "if you please," or without even an epithet to command your admiration and attention, simply take possession of our mines on Eldorado and Bonanza—on Eldorado, where the gold mines run $2,000 to the lineal foot; on Bonanza, where they run $1,000 to the lineal foot. It seems hard that these men should be able to take possession of the mines and to send and carry the gold away to Seattle and other places, and build public buildings in a magnanimous way in the different cities of the United States, build great stone blocks in Seattle, Portland and San Francisco, and that we in Canada should have nothing whatever left in return for all that is taken away. I say that it seems unfortunate that this should be so. It is difficult to distinguish between this state of things and simply allowing our friends on the other side of the line to enter the Treasury at Ottawa with wheelbarrows or whatever other utensils they may prefer, and to carry away the gold that belongs to the country.

However it cannot be helped. An alien law in a mining camp could never possibly succeed in Canada. The Canadian people, so far, have not developed as a mining people. The alien law was tried in Atlin, with the result that the

Atlin camp was killed the moment the law was passed; and if the alien law had been applied in the Yukon, the Yukon would have been strangled at its very birth.

The United States nation has, with its Swedes and Germans, hardy men of great industry, furnished the grandest class of miners that the world can produce. We have found them in the Yukon leading the way. In the early days of Cassiar it was impossible at times to get enough British subjects to fill a jury. In the Yukon, in my own department, I have had to use the same jurors over and over again, owing to the difficulty in getting sufficient British subjects. While the English and the Canadian show no aptitude for mining (whether it is abhorrence to working underground or not, I do not know), the French Canadian in the Yukon has shown himself an excellent miner, and to-day very closely contests the belt with the Swede, the Norwegian, the Scandinavian and the hardy Norseman that we have in that country.

The only excuse that can be given for allowing a country to be exploited in this way, allowing the gold to be dug from the bowels of the earth and carried off to a foreign country by foreigners, is that it develops Canadian trade, and that is the point upon which I wish to address the Canadian Club. Because persons interested in Canadian trade have not put forward sufficient energy to gain that trade in the Yukon, I am here to-day to say a few words.

It is true that in the beginning of the country the Canadians had no share in the trade at all; but during the last few years their interest in the trade has very considerably increased. Vancouver has become a large shipping point. Victoria is shipping to some extent. The Northwest Territories are shipping to some extent, and you will often be told, and I have no doubt that you have been told, that the Canadian trade with the Yukon is so grown that to-day we control sixty per cent. of the trade. That is true in a sense, but it is not true in the sense in which I desire to have the matter understood by my fellow-Canadian people.

It is true that the Canadian middleman is used much more than he was, and that the buyers in the Yukon to-day buy through middlemen, and in that way all these figures go to the Canadian trade. But the Canadian manufacturer is not by any means getting the trade of the country to the extent which those figures would seem to indicate.

To come down to details I might say that my object in discussing this point is simply to urge that one or two things should be done; that is, either that the Government should be prevailed upon to appoint somebody out of the trade, conversant with the manufacturing and with all the manufactured products of Canada, who will go to the Yukon and acquaint himself with the needs of the country, and then visit all the factories in Canada, and in that way help to increase the area and volume of Canadian trade with that country; or that the Manufacturers' Association, which I see is now devoting itself largely to education in the matter of manufacturing and trade, should take that matter up. Certainly the Government has had a great deal to do in connection with that country for several years past, and has carried on its shoulders much more than it should have attempted to carry.

With regard to the trade itself, I may say that it has been disappointing to us all up in that country from the very beginning, to notice the very slight interest which seems to have been taken by Canadians in the country. To begin in highest circles, let me tell you that but one Minister in the Government of Canada has ever visited that country as yet—the Minister of the Interior. I believe three members of Parliament, two from British Columbia and one from Nova Scotia, have visited the Yukon. Now, is it possible, gentlemen, that a new country can be successfully governed

without the members of the House of Commons and the members of the Cabinet visiting the country and acquainting themselves with its conditions and needs? If it were the same kind of country as Ontario or any of our Eastern Provinces, there would be nothing in my argument; but when it is a placer and quartz mining country, about which you can learn nothing in any other part of Canada, surely it is necessary to go to the mines and understand the needs of the country.

What I say is not for the purpose of attacking the Government, but I want to awaken all Canadian public men. Although the Opposition has choke-damped the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa for years with scandals in connection with the country, followed by Royal Commissions of Investigation, which always showed that there was nothing in the scandals, not one single member of the Opposition in the Parliament of Canada has up to date visited this Yukon country, a country larger than almost any other Province in Canada.

Now, with regard to the newspapers of Canada. I produce here one of the Dawson daily papers. We have three daily papers in Dawson, filled from edge to edge with all possible despatches concerning every item of news that occurs in Canada every day; and there is also a weekly paper, besides some small magazines and leaflets.

Although those papers, with the greatest enterprise and industry, are filled with news from all over Canada, there is not a paper in Canada to-day which contains any news from the Yukon. Seattle papers, as well as those of Tacoma and San Francisco are filled with news from the Yukon. It has been their specialty for years. But our Canadian papers contain nothing whatever with regard to that district.

Seattle newspapers and other American newspapers, especially of New York, are represented by scores of reporters and artists, and have been from 1897; while no Canadian newspaper has ever had a responsible correspondent or an artist, or any one in the country to give them information with regard to that country.

I say our public men are at fault, and our newspapers are at fault. And again I want to say that the manufacturers, and those represented in the trade of the country, have been far more at fault than anybody else. What house of any consequence has sent agents to the Yukon to solicit trade or to seek to understand the trade question there? What house of any consequence in Canada can show an advertisement in the Dawson *Daily News*, or in any daily newspaper in the Klondyke? Those papers are full day after day with advertisements from Seattle and all the cities of the United States, and scarcely in any paper in Dawson, even to-day, after it has contributed so much to the welfare of Canada, and so much to the production of Canada at any rate, can such a thing as a Canadian advertisement be found in 1902?

The great business in the furnishing trade of the Yukon is, of course, the outfitting of the prospector. In the early days that was the greatest business. The prospectors who came to the country claimed that they could not be properly outfitted on the Canadian coast. The Canadians did not understand the needs of the prospector as the Americans did in those cities of the United States, where they had had much more experience in mining matters than had been gained in Canada.

To put it in a rather simple way, the prospector, you remember, goes far away from the centres of population, and travels one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles into the wilderness, and he must not only have the staples of existence, flour to make his slapjacks, the bacon that he requires from time to time, and the tea, but he must have his small and inexpensive luxuries. All the pleasures that enter into the hard existence in those remote points in the wilderness (if he has any pleasures) are very gross and material indeed, and are not to be mentioned in such a select assemblage; but if the miner does enjoy anything it is some luxury, some

little jelly or preserves put among his outfit. The outfitters of the American coast cities, with due regard to his tastes and pleasures, were able to make a more attractive outfit than were the outfitters of the cities on our side of the line.

There are a great many lines of goods which should be furnished to the Yukon trade. Why is it that we do not furnish butter to the Yukon trade? Surely our butter is better than any that could be furnished from any other part of the world. But our butter is packed in such tins, and in such a way, that the rust and air affect it. My experience is that Canadian butter cannot be bought, because it always spoils. That is the regular experience in camp. When we arrived at Skagway in 1897, four tons of Canadian butter had to be thrown over the edge of the dock into the Lynn Canal, which was certainly a fine advertisement at the outset for Canadian butter.

Then take Canadian bacon. Why do we not use Canadian bacon in the Yukon country? We want to use it. I say for the credit of the trading institutions up there, whether large or small, they feel that they are to make their money there, and they want to use all the Canadian staples they can; but they claim they cannot use Canadian bacon because it is not cured to last a sufficiently long time. Everything has to be carried in during the summer, to last not four or five months merely, but an entire season and half a season afterwards—a year or eighteen months. So much for our butter and bacon. These are technical matters in which I may be astray, but I tell you simply what all the business men in the country tell me.

Why do we not monopolize the Yukon market in canned goods? Our goods are better and sweeter, and there is probably more food in them than in similar goods from anywhere else. They object to the labels; they object to the tins as being too heavy.

Why do we not have our rubber goods in that country? For the simple reason that if we bought the Canadian rubber miner's boots which are furnished at the Coast, it would take almost a team of horses to carry those boots up to the mine. The prospector or miner can go and get a pair of Gold Seal rubber boots from the other side of the line, which are light and easily worn.

Our shovels are too long in the handle; our picks are too heavy. Of the steel candlesticks to be driven into the frozen gravel we have not shipped any into the country.

Why does not Canadian cheese take possession of the market of the country, and Canadian condensed milk? In some cases it may be from lack in the supply of the articles themselves, and in other cases through fault in the method of packing and labelling, or in the tins or articles in which the goods are placed. But above and beyond all other reasons, because the manufacturers of our country have taken no interest in the country, and the newspapers have taken no interest in the country, and Parliament has taken little interest in the country beyond the debates which have taken place during the last few sessions.

It seemed to me it might be well to bring these matters before this Club, and it might be well worth while to point out, too, that there is no difficulty whatever in entering that country at the present time.

I am often asked—everybody who comes from that country is often asked—Isn't it very difficult to get into the country? Isn't it frightfully cold when you get there?

Here we object to our British friends always alluding to Canada as the Lady of the Snows; but every Canadian seems to hurl the same insult at our Yukon country. It is true we have cold there in the winter time; but you have it cold down here and in every part of Canada in the winter time. And surely every grown-up Canadian has stamina sufficient to know what a small argument that is.

We have the most beautiful summers it is possible to imagine; a more glorious summer climate could not well be

conceived. In the winter the cold is dry. We have, however, an open summer up to the end of September and well on into October ; then by the middle of May the ice is gone out of the Yukon River, and from then on to the end of September or October we have as delightful a summer as you have. And we have what you have not in the summer. During the summer time we have daylight all night, which makes it possible to carry on all the works of the country at a double shift, and in that way to accomplish a great deal more than can be accomplished anywhere else.

We have the country, we have the climate, and we have the products.

As to the methods of getting into the country. It should be clearly understood that whereas in the old days you had to go by steamer to Skagway, and then scale the passes and endure a good deal of hardship, in the summer time in any case you had to scale the Chilcoot and White Passes and then come down the river in boats at a considerable expense. It is to-day no more difficult to go to the Yukon than it is to go on the steamer down to Quebec. It takes a little longer, perhaps.

From Victoria or Vancouver to Skagway you travel on an ocean steamer, well appointed in every way, as pleasantly as could be. At Skagway you take the White Pass Railway over the Pass. You have not to get out and clamber over the pass and carry anything, but you can ride in your slippers and lounging-jacket as well as you can anywhere else in the world ; and when you reach Whitehorse all you have to do is to step on a palace steamer and in two days you are in Dawson.

Surely if all that has been accomplished in the short space of four years, and if we have to offer you a country which has produced in one-tenth of the time seven-eighths of the gold products of Canada, a country which last year imported thirty-six thousand tons of freight of all kinds for the consumption of the people of that country, and surely if you have the butter, cheese, canned goods, bacon and all the other staples which you hear about all the time, and if this is the growing time of Canada, and if the people of Toronto are as enterprising as they seem to be, and if we are in a period of growth and advancement, then when you and our public men spend so much time looking towards the development of trade with Australia and the Antipodes and all other parts of the world, you ought to be equal to reaching out and joining hands with the Yukon and getting close trade relations and securing the benefit of the Yukon trade.

THE BOER WOMEN AND CHILDREN

By John A. Cooper

THE sufferings entailed on one hundred thousand women and children in a country overrun by an enemy and with their own protectors broken up into small marauding bands, must be very severe. Whether the Boer women and children suffered more than they should have, is an open question. Suffering was inevitable, but the degree of the suffering was to some extent within the control of the British.

The early situation is best explained in Dr. Conan Doyle's book on the war. He says :

" When considerable districts of the country were cleared of food in order to hamper the movements of the commandos, and when large numbers of farmhouses were destroyed under the circumstances already mentioned, it became evident that it was the duty of the British, as a civilized people, to form camps of refuge for the women and children where, out of reach, as we hoped, of all harm, they could await the return of peace. There were three courses open. The first was to send the Boer women and children into the

Boer lines—a course which became impossible when the Boer army broke into scattered bands and had no longer any definite lines ; the second was to leave them where they were ; the third was to gather them together and care for them as best we could.

"It is curious to observe that the very people who are most critical of the line of policy actually adopted, were also most severe when it appeared that the alternative might be chosen. The British nation would have indeed remained under an ineffaceable stain had they left women and children without shelter upon the veldt in the presence of a large Kaffir population. Even Mr. Stead could hardly have ruined such a case by exaggeration. On some rumour that it would be so, he drew harrowing pictures of the moral and physical degradation of the Boer women in the vicinity of the British camps. No words can be too strong to stigmatize such assertions unless the proof of them is overwhelmingly strong—and yet the only 'proof' adduced is the bare assertion of a partisan writer in a partisan paper, who does not claim to have any personal knowledge of the matter. It is impossible without indignation to know that a Briton has written on such evidence of his own fellow-countrymen that they have 'used famine as a pander to lust.'

"Such language, absurd as it is, shows very clearly the attacks to which the British Government would have been subjected had they *not* formed the camps of refuge. It was not merely that burned-out families must be given a shelter, but it was that no woman on a lonely farm was safe amid a black population, even if she had the means of procuring food. Then, again, we had learned our lesson as regards the men who had given their parole. They should not again be offered the alternative of breaking their oaths or being punished by their own people. The case for the formation of the camps must be admitted to be complete and overwhelming. They were formed, therefore, by the Government at convenient centres, chiefly at Pretoria, Johannesburg, Krugersdorp, Middelburg, Potchefstroom, Rustenburg, Heidelburg, Standerton, Pietersburg, Klerksdorp, and Volksrust in the Transvaal ; Bloemfontein, Kroonstad, Bethulie, and Edenburg in the Orange Free State.

"Such camps as refuges were no new things, for the British refugees from Johannesburg have been living for over a year in precisely such places. As no political capital and no international sentiment could be extracted from their sufferings, and as they have borne their troubles with dignity and restraint, we have heard little of the condition of their lives, which is in many ways more deplorable than that of the Boers.

"Having determined to form the camps, the authorities carried out the plan with great thoroughness. The sites seem to have been well chosen, and the arrangements in most cases all that could be wished. They were formed, however, at an unfortunate moment. Great strain had been placed upon our Commissariat by the large army, over 200,000 men, who had to be supplied by three tiny railways, which were continually cut. In January, 1901, De Wet made his invasion of Cape Colony, and the demand upon the lines was excessive. The extraordinary spectacle was presented at that time of the British straining every nerve to feed the women and children of the enemy, while that enemy was sniping the engineers and derailing the trains which were bringing up the food.

"The numbers of the inmates of the refugee camps increased rapidly from 20,000 at the end of the year 1900, up to more than 100,000 at the end of 1901. Great efforts were made by the military authorities to accommodate the swelling tide of refugees, and no money was spared for that purpose. Early in the year 1901 a painful impression was created in England by the report of Miss Hobhouse, an English lady, who had visited the camps and criticized them unfavourably. The value of her report was dis-

counted, however, by the fact that her political prejudices were known to be against the Government."

As a result of Miss Hobhouse's agitation, a committee of ladies to investigate the camps was appointed some nine months ago. To some extent they have found that Miss Hobhouse was right, and that some defects had existed. They found that tents had been scarce and the water supply bad. It is easy to understand both these defects. The population in the camps increased rapidly, and it took time to get tents enough for everybody. The water supply in South Africa is always bad.

The committee goes on to say that it ought to have been foreseen that a dietary without fresh milk, vegetables or meat would be followed by a lowering of vitality and by scurvy. This is true, but even if it had been foreseen, it is a question if the meat could have been procured. The official dietary says that each person shall have a half-pound of meat daily, in addition to coffee, flour, sugar and salt. The meat, no doubt, was often lacking. The Boer women, even with money in their possession, would not be able to buy it.

The ladies report that measles broke out, and pneumonia and kindred diseases followed. There was not a sufficient supply of doctors and nurses. This again is understandable though regrettable. Many a British and Colonial soldier suffered for lack of doctor and nurse. It could not be expected that Boer women and children should be immune from suffering. The committee found that the camp at Aliwal north was a disgrace. Here, no doubt, there was criminal carelessness which might have been prevented. The commanding officer at Kroonstad, in some way, allowed diseased persons to be moved into the nearest camp and an epidemic followed. This also was criminal.

Yet Mrs. Fawcett's committee do not declare for breaking up the camps. During the time they have been investigating, they have made recommendations. These have been adopted by authorities and the necessary improvements made. Mr. Chamberlain assisted in the good work—a fact which is admitted by *The Review of Reviews* and by *The Speaker*, two journals which are not given to admitting much in his favour. In fact, Mr. Chamberlain seems to have repeatedly urged Lord Milner to give greater attention to the work of improvement. The only criticism *The Speaker* makes is that Mr. Chamberlain started six months later than was necessary.

The great mortality rate has been reduced, and we know that there never was any brutality and cruelty, and that everything is now being done for these unfortunates. Miss Hobhouse has won fame as a reformer. These are the first results. The second will be that the women of the world must recognize that if they continue to worship brute force, to deify the man in uniform, and to encourage the war spirit, they must suffer if they come within the baneful influence of such struggles. The Boer women, right or wrong, inflamed the war spirit of their husbands and sons, and they have paid the penalty which follows upon all human weaknesses. The lesson is open to Canadian women. If they desire to assist the progress of civilization, let them discourage the complacence with which war is regarded. Peace at almost any price is preferable to war.

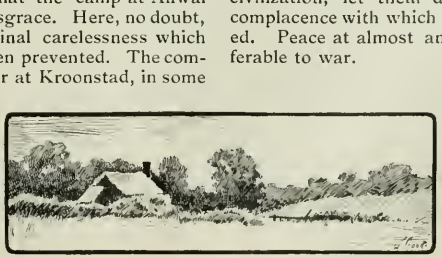


PHOTO BY JONES, ECHO VALE

A VIEW OF NORTH HATLEY AND LAKE MASSAWIPPI

THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

By L. S. Channell, Publisher Sherbrooke Daily Record

THAT portion of the Province of Quebec which is known as "The Eastern Townships," forms almost as distinctive a part of Canada as though it were a province in itself. It is a part of Quebec which was not settled previous to the British conquest. It, therefore, was never touched by the seigniory system. During the French occupation, and for at least ten years subsequent thereto, it was a vast wilderness covered with forest, and untrodden by any but the native Indians. It was a neutral district, lying between the French district along the St. Lawrence and the English settlements along the Atlantic. At the present day it is generally understood to comprise the eleven counties of Missisquoi, Brome, Shefford, Drummond, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Stanstead, Compton, Wolfe, Arthabaska and Megantic, and the approximate population is 290,000.

FISHING IN VICTORIA RIVER, LAKE MEGANTIC

The name "townships" arose from the fact that the land was granted in townships. A number of indivi-

SHERBROOKE—THE LEADING CITY OF THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

duals intending to become settlers, would organize themselves into an association, and select one of their number to make all the arrangements with the Government. This agent also looked after the survey, the roads and mills. Forty associates was the number usually required for a township ten miles square. Each associate usually got 200 acres of land. In all the grants two-sevenths were reserved by the Government, of which one-seventh was for future disposition, and one-seventh for the support of the Protestant clergy.

The generally accepted explanation of the term "Eastern" is, that the eastern townships were so called to distinguish from the western townships in Upper Canada surveyed and settled immediately after the Revolutionary war. The eastern townships were mostly granted after 1791.

Previous to 1786, every influence was brought to bear to prevent settlers locating in this territory, as the then Governor-General, Sir Frederick Haldimand, feared trouble might arise, owing to the uncertainty of the line

SHERBROOKE—COMMERCIAL STREET

PHOTO BY BOUCHER, SHERBROOKE

SHERBROOKE—WELLINGTON STREET

SHERBROOKE—COMMERCIAL STREET

SHERBROOKE—KING STREET

separating the U.S. and Canada. For this reason the United Empire Loyalists passed it by and went to the townships in Upper Canada. A few only who first settled on the shores of Lake Champlain and in the cities of Montreal and Quebec, afterwards established homes in these townships. A change, however, was made by the new Governor-General, Lord Dorchester, who assumed office in 1786, and this very desirable tract of land was opened for settlement a few years later. It was free to all who would undertake certain road work and development. Commencing in 1792 the townships were rapidly taken up by settlers coming from the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Vermont. Although they were not U. E. Loyalists, they were those not satisfied with the United States Government and its catering to the French Republic. A large number of the men who fought against England in the Revolutionary war did so as a punishment to the English party in power, and not with the expectation of a new government under French protection. This was the class of men who wended their way northward and took up the free land, again living loyally and contentedly under the flag which some of them had fought against but a few years before.

The line between the two countries was not then definitely known, and when many years later it was surveyed by com-

THE ST. FRANCIS RIVER

missioners specially appointed, homes, farms, and in some cases whole villages, were found to be under a flag which it was supposed had been left forever. When first settled a tract of land on the boundary between Canada, Vermont and New Hampshire, was claimed by officers of both countries to be under their jurisdiction, and the feud was carried so far that there was no law nor order in this special section.

The inhabitants of these townships show a personality different from other sections of Canada. The Mother Country has sent her children, English, Scotch and Irish, to take root in the soil; while the French-Canadians have moved in rapidly and occupied the land jointly with the descendants of the first settlers from the United States. The enterprise and push of the Yankee, guided by the caution and dogged determination of the English, coupled with the polished instinct and suavity of manner acquired from the French, has produced a manhood unsurpassed by any in the world. This mixed population lives harmoniously together, the French-Canadians co-operating and harmonizing with their English brethren. Differences will be found in the habits of life and tone of thought of a people so diverse in race, in social habits, and in creed, but these differences do not lead to strife.

The nature of the country forming the eastern townships differs greatly from the French parishes of the Province, which lie on all sides except to the south. Instead of great plains are found hills and fertile valleys, traversed by mountain ranges, and intersected by numberless rivers and water-courses, taking their rise in picturesque lakes. Thus, in addition to its fertile character, the eastern townships is a country famous for its scenery, and one retaining its green hue until late in the autumn. In point of beauty it is not surpassed by any part of the American continent, and rivals even that of Switzerland, if beauty consists in the combination of the picturesque with adaptability to the wants of life. Many districts may be more grand, but grandeur alone is merely one of the elements of perfect beauty.

Tourists gather from all parts of America during the summer months, to enjoy the scenery and derive benefit from the invigorating, health-giving climate. For invalids, portions of the eastern townships are not excelled anywhere; for the summer seeker after rest and recuperation they cannot be surpassed, and for the sportsman the lakes, rivers and forest offer all that can be desired. The winter sports of skating, hockey, curling and tobogganing, are enjoyed by all, both young and old. These, with the bracing,

cold, dry winter weather, makes this portion of the year greatly to be desired in many respects.

Agriculture has always been the principal source of revenue. In the past these townships were recognized as a great producing country for export beef, but the west gradually monopolized this business, and for a few years the farmers had a hard time to make both ends meet before they became accustomed to the changed conditions. About ten years ago the farmers commenced to realize their future lay in dairying, and gradual growth has been made in this direction until now the money coming into these townships from cheese and butter is something extraordinary. The prospects for the future, in this line of agriculture, are very bright. Farmers who, a few years ago, had heavy mortgages and felt discouraged, are now clear of debt with money ahead, all owing to the changed conditions taken advantage of. The butter and cheese of these eastern townships carried off the highest awards at the Chicago World's Fair.

Large mills, manufacturing pulp, paper, woollens, cotton, print goods, etc., have been established, and gathered cities, towns and villages around them. On manufacturing is the growth of the future largely dependent. Railways are numerous, and manufacturers will find plenty of water power with a railway alongside to carry their products to the ends of the world.

At Sherbrooke, called the hub of the eastern townships, is found the through line of the Grand Trunk system from Montreal to Portland, Me.; the "main line" of the C.P.R. from Montreal to Halifax; the terminus of the Boston and Maine R. R., reaching all parts of the New England States; also the headquarters of the Quebec Central Railway, which runs to Quebec, with several branch lines as feeders. In other parts of these counties are also to be found the Central Vermont, Maine Central and Orford Mountain railways.

In minerals the country is specially noted for asbestos and copper. The former is located on the Quebec Central, and ranks as the largest asbestos mines in the world. The copper mines at Capelton and Eustis are probably the best payers of any east of Lake Superior. Gold has been found in many places, but although it has paid where sluices were used, never found in sufficient quantity to be called a gold-producing country.

BOLTON PASS, NEAR LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG PHOTO BY MISS WOOD, KNOWLTON

The demands of summer tourists, and boarders from the city, have produced many resorts on some of the best known lakes. Lake Memphremagog, with Newport, Vt., at one end, and Magog, Que., the other, is thirty miles long, five to eight miles wide, and over two-thirds of its waters in Canada. With its high mountains along the west side, it suddenly captivates the traveller, who, if one of wide experience, says it can only be compared to the lakes of Switzerland. Mount Orford reaches up to the height of 3,000 feet, while a few miles away is Owl's Head with 2,700 feet to its top, and the water at its base, a few feet only from shore, is over 700 feet deep. This lake has become very popular, not only with Montrealers, but annually draws a large number from Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Some expensive and very pretty summer residences are to be found on the islands and shores. High mountains rising directly from the shores is one of the beauties noticeable on this as well as many of the smaller lakes to be found throughout the eastern townships.

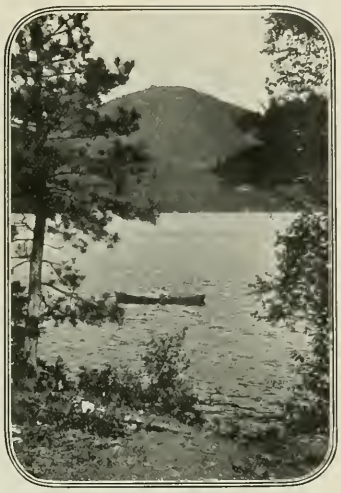


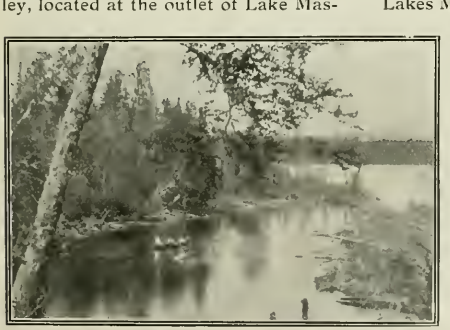
PHOTO BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG—OWL'S HEAD FROM ROUND ISLAND

A few miles west is Brome Lake, on the shores of which is the pretty village of Knowlton. This place has its thousands of summer visitors, drawn mostly from the city of Montreal. North Hatley, located at the outlet of Lake Massawippi, has become very popular with citizens of the United States, who have built many private homes, and add 800 to 1,000 to the population during the summer months.

Lakes Megantic and Spider, situated at the boundary with Maine, are distinctly a sportsman's paradise. The settlers thus far are few, and the woods mostly in all the grandeur that time only can produce before man strips off the timber. A large club is kept up in royal style by citizens from Boston. Here it is one can see quantities of game of all kinds, taken from the water and on land.

With all that nature has provided in beautiful hills and fertile valleys, and a climate that is strengthening and delightful, it is no wonder the resident of the eastern townships feels proud of his heritage.



SPIDER LAKE AND ARNOLD RIVER

Down the Arnold River, a small stream emptying into Lake Megantic, did Benedict Arnold and his men pass on their famous march from Boston to Quebec in 1775. Traces of this journey of famishing men are occasionally found.

COMEDIETTA

By

Marion Smith

With Drawings by Emily Hand

PERSONS REPRESENTED:

HER MOTHER, and COUSIN POLLY } lovers of Helen.

CHINA DOLL, a very large doll from the land of China,
LILY, the beauty doll—dressed in silk,
BETSY PRIGG, a rag doll quite fat and rather queer,
TOPSY, another rag doll—the darky doll,
TINY BABY DEAR, the very small doll,
HELEN, the Little Girl at Our House. } friends to Helen.

Place—Our House: Time—When the Sandman comes.

THE ACT.

SCENE.—*An upper room lighted; an open doorway showing part of hallway. On the hall table, Betsy Prigg: under the table China Doll—visible all but the head: on a sofa within the room, the other dolls in a heap—Lily on top. Helen, upright in her cot. At the doorway, Mother in evening dress. Moving around the room, shading some of the lights, etc., Cousin Polly.*

LILY, THE BEAUTY DOLL

VOICE.—(*bass and from below*) Ridiculous woman, are you *never* coming?

[From the doorway to the cot, a wave of kisses—smilingly; from the cot to the doorway, one kiss—charily. Exit Mother.]

COUSIN POLLY—(*completely shading the nearest light*) Now, isn't *that* nice? Lily over there on the sofa can certainly go to sleep.

HELEN.—Yes. Put Lily up high, on the boo-rō. I broked her arms off: my Mother sewed them on to-day. Where's Betsy Prigg?

C. P.—Betsy Prigg is out on the hall table, fast asleep.

HELEN.—(*recumbent*) I shut-ted my eyes too. There! Tight! I never bro-ked my China Doll. My Mother will buy me a new doll with lots of heads on it.

C. P.—(*seating herself close to the cot*) Cousin Polly knows a lovely song:—

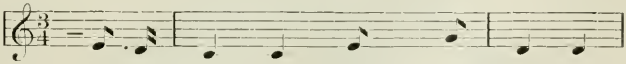
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest
Under the silver moon,
Rest, rest——

HELEN.—My Mother is not out, my mother's gone down town. *Where's* my Own Mother?

C. P.—Why gone down town and she will not see one of the birds on the trees, not one. They are all in bed, every little bird.

Rest, rest, sleep and rest
Under the silver——

HELEN.—Where's the Topsy Dolly? Me likes Tiny Baby Dear: Tiny Baby's a love-ly, love-ly dolly.



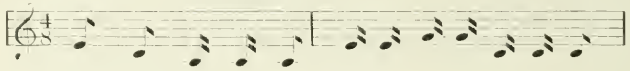
C. P.—(*gently*) Hush my babe, lie still and slum-ber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
May thy days in——

HELEN.—*That's* the one. That 'o good. Sing By-o Helen.

C. P.— By-o He—len, by-o Gir-lie,
Helen dar-ling shut your eyes.
Shut your sweet-est eyes, dear gir-lie
Like the birds——

BETSY PRIGG

HELEN.—Sing By-o Betsy Prigg.
C. P.— ——and Bet-sy Prigg.
By-o Bet-sy, charming Bet——
HELEN.—Sing By-o Lily.
C. P.— ——and Lily with your eyes so big—,
By-o Li-ly, fairest Lily—
Lily with——

HELEN.—I never bro-ked the China Doll. Sing By-o China Doll.
C. P.—(*faintly*) By-o China Doll, by-o——
HELEN.—Sing By-o China Doll *bigger*.

C. P.—(*aloud, with speed*)
By-o Chi-na Doll
Pinkie, chinkie China Doll,
By-o China Doll
Chink, chink, wink.
Chink, chink, China Doll,
Think, think, China Doll,
Shut your eyes, China Doll,
Chink, chink, wink ;
Shut your eyes, China Doll,
Both your eyes, China Doll,
All your eyes, China Doll,
Wink, chink, chink.

HELEN.—My mother's not out. My mother's——
C. P.—(*gently*) Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber.
HELEN.—*That's* the one. That's good. Sing By-o Helen.
C. P.—(*very gently*) Slumber He-len, in thy bed.
HELEN.—Sing By-o Helen *bigger*.
C. P.—(*crescendo*) By-o He—len, angels guard thee.
HELEN.—Where's you' hand?
C. P.— Gen-tle an—gels, guard thy bed,
(*diminuendo*) Sweet to thee, O, dearest gir-lie,
Sweet the dreams where
Sleep——has——led. [curtain.

Lt. Winthrop Lt. Mason Lt. Procter

Surgeon Hartley Commander Sclater Paymaster Franklin

OFFICERS OF THE ILL-FATED "CONDOR"

THE LOST BRITISH SLOOP-OF-WAR

By Agnes Deans Cameron

THE last vestige of hope for His Majesty's sloop-of-war *Condor* is given up. The ill-fated vessel has gone down—another name on the long, sad list of "*Sailed from port; never spoken; lost at sea.*"

H.M.S. *Condor* left Esquimalt, His Majesty's station in the North Pacific, on December 2nd, bound for Honolulu, and has never been heard of; according to schedule she should have reached port in eleven days under steam, or in a month under canvas. This was the *Condor's* first commission, she having been built at Sheerness in 1898, and going into commission at Chatham on November 1st, 1900. She left on 10th November for Esquimalt to relieve H.M.S. *Pheasant.*

The *Condor* was a steel-sheathed, twin-screw sloop-of-war of 980 tons displacement. She drew only 11½ feet, and her length was 180 feet over all. She is not the historic *Condor* identified with the bombardment of Alexandria, but owns that boat as her honourable god-parent. Her armament at the time of her disappearance consisted only of four three-pounders and six 4-inch quick-firing guns; and her total cost to the Admiralty for construction was £59,379.

The *Condor* was a type which found no favour with a large section of England's fighting men. Lord Brassey, while she was under construction, in an official report, refers this slightingly to her: "Two sloops and four gun-

PHOTO BY JONES, ESQUIMALT

H.M.S. "CONDOR" LEAVING ESQUIMALT HARBOUR ON HER LAST VOYAGE

boats have, we regret to say, been laid down." She was one of seven vessels of her model, H.M.S. *Shearwater*, now *en route* to Esquimalt to relieve the *Icarus*, being one. The *Rosario*, on the China station, is another, and the *Vestal*, now bound also for the China station, is another of the seven. The others are the *Mutine* and the *Rinaldo*. Other warships from Esquimalt have diligently searched for the lost vessel; and with true sisterly sympathy the U.S. revenue-cutter *Grant* spent nearly three weeks in the sad search. The *Grant* recovered from a fishing village on the west coast of Vancouver Island one of the *Condor's* boats, a derelict picked up by the Indians. The captain of the cutter gave his dress sword in exchange for the boat, since the Indians were loath to part with their salvage. One of the other searching vessels found part of a mast which Esquimalt officers have positively identified as belonging to the *Condor*. These two—the boat and the fragment of mast—are the only two meagre signs as yet yielded up by the sea. What happened to the *Condor*? Did she collide with another vessel? Did the terrible December storm free her deck-guns from their moorings till they, loosened, became a menace rather than a defence? When did the storm strike her; in the daytime, or in the night-watches? How did they perish, those brave men who manned her? That we need not ask. They were accustomed to look death in the face—and when God summoned them to the last "roll call," they went calmly and bravely.

DRY DOCK AT ESQUIMALT, BRITISH NAVAL STATION, WHENCE THE "CONDOR" CLEARED ON DECEMBER 2ND, 1901

PHOTO BY SAVANNAH, VICTORIA

THE HON. WILLIAM TEMPLEMAN

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

NO. XXXIV.—SENATOR TEMPLEMAN

AS a journalist, as a political leader, as a parliamentary candidate, as a senator, as a member of a Dominion Cabinet, the Hon. William Templeman has risen from the printer's case to the desk of a privy councillor. His success in life, now crowned by his summons to the Ministry, has been wrung from fortune by perseverance, integrity and industry. British Columbia acknowledges him to-day as one of her leading citizens, as one whom she delights to honour and as one worthy to represent her in the councils of the nation.

And yet what Senator Templeman has accomplished is open to every boy in the land. He had no extraordinary start in life. The horizon of his boyhood was as circumscribed by limitations as that of any Canadian youth of half a century ago. The old wooden desks in the village schoolhouse of Pakenham, in Lanark County, doubtless bore the scars of his jack-knife. And this was almost the limit of his schooling—the little schoolhouse which has done so much for the Canadians of to-day. The simple curriculum consisted mainly of the three R's, but perhaps the teaching, if limited, was thorough.

Having graduated at the "common" school the sturdy, independent, Scotch-blooded boy of sixteen entered the of-

fice of the Carleton Place *Herald* and became an apprentice of the "art preservative." Later he went to Almonte, became a partner in the Almonte *Gazette*, and laid the foundation of a political career. He learned what the Canadian youth born to leadership must learn. He learned to know himself and the people among whom he lived. A short residence of three years in Memphis, Tennessee, tended perhaps to sharpen his faculties and develop his powers of observation. Foreign travel and residence usually do that. In any case, William Templeman was an honoured citizen in that little Ontario burgh, and when he decided to go west, as so many of Ontario's brightest youths have done, he and his wife were presented by the people of Almonte with a beautiful hammered-silver tea-service inlaid with gold.

MRS. TEMPLEMAN

Eighteen years ago the Canadian Pacific Railway was crawling slowly across the western prairies and stepping slowly and carefully over the Rocky Mountains and down through the valleys of the Columbia and the Fraser. The City of Vancouver was not even a name. On the Island was the only town of importance in British Columbia, and there was the seat of government and the throne of justice. To this beautifully-situated City of Victoria came this Eastern Ontario printer and publisher. The office of the *Times*, then managed by the late Mr. J. C. McLagan, was opened to him. From the mechanical department he drifted to the editorial side, as many of Canada's editors have done, since leader-writing and political campaigning go well together. Eventually he became the proprietor of the *Times* and the leading Liberal politician on the coast. Nor was either of these positions easy to fill. To publish a daily newspaper so far from a paper-mill, so far from the centre at which news is distributed, was no easy task. Yet it was profitably done. To make a profession of Liberalism in those days was no easier. The Conservative party, triumphant in Eastern Canada, owned the West, body and soul. The being a Liberal in those days almost involved social ostracism. But through all the trying and disappointing struggles Senator Templeman and those who fought with him exhibited that spirit of unconquerable determination which, among those of Saxon speech, as Macaulay says, is never so sedate and stubborn as toward the close of a long and doubtful struggle.

Three times did the proprietor of the *Times* himself essay the parliamentary lists against a candidate whose personal popularity challenged the courage of the most doughty opponent. Three times he engaged in the unequal fight, and three times the other was a victor. Each time, however, there were signs that Mr. Templeman was gaining in popularity and influence. Shortly after the general elections of 1896 he was called to the Senate and more recently to the Ministry.

Senator Templeman has avoided the arts by which the average politician

seeks favour and has conducted his political warfare in a manly and generous spirit. The result is that his new honours have given gratification to all classes of British Columbia's citizens.

None, perhaps, outside of his own household have had such an opportunity to judge of the character of the man and estimate his worth as those who have served with him in a journalistic way. The temptations of newspaper life are varied and many. Corporations with fat money-bags are constantly seeking an organ, and the more reputable a newspaper the higher the bid for its support. Politicians with axes to grind, municipal officers with civic offences and delinquencies to condone, and private citizens with personal animosities to satisfy and ambitions to appease, seek the favour of the editor, and not infrequently are ready to pay handsomely for the same. To the independence of spirit of its proprietor, manifested sometimes when the importunities of creditors outran the capabilities of the office safe, is due the fact that to-day Senator Templeman's paper is referred to by friend and foe as a fearless and independent journal.

Senator Templeman has a sound judgment, a well-stocked mind, and the power of making a lucid and forceful speech. He is not given to fireworks or oratorical display, but his work is nevertheless sure and keen.

John Nelson

THE FOLLY OF RAILWAY SUBSIDIES

By W. D. Gregory

THE last report of the Minister of Railways and Canals states that to June 30, 1901, we had given in aid to railways $228,539,890, made up as follows :

Dominion Government	$174,501,269
Provincial Governments	35,453,723
Municipalities	18,584,898
Total	$228,539,890

This includes the amount that we have expended upon the Intercolonial and Prince Edward Island Railways for construction and equipment, and to meet the annual deficits during the period of operation, but does not include the land grants or the value of the exemptions from taxation.

Until recently the railways constructed in Canada, with scarcely an exception, were subsidized by the Dominion Government to the extent of $3,200 per mile, but latterly the Dominion subsidy has been increased so that if a road costs over $15,000 a mile, it receives an additional subsidy of 50 per cent. of the excess of the cost over that figure, until the total Dominion subsidy reaches $6,400 per mile. The usual subsidy given by our own Province to railways is $3,000 per mile, and is in addition to the Dominion subsidy. The largest subsidy we have paid in recent years was that given to the Rainy River, or, as it is now called, the Canadian Northern Road, which extends in this Province from Port Arthur to the Minnesota boundary. The promoters of this road received a subsidy from the Dominion Government of $6,400 per mile, and from the Ontario Government $4,000 per mile, making the total subsidy $10,400 per mile. After these subsidies had been secured, the Manitoba Government guaranteed the bonds issued by the owners of the road to the extent of $20,000 per mile, thus making the total amount received by the promoters in cash and Government guarantee $30,400 per mile. Of course if the bonds should not be paid, and the Manitoba Government should have to step in and

make good its guarantee, it would be entitled to take over the road. The books of this company, showing the cost of the road, are not open for inspection, but it is stated on good authority that the cost of building the road was less than $20,000 per mile. It should be added that under a condition recently imposed the Dominion Government has the right to set off interest at the rate of 3 per cent. upon the amount of its subsidy against any charges that may be made for carrying mails over the subsidized road. So profitable has railroad building become in some instances under the subsidy system that recently a firm of Quebec railroad builders, after receiving a subsidy from the Dominion and Quebec Governments on a road constructed in Quebec, took up the rails and ties and with them constructed another railroad, upon which they also received a subsidy. Whether or not the same outfit is still being used to earn subsidies I cannot say. The Canada Atlantic road, which is 290 miles long, and extends from Depot Harbour, on Georgian Bay, to a port near Montreal, has recently been sold to the Vanderbilt interests. It received in subsidies from the Dominion, Ontario and Quebec Governments and certain municipalities, $2,439,093. In addition to this, the Dominion Government is now engaged in constructing a wharf for it at its western terminus at a cost of $139,000. Instances without end might of course be given, but I mention these as examples of the great subsidizing policy which has been followed in this country.

The people of the United States, especially the people of the West, have had to meet much the same conditions as those that have existed on this side of the line, and it is natural to compare our policy with theirs. So far as the United States Government is concerned, it has never given a single cash bonus. All the aid it has ever given to railroads has been confined to assistance to the transcontinental lines. To these lines it advanced $64,623,512 and took back as security interest-bearing mortgage bonds. The interest paid or accrued on these bonds reached $73,479,407, making the total liability of the railroads to the Government, $138,102,919. Of this sum $126,644,782 has been repaid or is to-day fully secured to the United States. The country has therefore received back in principal and interest almost double the original amount advanced. In addition to the aid thus given, the United States made large grants of public lands. The Western States, however, were more prodigal in their aid to railroad builders than the central Government. Between fifty and sixty years ago some of them made extensive money grants, and as a result several of them became practically bankrupt. No railway bonuses are given in the United States to-day. In fact, in most of the States the provisions of the state constitution would prevent any subsidy being given even if the members of the Legislature desired to vote one. In the Eastern States, so far as I am aware, no aid by way of bonus or land grant was ever given any railway company. The Canadian policy regarding railroads, and the policy that prevails in the United States, are brought into close contact on the bridge recently built across the St. Lawrence near the town of Cornwall, in this Province. That part of the bridge lying in Canadian territory received subsidies from the Dominion and Ontario Governments to the extent of $125,000, and is practically free from taxation, while the portion of the bridge lying in American territory received no subsidy and pays a substantial sum for taxes in the State of New York. The difference between the railway aid policies of Canada and that of the United States is largely responsible for the difference between the national finances of the two countries to-day.

An argument that we frequently hear advanced is that unless we grant cash subsidies new territory will not be opened up, and business will stagnate. This view is not borne out in the Territory of Oklahoma. Twelve

years ago Oklahoma formed a part of the Indian Territory, and white settlement within its borders was not permitted. In May, 1890, it was opened up, and has rapidly progressed. Today it has a population of 500,000. It possesses schools, colleges, banking institutions, and one thousand miles of unsubsidized railroad, while its debt is less than $1.00 per capita. The railroads of Oklahoma received no land grant, and even paid, though but a nominal sum, for their right of way. Just as long as we pursue the policy of giving subsidies no railroads will be built without them, but if we abandoned our present policy we would find that legitimate railroad construction would proceed as rapidly here as across the line. Those who advance the "stagnation" argument must have a poor opinion of our country. No subsidies are given in Michigan, but notwithstanding this fact it has gone steadily ahead, and within the last year or so has actually outstripped Ontario in population.

If the subsidies which we give had the effect of reducing rates, there would be a good deal to say for them, for we should then receive back in the form of the cheap carriage of our produce at least a part of our outlay, but, unfortunately, the subsidies which we pay are applied for no such purpose. They are realized on at once by those who receive them, and the road which is built is mortgaged and stocked to the uttermost limit. In fact, the larger the subsidy the larger sometimes the amount of bonds and stock which is issued, and it is upon this issue that those who have put up the subsidies, and whom the road is supposed to serve, have to provide the interest and dividends. There is no doubt that our subsidizing system is largely responsible for the present high rates which prevail in this country. It has led to the construction of some roads, which would not have been constructed without Government aid, and the present owners of these roads have to charge high freight rates through the sparsely settled country which the roads traverse in order to obtain even a scanty return upon the stock or bonds which they hold. If we build roads without regard to the natural and commercial conditions which prevail in the districts which they traverse we shall always have to pay for our folly in the end.

A SONG OF THE GROWING-TIME

WHENEVER falleth the rain
Making the brown fields green,
And the young wheat riseth amain
The coming sunburst to greet,
Then I think of God's mercy kind,
Ever to usward inclined.
Sunshine to temper the wind,
Rich showers to assuage the heat ;
So that all rejoicing again,
Our songs of praise might be heard
Blending with brook and with bird
And with all things chaste and free,
And swelling the joyous strain
Of the young earth's symphony !

Manitoba *W. H. Belford*

THE FOUR FEATHERS

By A.E.W. MASON

Author of "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," "Parson Kelly," Etc.

CHAPTER XI—DURRANCE HEARS NEWS OF FEVERSHAM

RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermod Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland, where there is to be a ball to celebrate the engagement. On the evening of this great event, Feversham receives by post a box containing three white feathers and three visiting cards bearing names of brother officers. They had deemed him a coward who would resign his commission on the eve of war. Feversham talks of the affair with Ethne, explaining that all his life he had been afraid that some day he should play the coward. For that reason, and because of his engagement, he had resigned. She returns the little box of feathers to him, and lo! he finds she has added a *fourth* from her fan. The engagement is ended and Harry Feversham disappears, but not before communicating to his mother's friend, Lieutenant Sutch, that some day he hopes to win back his honour.

After three years' service in Egypt, Durrance returns to London and is surprised to hear of the broken engagement and of Harry Feversham's disappearance. Under the circumstances, he feels free to visit Ethne Eustace at her home in Donegal. He does so, and presses his suit unsuccessfully. He returns to his post at Wadi Halfa. In the meantime Harry Feversham is learning Arabic in Upper Egypt.

A MONTH later Durrance arrived in London and discovered a letter from Ethne awaiting him at his club. It told him simply that she was staying with Mrs. Adair, and would be glad if he would find the time to call, but there was a black border to the paper and the envelope. Durrance called at Hill Street the next afternoon and found Ethne alone.

"I did not write to Wadi Halfa," she explained at once, "for I thought that you would be on your way home before my letter could arrive. My father died last month towards the end of May."

"I was afraid when I got your letter that you would have this to tell me," he replied. "I am very sorry. You will miss him."

"More than I can say," said she, with a quiet depth of feeling. "He died one night last month—I think I will tell you if you would care to hear," and she related to him the manner of Dermod's death, of which a chill was the occasion rather than the cause; for he died of a gradual dissolution rather than a definite disease.

It was a curious story which Ethne had to tell, for it seemed that just before his death Dermod recaptured something of his old masterful spirit. "We knew that he was dying," Ethne said. "He knew it, too, and at four o'clock of the afternoon after—" she hesitated for a moment and resumed: "after he had spoken a little while to me, he called his dog by name. The dog sprang at once on to the bed, though his voice had not risen above a whisper, and crouching quite close, pushed its muzzle with a whine under my father's hand. Then he told me to leave him and the dog altogether alone. I was to shut the door upon him. The dog would tell me when to

open it again. I obeyed him, and waited outside the door until ten o'clock. Then a loud sudden howl moaned through the house." She stopped for a while. This pause was the only sign of distress which she gave, and in a few moments she went on, speaking quite simply without any of the affectations of grief. "It was trying to wait outside that door while the afternoon faded and the night came. It was night, of course, long before the end. He would have no lamp left in his room. One imagined him just the other side of that thin door-panel, lying very still and silent in the great four-poster bed with his face towards the hills and the failing light. One imagined the room slipping away into darkness, and the windows continually looming into a greater importance, and the dog by his side, and no one else right to the very end. He would have it that way, but it was rather hard for me."

Durrance said nothing in reply, but gave her in full measure what she most needed, the sympathy of his silence. He imagined those hours in the passage, six hours of twilight and darkness; he could picture her standing close by the door, with her ear perhaps to the panel, and her hand upon her heart to check its loud beating. There was something rather cruel, he thought, in Dermod's resolve to die alone. It was Ethne who broke the silence.

"I said that my father spoke to me just before he told me to leave him. Of whom do you think he spoke?"

She was looking directly at Durrance as she put the question. From neither her eyes nor the level tone of her voice could he gather anything of the answer, but a sudden throb of hope caught away his breath.

"Tell me!" he said, in a sort of suspense, as he leaned forward in his chair.

"Of Mr. Feversham," she answered, and he drew back again, and rather suddenly. It was evident that this was not the name which he had expected. He took his eyes from hers and stared downwards at the carpet, so that she might not see his face.

"My father was always very fond of him," she continued gently, "and I think that I would like to know if you have any knowledge of what he is doing, or where he is."

Durrance did not answer, nor did he raise his face. He reflected upon the strange, strong hold which Harry Feversham kept upon the affections of those who had once known him well; so that even the man whom he had wronged, and upon whose daughter he had brought much suffering, must remember him with kindliness upon his death-bed. The reflection was not without its bitterness to Durrance at this moment, and this bitterness he was afraid that his face and voice might both betray. But he was compelled to speak, for Ethne insisted.

"You have never come across him I suppose?" she asked.

Durrance rose from his seat and walked to the window before he answered. He spoke looking out into the street, but though he thus concealed the expression of his face, a thrill of deep anger sounded through his words, in spite of his efforts to subdue his tones.

"No," he said, "I never have," and suddenly his anger had its way with head. It chose as well as informed his words. "And I never wish to," he cried. "He was my friend, I know, but I cannot remember that friendship now. I can only think that if he had been the true man we took him for, you would not have waited alone, in that dark passage, during those six hours." He turned again to the centre of the room and asked abruptly:

"You are going back to Glenalla?"

"Yes."

"You will live there alone?"

"Yes."

For a little while there was silence between them. Then Durrance walked round to the back of her chair.

"You once said that you would perhaps tell me why your engagement was broken off."

"But you know," she said. "What you said at the window showed that you knew."

"No, I do not. One or two words your father let drop. He asked me for news of Feversham the last time that I spoke with him. But I know nothing definite. I should like you to tell me."

Ethne shook her head and leaned forward with her elbows on her knees. "Not now," she said, and silence again followed her words. Durrance broke it again.

"I have only one more year at Halfa, It would be wise to leave Egypt then. I think. I do not expect much will be done in the Soudan for some little while. I do not think that I will remain there—in any case, I mean, even if you should decide to remain alone at Glenalla."

Ethne made no pretence to ignore the suggestion of his words. "We are neither of us children," she said; "you have all your life to think of. We should be prudent."

"Yes," said Durrance, with a sudden exasperation, "but the right kind of prudence. The prudence which knows that it's worth while to dare a good deal."

Ethne did not move. She was leaning forward with her back towards him, so that he could see nothing of her face, and for a long while she remained in this attitude quite silent and very still. She asked a question at the last, and in a very low and gentle voice.

"Do you want me so very much?" and before he could answer she turned quickly towards him. "Try not to," she exclaimed earnestly. "For this one year try not to. You have much to occuy your thoughts. Try to forget me altogether"; and there was just sufficient regret in her tone, the regret at the prospect of losing a valued friend, to take all the stings from her words, to confirm Durrance in his delusion that but for her fear that she would spoil his career, she would answer him in very different words. Mrs. Adair came into the room before he could reply; and thus he carried away with him his delusion.

He dined that evening at his club, and sat afterwards smoking his cigar under the big tree where he had sat so persistently a year before in his vain quest for news of Harry Feversham. It was much the same sort of clear night as that on which he had seen Lieutenant Such limp into the courtyard, and hesitate at the sight of him. The strip of sky was cloudless and starry overhead; the air had the pleasant langour of a summer night in June; the lights flashing from the windows and doorways gave to the leaves of the trees the fresh green look of spring; and outside in the roadway the carriages rolled with a thunderous hum like the sound of the sea. And on this night, too, there came a man into the courtyard who knew Durrance. But he did not hesitate. He came straight up to Durrance and sat down upon the seat at his side. Durrance dropped the paper at which he was glancing, and held out his hand.

"How do you do?" said he. This friend was Captain Mather.

"I was wondering whether I should meet you when I read the evening paper. I knew that it was about the time one might expect to find you in London. You have seen, I suppose?"

"What?" asked Durrance.

"Then you haven't," replied Mather. He picked up the newspaper which Durrance had dropped and turned over the sheets, searching for the piece of news which he required. "You remember that last reconnaissance we made from Suakin?"

"Very well."

"We halted by the Sinkat fort at midday. There was an Arab hiding in the trees at the back of the glacis."

"Yes."

"Have you forgotten the yarn he told you?"

"About Gordon's letters and the wall of a house in Berber. No, I have not forgotten."

"Then here's something which will interest you"; and Captain Mather having folded the paper to his satisfaction, handed it to Durrance, and pointed to a paragraph. It was a short paragraph, it gave no details, it was

the merest summary, and Durrance read it through between the puffs of his cigar.

"The fellow must have gone back to Berber after all," said he. "A risky business. Abou Fatma—that was the man's name."

The paragraph made no mention of Abou Fatma, or, indeed, of any man, except Captain Willoughby, the Deputy Governor of Suakin. It merely announced that certain letters which the Mahdi had sent to Gordon summoning him to surrender Khartum, and inviting him to become a convert to the Mahdist religion, together with copies of Gordon's curt replies, had been recovered from a wall in Berber, and brought safely to Captain Willoughby at Suakin.

"They were hardly worth risking a life for," said Mather.

"Perhaps not," replied Durrance a little doubtfully. "But, after all, one is glad they have been recovered. Perhaps the copies are in Gordon's own hand. They are, at all events, of an historic character."

"In a way, no doubt," said Mather. "But even so their recovery throws no light upon the history of that siege. It can make no real difference to anyone, not even to the historian."

"That is true," Durrance agreed, and there was nothing more untrue. In the same spot where he had sought for news of Feversham, news had now come to him; only he did not know. He was in the dark, he could not appreciate that here was news which, however little it might trouble the historian, touched his life at the springs. He dismissed the paragraph from his mind, and sat thinking over the conversation which had passed that afternoon between Ethne and himself, and without discouragement. Ethne had mentioned Harry Feversham, it was true; had asked for news of him. But she might have been—nay, she probably had been, moved to ask because her father's last words had referred to him. She had spoken his name in a perfectly steady voice, he remembered, and indeed the mere fact that she had spoken it at all might be taken as a sign that it had no longer any power with her. There was something hopeful to his mind in her very request that he should try during this one year to omit her from his thoughts. For it seemed almost to imply that if he could not, she might at the end of it, perhaps, give to him the answer for which he longed. He allowed a few days to pass, and then called again at Mrs. Adair's house. But he found only Mrs. Adair. Ethne had left London and returned to Donegal. She had left rather suddenly, Mrs. Adair told him, and Mrs. Adair had no sure knowledge of the reason of her going.

Durrance, however, had no doubt as to the reason. Ethne was putting into practice the policy which she had commended to his thoughts. He was to try to forget her, and she would help him to success, so far as she could, by her absence from his sight. And in attributing this reason to her, Durrance was right. But one thing Ethne had forgotten. She had not asked him to cease to write to her, and accordingly in the autumn of that year the letters began again to come from the Soudan. She was frankly glad to receive them, but at the same time she was troubled. For in spite of their careful reticence, every now and then a phrase leaped out—it might be merely the repetition of some trivial sentence which she had spoken long ago, and long ago forgotten—and she could not but see that in spite of her prayer she lived perpetually in his thoughts. There was a strain of hopefulness, too, as though he moved in a world painted with new colours, and suddenly grown musical. Ethne had never freed herself from the haunting fear that one man's life had been spoilt because of her; she had never faltered from her determination that this should not happen with a second. Only with Durrance's letters before her, she could not evade a new and perplexing question: By what means was that possibility to be avoided? There were two ways. By choosing which of them could she fulfil her determination? She was no longer so

sure as she had been the year before. The question recurred to her again and again. She took it out with her on to the hill-side with the letters, and pondered and puzzled over it, and got never an inch nearer to a solution. Even her violin failed her in this strait.

CHAPTER XII.—DURRANCE SHARPENS HIS WITS.

IT was a night of May, and outside the mess room at Wadi Halfa three officers were smoking on a grass knoll above the Nile. The moon was at its full, and the strong light had robbed even the planets of their lustre. The smaller stars were not visible at all, and the sky was washed of its dark colour, curved overhead, pearly-hued, and luminous. The three officers sat in their lounge-chairs and smoked silently, while the bull-frogs croaked from an island in mid-river. At the bottom of the small steep cliff on which they sat, the Nile, so sluggish was its flow, shone like a burnished mirror, and from the opposite bank the desert stretched away to infinite distances, a vast plain with scattered hummocks, a plain white, as a hoar-frost on the surface, of which the stones sparkled like jewels. Behind the three officers of the garrison the roof of the mess-room verandah threw a shadow on the ground; it seemed a solid piece of blackness.

One of the three officers struck a match and held it to the end of his cigar. The flame lit up a troubled and anxious face.

"I hope that no harm has come to him," he said, as he threw the match away. "I wish that I could say I believed it."

The speaker was a man of middle age, and the Colonel of a Soudanese battalion. He was answered by a man whose hair had gone grey, it is true. But grey hair is frequent in the Soudan, and his unlined face still showed that he was young. He was Lieutenant Calder, of the Engineers. Youth, however, in this instance, had no optimism wherewith to challenge Colonel Dawson.

"He left Halfa eight weeks ago, eh?" he said, gloomily.

"Eight weeks to-day," replied the Colonel.

It was the third officer, a tall, spare, long-necked Major of the Army Service Corps, who alone hazarded a cheerful prophecy.

"It's early days to conclude Durrance has got scuppered," said he. "One knows Durrance. Give him a camp-fire in the desert, and a couple of sheiks to sit round it with him, and he'll buck to them for a month, and never feel bored at the end. While here there are letters, and there's an office, and there's a desk in the office, and everything he loathes, and can't do with. You'll see Durrance will turn up right enough, though he wont hurry about it."

"He is three weeks overdue," objected the Colonel, "and he's methodical after a fashion. I am afraid."

Major Walters pointed out his arm to the white, empty desert across the river.

"If he had travelled that way, westwards, I might agree," he said. "But Durrance went east, through the mountain country towards Berenice and the Red Sea. The tribes he went to visit were quiet, even in the worst times when Osman Digna lay before Suakin."

The Colonel, however, took no comfort from Walter's confidence. He tugged at his moustache, and repeated:

"He is three weeks overdue."

Lieutenant Calder knocked the ashes from his pipe, and refilled it. He leaned forward in his chair as he pressed the tobacco down with his thumb, and he said, slowly:

"I wonder. It is just possible that some sort of trap was laid for Durrance.

I am not sure. I never mentioned before what I knew, because until lately I did not suspect that it could have anything to do with his delay. But now I begin to wonder. You remember the night before he started?"

"Yes," said Dawson, and he hitched his chair a little nearer. Calder was the one man in Wadi Halfa who could claim something like intimacy with Durrance. Despite their difference in rank there was no great disparity in age between the two men, and from the first, when Calder had come inexperienced and fresh from England, but with a great ardour to acquire a comprehensive experience, Durrance, in his reticent way, had been at pains to show the new-comer considerable friendship. Calder, therefore, might be likely to know.

"I remember that night, too," said Walters. "Durrance dined at the mess, and went away early to prepare for his journey."

"His preparations were made already," said Calder. "He went away early, as you say. But he did not go to his quarters. He walked along the river bank to Tewfikieh."

Wadi Halfa was the military station, Tewfikieh a little frontier town to the north, separated from Halfa by a mile of river-bank. A few Greeks kept stores there, a few bare and dirty cafes faced the street between native cookshops and tobacconists; a noisy little town, where the negro from the Dinka country jolted the fellah from the Delta, and the earth was torn with many dialects; a thronged little town, which yet lacked to European ears one distinctive element of a throng. There was no ring of footsteps. The crowd walked on sand, and for the most part with naked feet, so that if for a rare moment the sharp high cries and the perpetual voices ceased, the figures of men and women flitted by noiseless as ghosts. And even at night, when the streets were most crowded and the uproar loudest, it seemed that underneath the noise, and almost appreciable to the ear, there lay a deep and brooding silence, the silence of deserts and the East.

"Durrance went down to Tewfikieh at ten o'clock that night," said Calder. "I went to his quarters at eleven. He had not returned. He was starting eastward at four in the morning, and there was some detail of business on which I wished to speak to him before he went. So I waited for his return. He came in about a quarter of an hour afterwards, and told me at once that I must be quick since he was expecting a visitor. He spoke quickly, and rather restlessly. He seemed to be labouring under some excitement. He barely listened to what I had to say, and he answered me at random. It was quite evident that he was moved, and rather deeply moved, by some unusual feeling, though at the nature of the feeling I could not guess. For at one moment it seemed certainly to be anger, and the next moment he relaxed into a laugh, as though in spite of himself he was glad. However, he bundled me out, and as I went I heard him telling his servant to go to bed, because, though he expected a visitor, he would admit the visitor himself."

"Well!" said Dawson, "and who was the visitor?"

"I do not know," answered Calder. "The one thing I do know is, that when Durrance's servant went to call him at four o'clock for his journey, he found Durrance still sitting on the verandah outside his quarters, as though he still expected his visitor. The visitor had not come."

"And Durrance left no message?"

"No. I was up myself before he started. I thought that he was puzzled and worried. I thought, too, that he meant to tell me what was the matter. I still think that he had that in his mind, but that he could not decide. For even after he had taken his seat upon his saddle and his camel had risen from the ground, he turned and looked down towards me. But he thought better of it, or worse, as the case may be. At all events he did not speak. He struck the camel on the flank with his stick, and rode slowly past the post-office and out into the desert, with his head sunk upon his breast. I

wonder whether he rode into a trap? Who could this visitor have been whom he meets in the street of Tewfikieh, and who must come so secretly to Wadi Halfa? What can have been his business with Durrance? Important business, troublesome business, so much is evident. And he did not come to transact it. Was the whole thing a lure to which we have not the clue? Like Colonel Dawson, I am afraid."

There was a silence after he had finished, which Major Walters was the first to break. He offered no argument; he simply expressed again his unalterable cheerfulness.

"I don't think Durrance has got scuppered," said he, as he rose from his chair.

"I know what I shall do," said the Colonel. "I shall send out a strong search party in the morning."

And the next morning as they sat at breakfast on the verandah, he at once proceeded to describe the force which he meant to despatch. Major Walters, too, it seemed, in spite of his hopeful prophecies, had pondered during the night over Calder's story, and he leaned across the table to Calder.

"Did you never inquire whom Durrance talked with at Tewfikieh on that night?" he asked.

"I did, and there's a point that puzzles me," said Calder. He was sitting with his back to the Nile and his face towards the glass doors of the mess-room, and he spoke to Walters, who was directly opposite. "I could not find that he talked to more than one person, and that one person could not by any likelihood have been the visitor he expected. Durrance stopped in front of a café where some strolling musicians who had somehow wandered up to Tewfikieh, were playing and singing for their night's lodging. One of them, a Greek, I was told, came outside into the street and took his hat round. Durrance threw a sovereign into the hat, the man turned to thank him, and they talked for a little time together;" and as he came to this point he raised his head. A look of recognition came into his face. He laid his hands upon the table-edge and leaned forward with his feet drawn back beneath his chair, as though he was on the point of springing up. But he did not spring up. His look of recognition became one of bewilderment. He glanced round the table, and saw that Colonel Dawson was helping himself to cocoa, while Major Walters' eyes were on his plate. There were other officers of the garrison present, but not one had remarked his movement and the moment's sudden check. Calder leaned back, and staring curiously in front of him, and over the Major's shoulder, continued his story. "But I could never hear that Durrance spoke to anyone else. He seemed, except that one knows to the contrary, merely to have strolled through the village and back again to Wadi Halfa."

"That doesn't help us much," said the Major.

"And it's all you know?" asked the Colonel.

"No, not quite all," returned Calder slowly. "I know, for instance, that the man we are talking about is staring me straight in the face."

At once everybody at the table turned towards the mess-room.

"Durrance!" cried the Colonel, springing up.

"When did you get back?" said the Major.

Durrance, with the dust of his journey still powdered upon his clothes, and a face burned to the colour of red brick, was standing in the doorway, and listening with a remarkable intentness to the voices of his fellow-officers. It was perhaps noticeable that Calder, who was Durrance's friend, neither rose from his chair, nor offered any greeting. He still sat watching Durrance; he still remained curious and perplexed; but as Durrance descended the three steps into the verandah, there came a quick and troubled look of comprehension into his face.

"We expected you three weeks ago," said Dawson, as he pulled a chair away from an empty place at the table.

"The delay could not be helped,"

replied Durrance. He took the chair and drew it up.

"Does my story account for it?" asked Calder.

"Not a bit. It was the Greek musician I expected that night," he explained, with a laugh. "I was curious to know what stroke of ill-luck had cast him out to play the zither for a night's lodging in a café at Tewfikieh. That was all," and he added slowly in a softer voice, "Yes, that was all."

"Meanwhile you are forgetting your breakfast," said Dawson, as he rose. "What will you have?"

Calder leaned ever so slightly forward with his eyes quietly resting on Durrance. Durrance looked round the table, and then called the mess-waiter. "Moussa, get me something cold," said he, and the waiter went back into the mess-room. Calder nodded his head with a faint smile, as though he understood that here was a difficulty rather cleverly surmounted.

"There's tea, cocoa and coffee," he said. "Help yourself, Durrance."

"Thanks," said Durrance, "I see, but I will get Moussa to bring me a brandy-and-soda, I think"; and again Calder nodded his head.

Durrance ate his breakfast and drank his brandy-and-soda, and talked the while of his journey. He had travelled further eastwards than he had intended. He had found the Ababdeh Arabs quiet amongst their mountains. If they were not disposed to acknowledge allegiance to Egypt, on the other hand they paid no tribute to Mahommed Achmet. The weather had been good, ibex and antelope plentiful. Durrance, on the whole, had reason to be content with his journey; and Calder sat and watched him and disbelieved every word that was said. The other officers went about their duties, Calder remained behind, and waited until Durrance should finish. But it seemed that Durrance never would finish. He loitered over his breakfast, and when that was done he pushed his plate away and sat talking. There was no end to his questions as to what had passed at Wadi Halfa during the last eight weeks; no limit to his enthusiasm over the journey from which he had just returned. Finally, however, he stopped with a remarkable abruptness, and said, with some suspicion, to his companion:

"You are taking life easily this morning."

"I have not eight weeks' arrears of letters to clear off, as you have, Colonel," Calder returned with a laugh, and he saw Durrance's face cloud, and his forehead contract.

"True," he said, after a pause, "I had forgotten my letters," and he rose from his seat at the table, mounted the steps, and passed into the mess-room.

Calder immediately sprang up, and with his eyes followed Durrance's movements. Durrance went to a nail which was fixed in the wall close to the glass doors, and on a level with his head. From that nail he took down the key of his office, crossed the room, and went out through the further door. That door he left open, and Calder could see him walk down the path between the bushes, through the tiny garden in front of the mess, unlatch the gates, and cross the open space of sand towards his office. As soon as Durrance had disappeared Calder sat down again, and resting his elbows on the table, propped his face between his hands. Calder was troubled. He was a friend of Durrance's; he was the one man in Wadi Halfa who possessed something of Durrance's confidence; he knew that there were certain letters in a woman's handwriting waiting for him in his office; he was very deeply troubled. Durrance had aged during these eight weeks; there were furrows about his mouth where only faint lines had been visible when he had started out for Halfa, and it was not merely desert dust which had discoloured his hair. His hilarity, too, had an artificial air. He had sat at the table constraining himself to the semblance of high spirits. Calder lit his pipe, and sat for a long time at the empty table.

Then he took his helmet and crossed the sand to Durrance's office. He lifted the latch noiselessly, as noiselessly

he opened the door, and he looked in Durrance was sitting at his desk, with his head bowed upon his arms, and all his letters unopened at his side. Calder stepped into the room and closed the door loudly behind him. At once Durrance turned his face to the door.

"Well?" said he.

"I have a paper, Colonel, which requires your signature," said Calder. "It's the authority for the alterations in C Barracks. You remember?"

"Very well. I will look through it and return it to you signed at lunch time. Will you give it to me, please?"

He held out his hand towards Calder. Calder took his pipe from his mouth, and standing thus in full view of Durrance, slowly and deliberately placed it into Durrance's outstretched palm. It was not until the hot bowl burnt his hand that Durrance snatched his arm away. The pipe fell and broke upon the floor. Neither of the two men spoke for a few moments, and then Calder put his arm round Durrance's shoulder and asked in a voice gentle as a woman's:

"How did it happen?"

Durrance buried his face in his hands. The great control which he had exercised till now, he was no longer able to sustain. He did not answer, nor did he utter any sound, but he sat shivering from head to foot.

"How did it happen?" Calder asked again, and in a whisper. Durrance put another question.

"How did you find out?"

"You stood in the mess-room doorway listening, to discover whose voice spoke from where. When I raised my head and saw you, though your eyes rested on my face, there was no recognition in them. I suspected then. When you came down the steps into the verandah I became almost certain. When you would not help yourself to food, when you reached out your arm over your shoulder so that Moussa had to put the brandy-and-soda safely into your palm, I was sure."

"I was a fool to try and hide it," said Durrance. "Of course I knew all the time that I couldn't for more than a few hours. But even those few hours somehow seemed a gain."

"How did it happen?"

"There was a high wind," Durrance explained. "It took my helmet off. It was eight o'clock in the morning. I did not mean to move my camp that day, and I was standing outside my tent in my shirt-sleeves. So you see that I had not even the collar of a coat to protect the nape of my neck. I was fool enough to run after my helmet, and you must have seen the same thing happen a hundred times—each time that I stooped to pick it up it skipped away, each time that I ran after it, it stopped and waited for me to catch it up. And before one is aware what one is doing one has run a quarter of a mile. I went down, I was told, like a log just when I had it in my hand. How long it happened I don't quite know, for I was ill for a time, and afterwards it was difficult to keep count, since one couldn't tell the difference between day and night."

Durrance, in a word, had gone blind. He told the rest of his story. He had bidden his followers carry him back to Berber, and then influenced by the natural wish to hide his calamity as long as he could, he had enjoined upon them silence. Calder heard the story through to the end, and then rose at once to his feet.

"There's a doctor. He is clever, and, for a Syrian, knows a good deal. I will fetch him here privately, and we will hear what he says. Your blindness may be merely temporary."

The Syrian doctor, however, pursed up his lips and shook his head. He advised an immediate departure to Cairo. It was a case for a specialist. He himself would hesitate to pronounce an opinion, though, to be sure, there was always hope of a cure.

"Have you ever suffered an injury in the head?" he asked. "Were you ever thrown from your horse? Were you wounded?"

"No," said Durrance.

The Syrian did not disguise his conviction that the case was grave, and after he had departed both men were

silent for some time. Calder had a feeling that any attempt at consolation would be futile in itself, and might, moreover, in betraying his own fear that the hurt was irreparable, only discourage his companion. He turned to the pile of letters and looked them through.

"There are two letters here, Durrance," he said, gently, "which you might, perhaps, care to hear. They are written in a woman's hand, and there is an Irish postmark. Shall I open them?"

"No," exclaimed Durrance, suddenly, and his hand dropped quickly upon Calder's arm. "By no means."

Calder, however, did not put down the letters. He was anxious, for private reasons of his own, to learn something more of Ethne Eustace than the outside of her letters could reveal. A few rare references made in unusual moments of confidence by Durrance had only informed Calder of her name, and assured him that his friend would be very glad to change it if he could. He looked at Durrance, a man so trained to vigour and activity that his very sunburn seemed an essential quality rather than an accident of the country in which he lived; a man, too, who came to the wild, uncitied places of the world, with the joy of one who comes into an inheritance; a man to whom these desolate tracts were home, and the fireside, and the hedged fields, and made roads merely the other places; and he understood the magnitude of the calamity which had befallen him. Therefore he was most anxious to know more of this girl who wrote to Durrance from Donegal, and to gather from her letters as from a mirror in which her image was reflected, some speculation as to her character. For if she failed, what had this friend of his any longer left.

"You would like to hear them, I expect," he insisted. "You have been away eight weeks"; and he was interrupted by a harsh laugh.

"Do you know what I was thinking when I stopped you?" said Durrance. "Why, that I would read the letters after you had gone. It takes time to get used to being blind after your eyes have served you pretty well all your life," and his voice shook ever so little. "You will have to answer them, Calder, for me. So read them. Please read them."

Calder tore open the envelopes and read the letters through, and was satisfied. They gave a record of the simple doings of her mountain village in Donegal, and in the simplest terms. But the girl's nature shone out in the telling. Her love of the countryside, and of the people who dwelt there, was manifest. She could see the humour and the tragedy of the small village troubles. There was a warm friendliness for Durrance moreover, expressed not so much in a sentence as in the whole spirit of the letters. It was evident that she was most keenly interested in all that he did, that in a way she looked upon his career as a thing in which she had a share, even if it was only a friend's share. And when he had ended, he looked again at Durrance, but now with a face of relief. It seemed, too, that Durrance was relieved.

"After all, one has something to be thankful for," he cried. "Think! Suppose that I had been engaged to her? She would never have allowed me to break it off, once I had gone blind. What an escape!"

"An escape?" exclaimed Calder.

"You don't understand. But I knew a man who went blind, a good fellow, too, before—mind that, before! But a year after! You couldn't have recognized him. He had narrowed down into the most selfish, exacting, egotistical creature it is possible to imagine. I don't wonder, I hardly see how he could help it; I don't blame him. But it wouldn't make life easier for a wife, would it? A helpless husband who can't cross a road without a wife at his elbow, is bad enough. But make him a selfish beast into the bargain, full of questions, jealous of her power to go where she will, curious as to every person with whom she speaks—and what then? My God, I

am glad that girl refused me. For that I am most grateful."

"She refused you?" asked Calder, and the relief passed from his face and voice.

"Twice," said Durrance. "What an escape! You see, Calder, I shall be more trouble even than the man I told you of. I am not clever. I can't sit in a chair and amuse myself by thinking, not having any intellect to buck about. I have lived out of doors and hard, and that's the only sort of life that suits me. I tell you, Calder, you won't be very anxious for much of my society in a year's time," and he laughed again with the same harshness.

"Oh, stop that," said Calder. "I will read the rest of your letters to you."

He read them, however, without much attention to their contents. His mind was occupied with the two letters from Ethne Eustace, and he was wondering whether there was any deeper emotion than mere friendship hidden beneath the words. Girls refused men for all sorts of queer reasons, which had no sense in them, and very often they were sick and sorry about it afterwards; and very often they meant to accept them all the time.

"I must answer the letters from Ireland," said Durrance, when he had finished. "The rest can wait."

Calder held a sheet of paper upon the desk, and told Durrance when he was writing on a slant, and when he was writing on the blotting-pad; and in this way Durrance wrote to tell Ethne that a sunstroke had deprived him of his sight. Calder took that letter away. But he took it to the hospital, and asked for the Syrian doctor. The doctor came out to him, and they walked together under the trees in front of the building.

"Tell me the truth," said Calder.

The doctor blinked behind his spectacles.

"The optic nerve is, I think, destroyed," he replied.

"Then there is no hope!"

"None, if my diagnosis is correct."

Calder turned the letter over and over, as though he could not make up his mind what in the world to do with it.

"Can a sunstroke destroy the optic nerve?" he asked at length.

"A mere sunstroke, no," replied the doctor. "But it may be the occasion. For the cause one must look deeper."

Calder came to a stop, and there was a look of horror in his eyes. "You mean—one must look to the brain?"

"Yes."

They walked on for a few paces. A further question was in Calder's mind, but he had some difficulty in speaking it, and when he had spoken, he waited for the answer in suspense.

"Then this calamity is not all? There will be more to follow—death or ——" but that other alternative he could not bring himself to utter. Here, however, the doctor was able to reassure him.

"No. That does not follow."

Calder went back to the mess-room, and called for a brandy-and-soda. He was more disturbed by the blow which had fallen upon Durrance than he would have cared to own; and he put the letter upon the table and thought of the message of renunciation which it contained, and he could hardly restrain his fingers from tearing it across. It must be sent, he knew; its destruction would be of no more than temporary avail. Yet he could hardly bring himself to post it. With the passage of every minute, he realized more clearly what blindness meant to Durrance, a man not very clever, as he himself was ever the first to acknowledge, and always the inheritor of the other places, how much more it meant to him than to the ordinary run of men. Would the girl, he wondered, understand as clearly?

It was very silent that morning on the verandah at Wadi Halfa, the sunlight blazed upon desert and river; not a breath of wind stirred the foliage of any bush. Calder drank his brandy-and-soda, and slowly that question forced itself more and more into the front of his mind. Would the woman over in Ireland understand?

He rose from his chair as he heard Colonel Dawson's voice in the mess-room, and, taking up his letter, walked away to the post-office. Durrance's letter was despatched, but somewhere in the Mediterranean it crossed a letter from Ethne, which Durrance received a fortnight later at Cairo. It was read out to him by Calder, who had obtained leave to come down from Wadi Halfa with his friend. Ethne wrote that she had during the last months considered all that he had said when at Glenalla and in London ; she had read, too, his letters, and understood that in his thoughts of her there had been no change, and that there would be none ; she therefore went back upon her old argument that she would by marriage be doing him an injury, and she would marry him upon his return to England.

"That's rough luck, isn't it?" said Durrance, when Calder had read the letter through. "For here's the one thing I have always wished for, and it comes when I can no longer take it."

"I think you will find it very difficult to refuse to take it," said Calder. "I do not know Miss Eustace, but I can hazard a guess from the letters of hers which I have read to you. I do not think that she is a woman who will say yes one day, and then because bad times come to you, say 'no' the next, or allow you to say 'no' for her either. I have a sort of notion that since she cares for you and you for her, you are doing little less than insulting her if you imagine that she cannot marry you and still be happy."

Durrance thought over that aspect of the question, and began to wonder. Calder might be right. Marriage with a blind man! It might, perhaps, be possible, if upon both sides there was love, and the letter from Ethne proved —did it not?—that on both sides there was love. Besides, there were some trivial compensations which might help to make her sacrifice less burdensome. She could still live in her own country, and move in her own home. For the Lennon house could be rebuilt, and the estates cleared of their debt.

"Besides," said Calder, "there is always a possibility of a cure."

"There is no such possibility," said Durrance, with a decision which quite startled his companion. "You know that as well as I do," and he added with a laugh, "You needn't start so guiltily. I haven't overheard a word of any of your conversations about me."

"Then what in the world makes you think that there's no chance?"

"The voice of every doctor who has encouraged me to hope. Their words —yes—their words tell me to visit specialists in Europe, and not lose heart, but their voices give the lie to their words. If one cannot see, one can, at all events, hear."

Calder looked thoughtfully at his friend. This was not the only occasion on which of late Durrance had surprised his friends by a certain unfamiliar acuteness. Calder looked uncomfortably at the letter which he was still holding in his hand.

"When was that letter written?" said Durrance, suddenly, and immediately upon the question he asked another. "What makes you jump?"

Calder laughed, and explained hastily. "Why, I was looking at the letter at the moment when you asked, and your question came so pat that I could hardly believe you did not see what I was doing. It was written on the 13th of May."

"Ah," said Durrance, "the day I returned to Wadi Halfa blind."

Calder sat in his chair without a movement. He gazed anxiously at his companion ; it seemed almost as though he was afraid ; his attitude was one of suspense.

"That's a queer coincidence," said Durrance, with a careless laugh ; and Calder had an intuition that he was listening with the utmost intentness, for some movement on his own part perhaps, a relaxation of his attitude perhaps, perhaps a breath of relief. He did not move, however ; he drew no breath of relief.

TO BE CONTINUED

IN THE SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Thirteen Distinct Episodes

By ROBERT BUCKLEY

EPISODE XI.—AMONG THE NIHILISTS

"YOU had been in Russia before your adventure with Levinsky?" I remarked next evening.

"More than once. But Nelidoff, the clever chief of the Russian secret police, had only worked with me on one occasion—the visit of the Prince."

"An English Prince, I assume?"

Anthony nodded. He detests the revelation of names and places. Something in his temperament prefers the veil, or the semblance of a veil.

"And you went to Russia in his train?" I continued.

"Not precisely. I went before him. A great Function was to take place in St. Petersburg, and, as the Nihilist movement was then in full swing, the authorities at home thought it advisable to send somebody whose sole business would be to look after the safety of the Prince. Of course the Russians were anxious to do all they could; we gave them full credit for that—yet—we preferred to have a finger in the pie."

"Strange," I said, "how Englishmen place confidence in Englishmen, rather than in foreigners all the world over."

"Not so strange as the confidence foreigners place in Englishmen, in preference to their own countrymen," said Anthony; "and though, as a Cosmopolitan, I call all men brothers, I confess that whenever cool pluck was needed, say on a sinking ship, or when led into a death-trap by an officer who owes his command to his being a ladies' man, I should prefer to have Englishmen to back me."

"Had you any English companions in your adventures with the Nihilists?"

"Morland travelled with me, and gave his support. I was not able to utilise him to any great extent.

"The circumstances were as follows: The Nihilist conspiracy had assumed such prodigious dimensions that men were saying revolution must ensue; that a European cataclysm would follow the catastrophe which would inevitably take place in Russia, and that none could tell what the end would be. The prevalent expectation feared a sort of French Revolution extending to the entire Continent, with guillotines by the thousand, and complete extermination of the governing classes. And this, it was thought, might commence at any moment, with the assassination of the Czar and any other Kings, Queens, Princes, and Potentates who might be handy.

"Now, as the great Function to which I have referred was to be attended by some of the finest samples of Rulers to be found upon earth it was naturally concluded that the Central Committee of the Nihilist party would endeavour to make the most of the opportunity. Their game was the assassination of Kings and Emperors and 'such small deer,' and the Function at St. Petersburg gave a chance of making an uncommonly handsome 'bag.' There could be no reasonable doubt that such was their intention. The thing was in the air. Everybody knew it by instinct and without any real evidence. The conspirators kept their secret remarkably well.

"When I arrived at St. Petersburg, I found the place at a dead-lock. Of course they did not admit the fact, and equally of course they caused it to be

made known far and wide that they knew all about everything and that they only awaited the proper moment to knock Nihilism out of existence. But though this was very well for the uncritical public, it was not likely to go down with me. The technical man, the man who is in the business, at once discerns the true state of the case, whether in secret police matters or in respect to other affairs. And Nelidoff, making a virtue of necessity, made a clean breast of it in the first conversation. A capital fellow, Nelidoff, and—this is capital liquor. Permit me to honour my worthy brother of the Russian capital, and at the same time to irrigate my complicated canal-system." And Anthony drank copiously, ending with a sigh of content and satisfaction.

"Something was going on," he continued. "Something important was agitating the conspiracy. There was a sort of shiver on the country from the Black Sea to the Baltic. But Nelidoff's men had no clue, no shadow of a suggestion to work upon. There still was time enough. A month was yet to elapse before the great State procession, and many things might happen in a month. Meanwhile, he agreed to lay before me all reports bearing on the matter, and to keep me thoroughly in touch with the latest developments, if any should occur.

"The situation was difficult owing to the wide-spread distrust of Russian officialdom. No one knew where the Nihilist conspiracy began; no one knew where it ended. The army distrusted its officers; the officers distrusted the army. It was said that generals of high social prestige were involved; that the fleet was wholly unreliable; that the police were tainted, nay, that the very valets of the Czar's household were implicated. And this was not all fancy. Far from it.

"For threatening letters had actually reached the Czar himself. They were found in the Imperial pew of the great church; they were wrapped in the Czar's dinner napkin; they were found, it was said, under his very pillow. There could be no doubt as to the universality of the danger. It stared him in the face everywhere. And the fate of his father was ever in his eyes. Now and then, a batch of Nihilists, or men and women who were suspected to be such, were sent to Siberia, but, in the circumstances, the remedy applied was only remindful of Mrs. Partington, who, with her mop, tried to keep back the Atlantic. And these Nihilists were singularly faithful. Traitors were practically unknown. This, of course, made our work more difficult.

"The position being thus full of general danger, what we wanted was a clue to any particular peril which might threaten at the moment. And this was precisely where Nelidoff had failed. In his perplexity he asked for my help and advice, offering, on his part, to make any concessions in his power. We agreed, and I went to work with all the light and all the advantage of the information collected by his myrmidons.

"After close examination of all documents bearing on the matter, I came to the conclusion that there was a special plot in connection with the Function, and further, that the conspirators had kept the details within the knowledge of a very few well-tried brethren. It might be needful to take others into confidence, but only at the last moment, when men already blindly pledged to carry out the plans of others would have to be entrusted with the execution of the scheme. For, you will observe, that in the large majority of murder conspiracies, the heads and the hands are distinct. Those who are clever enough to invent the scheme, and eloquent enough to influence their dupes, rarely risk their own skins. They, of all others, believe in the proper division of labour. They invent, they persuade — they leave to their tools the 'glory' of the actual deed.

"But who were the schemers? Who were the probable tools? Before we could fathom the plot, it was needful to know the plotters. It was strange that Nelidoff was without a single ally in the ranks of the conspirators.

Had the thing been in Ireland, or America, or even France, the chairman of the most secret conclave would probably have been in the pay of the Government. You remember Major Le Caron? For a quarter of a century the hub of the Fenian conspiracy he was at the same time the confidential agent of the British Government! Nelidoff had not been able to effect any arrangement of this kind, and while he was pretty certain that Nihilism threatened the country from end to end, he could not put his hand on a single Nihilist who would for a consideration give the information he needed.

"There were plenty of suspects, but —did they know anything? Would they, under any circumstances, be useful in solving the riddle that was beating Nelidoff and his merry men? It was easy to arrest them, but to lock them up would not of itself avail as much. Yet here an idea took hold of me—a good and fruitful idea, I mean, for I had scores of futile ideas. I applied myself closely to the study of the suspects whose characters, as well as physical descriptions, were before me. 'Kharkoff, aged forty-five, is tall and dark. Has lost a wife to whom he was devoted during a period of imprisonment he has undergone for speaking disrespectfully of the Czar. Illiterate. Very dangerous.' That was the kind of man described for pages. And while that was likely to be the stamp of conspirator selected for the work in hand, he was also precisely the sort who cannot be tempted to divulge what he knows. Being ignorant, he is obstinate, immovable. And moreover this brand of Nihilist was not likely to be entrusted with details until too late for our purpose.

"At length I hit upon a description that seemed to promise fairly well for my favourite idea, the plan I had decided to pursue in default of a better. 'Ivan Agardy, Jew; age twenty-two, small, slight, delicate. Student of philosophy; excellent linguist. Poet and enthusiast. Very dangerous.' In pursuance of my plan I had him suddenly arrested and placed in solitary confinement.

"There was little doubt as to his connection with Nihilism; whether he was in any particular plot was another question. When he had spent three days without communication with the outer world and was therefore in complete uncertainty as to events, and, moreover, had exhibited symptoms of loss of nerve, his solitude was relieved by the presence of another unhappy prisoner, namely, my humble self! You begin to see my plan?"

I said he would probably make an effort to obtain enough information to serve as a clue by professing to be a brother martyr.

"My dear Richard," remarked Hallam, "you are becoming positively luminous; your penetration is something marvellous. You surprise me, really!"

I said that it was admitted that clever people could live with stupid people until they lost all their cleverness, and that stupid people might listen to the conversation of clever people until they absorbed a modicum of cleverness, and that the latter process might possibly be operating in my case.

Anthony laughed long and loud.

As I have before remarked, he laughed with a heartiness which gives you an excellent opinion of his general disposition.

"Fairly answered," he at last remarked. "'A palpable hit,' as somebody says in 'Hamlet.' Our prisoner was young, and therefore tender. He was also inexperienced, and being a student, was doubly inexperienced.

"Why so?" I inquired.

"Because he had given to books the time he might have spent in acquiring practical experience. Then he was a poet, and therefore emotional and a visionary. First, I decided to try him with the fellow-sufferer dodge, and if that did not work I meant to be freed, to reappear in another character, and openly invite him to betray his associates. He was a Jew, and therefore hardly the countryman of the Russian

plotters ; he was young, and therefore held to the pleasures of life ; there was probably some young girl who could be brought to bear on him ; some old mother or father—in short, I had two strings to my bow.

" In a few days he had said enough, and yet he thought he had said nothing. At first I declined to speak with him, and exhibited a decided suspicion. When he departed from mere conventional remarks to the subject that was occupying his mind, I maintained a dead silence. He asked me as to events outside, for you will remember I had been free three days later than he. But while admitting that I was charged with plotting against the life of the Czar, I steadfastly refused to give any information as to the action of the police subsequent to his arrest, alleging that, for aught I knew, he was a police agent himself ; such things had been known. You should have seen his virtuous indignation !

" For my own part, I readily admitted that I had been arrested as a foreign delegate, and in this connection I dropped, as it were by accident, names of Russian Nihilists in Paris, which inspired him with a partial confidence. Gradually we relaxed our mutual suspicion, but still Agardy spoke no syllable to help me. He was too astute for tricks which would have deceived an inferior mind, and I tell you I had to extend myself to the limit of my ability. From the first I was convinced that Agardy knew something, and the conviction sustained me through a painful and tedious time ; a time, moreover, when it was open to question whether I should not be doing better elsewhere. But the subconsciousness which has so often pulled me through, assured me that I was on the right track, and so I persevered, day after day, waiting and watching, without result, and not daring to force matters, even in the subtlest way, for fear of exciting suspicion. And the cell of a Russian prison is not quite equal in fare and accommodation to the best London hotels !

" When a certain psychological moment had arrived, the gaoler, in obedience to a sign agreed upon, told me roughly and brutally that I would be examined on the succeeding day, and the excitement of Agardy became painful to see.

" He was especially anxious to know what fate I expected. I repeated what I had already told him—that I had been arrested on suspicion of being a foreign delegate, immediately on my arrival in the city, and that, even supposing I were guilty, I had not had time to introduce myself to the Russian Head Centre, or to any Russian Nihilists whatever, and that, as I was a foreign subject, and as no evidence against me was in existence, the worst that could happen would be expulsion from the country. But I assured him that I was confident of being set at liberty, and of being permitted to remain in the city as long as I chose, which I said with an expressive look would be until the day after the Great Function, as I was particularly desirous of seeing the procession of Princes and Potentates who would on that occasion *adorn the banks of the Neva.*

" As I pronounced the last six words which I used in a merely satirical sense, my fellow-prisoner started, and turning quickly to me said ' Ha ! ' in a manner which showed that I had unknowingly hit on words which had for him an important meaning. I turned away and looked gloomily through the grating of our only window, high above us, as though vexed with myself for having committed an indiscretion. Agardy came to me and touched me on the shoulder.

" ' I do not ask your confidence,' he said, ' but, if you are set at liberty, and if you should meet with anyone named Savoda, you might tell him I am here. My parents reside far away in the provinces. They would like to know what has become of me. Savoda will tell them.'

" He did not give Savoda's address, nor did I ask it. If I were really a French Nihilist delegate, it was evident to him that I must certainly meet with Savoda. This of itself

showed that Savoda was an important person. I was too discreet to ask for Savoda's street and number, though I did not remember the name as being among the list of suspects I had so carefully studied. However, the man might be known to the police, and with this hope I was obliged to be content. No further word escaped Agardy. He had clearly reached the limit of his disclosures. And how little it was! Nothing, he thought. But wait and see.

"I took my leave next morning, and in a few minutes was closeted with Nelidoff. I did not tell him how small was my success, but merely asked him if he knew Savoda. The name produced the effect of an electric shock. He bounded from his seat in a manner you would have thought impossible with a man of his age, his facial expression being one of—well, let us say—petrification. His mouth was open, but he did not speak. He simply stood and stared. I was surprised to see a man of his experience so moved. I have not been surprised at anything for the last twenty-five years or so. When he spoke he simply gasped 'Savoda!' and then sat down and went on with his staring.

"'Yes! Savoda and no other,' I said. 'You seem to know Savoda? Who is he?'

"'I must have time to consider,' says he.

"I took my hat and walked to the door. Turning as I reached it, I said, 'M. Nelidoff, I perceive that you are departing from the compact of complete and unreserved confidence into which you gladly entered on my arrival, and I have the honour to inform you that unless you reveal the identity of Savoda, I shall communicate with the British Ambassador within an hour.'

"'Sit down, dear Mr. Hallam,' said Nelidoff, 'and allow me to explain. Do not be hasty; there are difficulties'—and he touched an electric bell, the button whereof was conveniently fixed on the slope of his desk, where it was hidden under a careless sheet of paper, while the bell was not audible in the room. I had spotted this neat arrangement on a previous interview.

"'There is no use ringing for men to arrest me,' I said. 'My precautions are taken. If I do not return to my rooms at eleven, Morland will request the British Ambassador to ask the Emperor or his deputy to look for me, and will at the same time make inquiry concerning Savoda. As I finished the sentence the door opened and two armed policemen appeared. Nelidoff dismissed them with a gesture. Then he beamed on me, forgot his trouble, and actually smiled. 'Permit me to express my admiration,' he said. I made my best bow and asked him to tell me all about the interesting Savoda.

"'Savoda,' said Nelidoff, 'is the Chief of the River Police, and a trusted servant of the Emperor.'

"I understood his agitation. To find a traitor in the profession is the rarest of occurrences; to act against a brother in arms and a countryman is most painful. But duty is duty, and in the most delicate, but unmistakable way, I told Nelidoff it must be done. With a British Prince in question I was not inclined to stand any nonsense. And the intrigues of Russian society are so deep and so complex that the most resolute and uncompromising attitude was required. I sketched out a plan of operation, and after discussion of details, Nelidoff undertook its execution.

"A strict watch set on Savoda soon discovered his direct connection with suspected persons. These, in their turn were watched, until distinct movements were noted in connection with the Neva. These again were narrowed down until it was found that Savoda was using his power and authority to cover and facilitate the entrance of persons from boats on the Neva to a sewer which ran directly from the river under the Nevski Prospekt, a great thoroughfare along which the procession of Princes was to proceed on the first day of the Function! But talking

is dry work. Agardy, my boy, your health!"

And, my friend having indulged in his usual way, re-lit his pipe, waved the willow brand, sybaritically inhaled its odour, and continued:

"Once more the knot was unravelled, and nothing remained but to conclude the affair. The point was—to arrest as many as possible of the plotters, and to do it at the last moment available. We had a fortnight before us, and if we had collared Savoda and any who might be arranging things in the great main sewer, why, the conspirators would have had time to concoct another plot and a more desperate one. So we should have been no further advanced. Our work would have begun again; whereas if we let them think that all was going well with the scheme—but you see my drift?"

"What I don't see, and what you omitted to mention was this—the idea of the Nihilists in connection with the sewer under the Nevski Prospekt."

Anthony looked at me in his most mocking manner.

"I was too early with my congratulations on your penetration," he said. "You have, perhaps, heard of nitro-glycerine, or of dynamite? Very good. So had the Nihilists. They had stored enough nitro-glycerine, in casks, under that line of route to blow the Pageant Procession with the Princes and Potentates into impalpable powder, together with thousands of innocent people on the line of route. For, like the Anarchists, the Nihilists hold that a tremendous catastrophe that would perceptibly 'regenerate' society would be decidedly economical, even at the cost of a million lives. Yet these Russian heroes put a fair value on their own precious hides.

"The scene of operations was visited by Nelidoff's men, who descended to the 'works' by man-holes in the city, and brought information which indicated, not only how careful the Nihilists were of their own safety, but also how the thing was to be done.

"Electricity is a useful agent in connection with explosives—you can work it from a distance. These heroic conspirators were going to blow up everything from the opposite bank of the river. There is in the human mind a curiosity concerning vast explosions, and I could quite conceive Savoda and his friends enjoying the spectacle. Savoda, it seemed, was a man with a grievance against the Government—there was a woman in it—and he had brooded himself into criminality and the deepest-dyed treachery. I never met with him, and cannot therefore give you the benefit of any critical observations on what must have been a curious study of mental morbidity. I expected to make his acquaintance, but was disappointed, why, you will see presently.

"The Function was to take place on Wednesday, and on Monday night we had the thing thoroughly arranged. There was no danger of a premature explosion which would destroy the police, for the wire had been attended to, and all we wanted was to secure a contingent of conspirators at the sewer, those in charge of the galvanic battery at Savoda's house on the opposite bank of the river, and Savoda himself.

"The affair went like clockwork. Instead of the plotters bagging the Princes, the police bagged the plotters. Three were nailed as they came down the river on Tuesday night to finally connect the wire with the explosive; two more at Savoda's, and the dead body of Savoda himself. For when we surrounded the house one of the conspirators stabbed him to death, as having betrayed the plot!

Such is the irony of circumstances. The Chief of River Police, being one of the vilest traitors since Judas Iscariot, was murdered for a piece of treachery of which he was innocent. There were some lively moments during the storming of Savoda's house, and two of Nelidoff's men were severely wounded with pistol-shots. But we won all along the line; scotched the great Nihilist snake, and sent our five prisoners to Siberia, plus a number of people who had associated with them. To make assurance doubly sure we

had a regular patrol marching through the sewers until after the Function, which went off admirably, the thousands cheering the Czar, the Princes and the Potentates as they marched over the spot that was to have been their tomb.

"I was glad when the affair was over and our Prince got safely out of the country. I had not yet learned to appreciate Russian tea. That you will remember was taught me by Levinsky, the clever agent of my friend Nelidoff, who, by the way, on my leaving St. Petersburg, gave me a fur overcoat as a mark of his esteem, assuring me that the buttons were not attached to electric bells. How we laughed to be sure! You see this stone?"

He held up his left hand, on the third finger of which blazed a magnificent diamond. I nodded.

"The Prince," he said.

"Did he know of the plot?"

"Not a word; the ring was just a sort of compliment for general supervision."

"What became of Agardy?"

"Siberia."

"Poor fellow!"

"True; but he was foolish, and the world punishes fools far more severely than rogues — a remark of Nelidoff, who, when we parted, said he was proud to have met me, and that I deserved to be a Russian. I said—I hoped not!"

And humming something about "a Rooshan and a Prooshan" and somebody's immovable determination to "remain an Englishman," Anthony opened the French window, and with a cordial "Good-night" left me alone once more.

EPISODE XII. WILL APPEAR IN JUNE.

THE PASSING OF CALLICUM

A STORY SHOWING HOW SPAIN LOST BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By Harold Sands.

LORD OF BURRARD INLET in 1790 was Callicum. Big and broad was he as was the acreage over which he hunted. Red was his colour and rare were his attainments—for an Indian of that day.

Siwash Jim can trace his descent back to Callicum even as the Champion of the King can produce a chart showing how he is descended from one who came over the English Channel with William of Normandy. And the Siwash is as proud as any Champion when it comes to ancestry.

But Siwash Jim is lord only of a whitewashed shack and a few lots. "The white men were ever land grabbers," he says.

What were the happy hunting grounds of Callicum are to-day the City of Vancouver and the municipalities of North and South Vancouver. Callicum passed from this earth in a violent manner and to the everlasting disgrace of Spain. But the passing was big with results.

The Pacific Coast is a history book, and he who runs may read a little of the romance of its transformation from a forest to the half-way house of Empire. The very air of the Canadian coast is redolent of Cook and Mackenzie and Vancouver, while even to what is now United States territory the glamour of British enterprise clings. A British naval officer gave his name to Puget Sound, while Mt. Baker, which towers above the State of Washington, owes its cognomen to one who came out with Vancouver in the troublous times at the end of the seventeenth century.

Capt. James Powell, of His Majesty's survey ship *Egeria*, looked upon the receding Terminal City from the deck of the *Empress of India*. The

White Liner was slowly steaming towards the Narrows, which divide Burrard Inlet from the Gulf of Georgia. Capt. Powell was on furlough and was *en route* to China. As he stood on the deck of the Canadian Pacific liner he presented a notable figure. That he was a Britisher was evident at the first glance. But there was a gracefulness about him which called for a second glance and which told also of Southern blood. A pretty passenger was heard to remark that he reminded her of a gallant Spaniard she had met in Madrid. It was not of the City of Vancouver that the attractive captain was thinking, but of a fair Spanish girl whose features were displayed in the ancestral hall in Kent. At Point Gray his great grandfather had won that lovely girl in 1792, and it was Point Gray that loomed yonder.

"Do you think there will be war?" questioned one merchant of Cheapside of another in 1790.

"I do not; I think Spain will back down," was the answer. "She has no real excuse to offer for her high-handed action at Nootka, in capturing that British merchant vessel."

"But can you tell me where Nootka is?" asked the first merchant.

"You must excuse me, but I have an appointment," said the other as he hurried away. From which it will be seen that they were not better acquainted in those days with the Pacific coast than they are to-day.

Spain in 1790 was no more prepared for war with Great Britain than she was to meet the United States 100 years later, after the blowing up of the *Maine*. Fortunately for His Catholic Majesty the struggle was averted, Spain agreeing to make reparation and acknowledging Great Britain's rights on the north-west coast of America. King George sent an expedition to Nootka under Capt. Vancouver and British Columbia had a beginning. That expedition represented a penny of Empire in comparison with the vast sums which have been spent in building and maintaining the newer Britains which line the shores of the Seven Seas. But that penny is yielding compound interest in pounds.

On Capt. Vancouver's ship, the *Discovery*, was Lieut. Powell. In 1792 the vessel entered Burrard Inlet, and one June day anchored near Point Gray. There were two Spanish vessels there.

"It gives me great pleasure to welcome you," remarked the Spanish captain to the Englishman. "I may say, however, that at Nootka the fleet awaits you."

So Capt. Vancouver continued his journey to where were three Spanish frigates and a brig. This latter, the *Active*, flew the broad pennant of Sen. Don Juan Francisco de la y Bodega Quadra.

And at Nootka where the *Active* lay, the Powell romance commenced.

Lieut. Powell was the first English naval officer to step ashore from the *Discovery*.

"I am sent," he said with a bow to Senor Quadra, "to inquire if a royal salue to the flag would be accepted."

"It will afford me great pleasure to exchange compliments with the noble captain," was the gallant reply.

As he passed back to his boat the Englishman noted among the household of Senor Quadra, a maiden of rare beauty. For many months Lieut. Powell had seen no white woman, and the glory of this bud of Spain captivated him at first sight. Isabel de Alva was of the seductive type of woman.

Rose-coloured was the report of the susceptible lieutenant to his captain. He dilated upon the courtesy of Senor Quadra, but he said nothing of the maiden.

"We are to settle this question amicably," said Capt. Vancouver to the Spaniard, "so shall we, as a start, name this island by our joint names?"

"By all means let it be Vancouver and Quadra Island," returned the Senor. "And why not, captain, have an exchange among our officers so that they may have a chance to get ac-

quainted while the surveys are being made."

"An excellent plan," warmly replied Capt. Vancouver. And thus it was that Lieut. Powell found himself on the *Princessa* and learned that Isabel was to make a tour of the island on the vessel.

In that island-encircling trip England fixed her stamp upon the Pacific coast of Canada and Spanish-sovereignty hopes found a grave beside a murdered chief.

When the *Princessa* rounded the south of the island her commander decided to visit the brigs at Point Gray. There was an Indian settlement on the shore where dwelt Chief Callicum. Upon the arrival of the *Princessa*, Callicum, his wife and child, put out in a small canoe with fish for the officers. A Spanish subaltern would not allow them to pay their respects to the commander, and roughly took their fish away. The commander was drinking in his cabin while the north-west Empire of Spain was passing away.

"Peshak, peshak" (bad, bad) remarked Callicum.

Spoken in the peculiar clicking tongue of the natives the words sounded harsher than they were. The reckless young Spaniard seized a musket from a sailor and shot Callicum. The body fell over the side of the canoe into the sea.

"You young fool!" exclaimed Powell, as he snatched the musket from the Spaniard before he could do further harm. "That is how you destroy your Empire."

Isabel came on the deck at the moment and Powell gently explained to her the cause of the trouble.

"How terrible," said she. "Our nation is so hasty. And what a blow to that poor woman," for the chief's wife had broken into wild lamentation.

The woman and her child were taken ashore by friends who witnessed the inhuman crime. Powell went below and shortly afterwards the relatives of the murdered chief ventured to the Spanish ship to beg permission to creep for the body beneath the vessel. The murderer was still on duty and cruelly refused until the afflicted redmen had collected a number of valuable skins as a ransom for the corpse. The body was found and the skins paid over.

That night a council of war was held.

When news of the further outrage was given to Powell he sought the Spanish commander.

"Sir," said he indignantly, "do you not know that your men are assaulting the glory of Spain? Acts like those committed to-day kill your sovereignty. Moreover, are you prepared for reprisals?"

"Pooh, pooh, my dear lieutenant," replied the commander, "you take this little matter too seriously. Such affairs are unfortunate, but how small! Why trouble about them."

"But, sir, you do not know the nature of these Indians. Have you doubled the watch? They are sure to attack us."

"Nonsense, lieutenant, they will not dare. They fear us too much," was the captain's reply. "You are new on this coast, allow us old-timers to know a little more than you." He spoke with ill-concealed contempt.

"If not for your crew's sake, sir, then for that of the Senorita Isabel, I ask you to strengthen the guard for the rest of our stay here," said the Englishman.

"Ah! lies the land that way, lieutenant?" tauntingly asked the Spaniard.

"Sir," rejoined the Englishman haughtily, "this is no time for talk of that character; look after your ship," and Powell turned on his heels.

"The young cub, so he loves the daughter of the general. These dogs of Englishmen look high," muttered the commander. But he gave no orders for more security.

The night passed quietly, save for the wailing of the women on the shore. If the Spaniards had felt any alarm, it vanished with the dawn. They had not seen the braves in council.

But Powell was still alarmed. He looked for an attack next evening.

When night arrived he was detained at the commander's dinner-table. He was very uneasy, but after the manner of his reception when he gave warning he could not bring himself to mention the subject again.

The Senorita loved to walk on deck at night-time and give herself entirely to the silence In a new country the absolute stillness after dark is all-possessive. As Isabel sat watching the stars a couple of canoes put out from the village. She did not see them; she was gazing westward to the far east. Stealthily half a dozen Indians boarded the *Princessa*. They had seen that there was only the subaltern and one sailor on deck with the girl. All three were seized before they could utter any alarm. As quietly as they came the canoes went back to land.

The absence of the subaltern was discovered when the watch—if watch it could be called—was changed. The officer who came to relieve him called the commander, who ordered all hands on deck and also sent for Isabel. When her loss was discovered, he cursed his foolishness for not taking the Englishman's advice.

"It is useless doing anything till morning," said the commander.

Lieut. Powell chafed at the delay. At daybreak he aroused the commander and asked to be put in charge of the search party. The request was agreed to. Selecting a dozen of the most likely Spaniards, he made his way to the shore and found the camp deserted. The Indians had retreated to the primeval forest; pathless to whites, the home of reds. There were, however, evidences of the route taken by the Indians, and Powell and his men followed them up for a day.

When night came the Englishman realized the foolhardiness of the enterprise, but what man of Kent in his position would have abandoned it? None, though the little party was in the midst of the forest, shut out from the sea, perhaps with foes all round.

"I cannot let the Senorita be carried away without an effort to save her," said he to his men. "You know the danger, will you stand by me?"

"We will, sir," they answered. They spoke as Englishmen, because they liked the northerner who was leading them.

At the dawn they started again, and somewhat to their surprise and rather to their dismay, came upon the redskins in an hour. The natives were expecting them and were drawn up by hundreds in a clearing. They knew all about the pursuit; they could have annihilated the party in the night. But there was a noble sensibility among those woodmen. Callicum had drilled into his tribe generous and hospitable ideas, and the example of the murdered man was still strong.

"It would be useless to fight this horde," the lieutenant said. "I must try to induce them to peacefully give up the captives."

But there was one man who would never return to the *Princessa*. Bound to a tree, with a dozen arrows in the body, was all that was mortal of the unhappy subaltern. It was easy for the lieutenant to obtain the return of the Senorita and the sailor. His joy at the fact was unclouded by the death of the Spaniard.

"The fool deserved it," he told his brother officers when the *Princessa* returned to Nootka, and Powell was retelling the story the night before he was married to Isabel by the father confessor of Senor Don Juan Francisco de la y Bodega Quadra.

It is over a century now since the flag of Spain has implied any ownership in the land which to-day is British Columbia.

RICHARDSON'S WAR OF 1812 *

By John Stewart Carstairs

MAJOR JOHN RICHARDSON, the eldest son of Dr. Richardson, Assistant Surgeon of the Queen's Rangers, and Madeleine Askin, his wife, was born at Queenstown, U.C., on October 4th, 1796. At Queenston and at Detroit, the home of his grandfather, Colonel John Askin, the first six years of his life were passed. In 1802, Dr. Richardson became surgeon to the Governor and garrison of Amherstburg, and in the same year Colonel Askin removed to Strabane, near Sandwich; between these two places, at that time rich in formative influences, young Richardson spent the next ten years of his life. No other years were to be free from care, responsibility and anxiety. Here "our first novelist of romance, our first delineator of manners and customs" had little school training, but he imbibed much culture from his mother and grandmother, both accomplished French ladies. He saw the men of many races on the highway of the Detroit River; and he must have been a bright, ready, clever, perceptive and receptive youth, for "the scenes of his boyhood are the favourite setting for his characters, and never after his boyhood had he the opportunity for a lengthened stay in those beloved haunts."

Late in June, 1812, young Richardson saw in the distance beyond the blue waters of the Detroit, Hull's army on the march to their headquarters in Fort Lernoult, from which it was to invade an unoffending and unsuspecting people. Always chafing under the restraints of school, and now fired by the warlike spirit of the Erskines, the Bruces and the Richardsons, the boy of fifteen was, through his family influence, at once appointed a gentleman-volunteer in His Majesty's regular forces to do duty with the 41st Regiment. He fought in every engagement in which his regiment took part, until the defeat at Moraviantown, October 5th, 1813, when he was taken prisoner. Released after a year, he was given a lieutenancy in the 2nd Battalion of the 8th (King's) Regiment, and in 1815 they embarked at Quebec to join the Duke of Wellington in Flanders. In 1816 he was appointed to the 2nd (Queen's) Regiment, and with it went to Barbadoes, but was invalided home, and on October 1st, 1818, was placed on half-pay.

Now began that literary career that was to enrich the world with such productions as "Écarté," "Wacousta," "The War of 1812," and "The Canadian Brothers." He was then twenty-two years of age. He had got but little of the discipline of the school; but he had been gathering his education from society and the world; he had picked up a varied and extensive training in the wilds of his native Canada, in "the mighty heart" of London, in the manifold experiences of a soldier in two continents and two zones.

Although Wolfe died with a fragment of the Iliad in his pocket, it is seldom that the literary taste survives the vicissitudes and hardships of a soldier's life. Richardson's literary instinct was proof alike against the charms of prosperity and the trials of adversity. Seven years of military service are now followed by ten years of literary labours in London and Paris. Sketches of West Indian and Canadian life appeared in the periodicals of the time. "Tecumseh," a poem of 188 *ottava rima* stanzas, excellent in workmanship and treatment, follows closely the historical facts, and by its dramatic possibilities may have suggested the theme for "The Canadian Brothers," written many years later. In 1829 he published "Écarté, or the Salons of Paris," which was generally well re-

* Richardson's War of 1812. With notes and a life of the author. By Alexander Clark Casselman. Historical Publishing Company, Toronto. 1902. lxxii + 320 pp. royal octavo. $3.

ceived in London. Gaining confidence by his literary successes, he published in 1832 a more ambitious work, "Wacousta, or the Prophecy," a story founded on the attempt of Pontiac to seize Fort Pontchartrain on the Detroit. When we recall that the modern novel had not yet been created, that Scott had just passed away at Abbotsford, that Dickens and Thackeray had not yet taken up the pen, that Harrison Ainsworth had not published one of his two hundred and fifty novels; that Disraeli and Bulwer Lytton had each given but two or three novels to the world, "Wacousta," in plot and characters, in conversations, dramatic incident and sustained interest, seems a marvellous production. "As a character-sketch, unfolding on the one hand the adroit craft and subtle deceit of Pontiac with all the varied play of motives, and on the other the defiant confidence and intrepid fidelity to principle of the Governor, it will compare favourably with those searching analyses of human passions to be found in the works of George Eliot."

In 1834 he joined the "British Auxiliary Legion," then recruiting in Great Britain to aid the regent Christina against the Carlists. As Captain in the 2nd Regiment he was appointed Commandant of Vitoria, where he was stricken with fever. Although invalided home he took a prominent part in the attack on St. Sebastian which was made on the eve of his departure. True to his literary instincts, he had kept a diary, which he published while in London under the title "Movements of the British Legion." During his absence from the Legion a junior officer was promoted to a majority over his head. This injustice incensed Richardson and was the beginning of a long and persistent personal quarrel with Gen. De Lacy Evans that was fought out in Spain, in the British House of Commons, and ended in Montreal in 1838 by the publication of "Personal Memoirs of Major Richardson." The title of Major and the Knighthood of the Military Order of St. Ferdinand were all that he got from his service in Spain.

He returned to Canada in 1837 as correspondent of the *Times* to report the mission of Lord Durham, and, if necessary, to assist in the defence of his native land. He wrote favourably of Durham's acts, and the *Times* cancelled the contract with him at the end of a year. Having taken up his residence in Sandwich in 1839, he wrote "The Canadian Brothers," a sequel to "Wacousta," which was published the following year in Montreal. Removing to Brockville he published for two years *The New Era*, a newspaper, in which first appeared his "War of 1812," which was to be merely the first in a series of Canadian histories, as the historical information of the rising generation had been derived "through the corrupt channel of American party publications bearing on the subject."

"Eight Years in Canada," published in 1847, is a well-written history of the administrations of Durham, Sydenham, Bagot and Metcalfe, an important transition period in our development. The sequel to this work, "The Guards in Canada," was published in the same year. As his literary ventures in Canada had failed to give him a livelihood, Richardson, after spending his fortune in the interests of Canadian literature, was forced much against his will to go to New York, where he superintended the publication of his romances and wrote others.

Richardson died in New York on May 12, 1852, of erysipelas, caused, it is said, by lack of the actual necessaries of life.

"If we judge Richardson," his biographer says, "by the literary success that cheered him even amid his many days of adversity, we can merely wonder that a writer so wholesome in atmosphere, so buoyant in spirit, so notable in our literary development, is now almost completely forgotten. His works, whether we consider their subject-matter, their literary merits, or their position in the growth of the novel, place their gifted author high on that roll we choose to designate as our list of Canadian authors."

We have to thank Mr. Casselman

not only for furnishing us an old friend in a new and attractive dress, but also for adding to our knowledge both of the war of 1812 and of Major Richardson.

There are but two contemporary accounts of that brave little army of less than one thousand whites and a varying unreliable Indian following, which under the command of Major-General Procter in 1812 and 1813, achieved against three American armies those brilliant successes whose importance has always been obscured by the disaster at Moraviantown. One is the journal of M. Thomas Verchères de Boucherville, published last year by the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal. The other is Richardson's "War of 1812," "Containing a Full and Detailed Narrative of the Operations of the Right Division of the Canadian Army," a valuable and authentic work; but it had some years ago become so rare that it was catalogued at £50.

The present volume is much more than a mere reprint of the original edition published at Brockville, U.C., in 1842. The care and industry of a judicious editor are strongly in evidence. The narrative has been divided into chapters; a complete index and a complete table of contents have been added; errors in documents quoted by Richardson are corrected; documents available only in part before 1842 are here given in full; while there is an ideal accumulation of illustration in the views of historic spots, the numerous original maps and plans, the pictures of medals and the rare portraits, among others, of Lt.-Col. John B. Glegg, of Col. John Macdonell, of Gen. James Winchester, and of Adjutant-General Edward Baynes. The portrait of Tecumseh is an admirable production by Mr. Frederick Brigden, the face being drawn from Lossing's copy of Le Dru's sketch from life, the costume being the result of careful historical studies. A series of notes on the thirty-one illustrations forms a novel feature of the publication.

It is in the running commentary, however, in the bibliography, and in the biographical sketches, that the editor makes a real contribution both to Canadian history and to Canadian literature. The commentary is a well-deserved tribute to the Canadian officers who in the war of 1812 defended Upper Canada against so heavy odds. Here there are pithy, pointed biographical sketches linking the men of the past with the men of the present; brief, comprehensive summaries and out-of-the-way facts of Canadian history that would surprise the average reader did he not know that Mr. Casselman possesses what is perhaps the finest Canadian collection of books on the war of 1812.

CECIL RHODES

WHEN sounds the trump that wakens Britain's dead,
What dust remote will feel an answering thrill!
Witness Khartoum's red plain, Samoa's mound,
Witness the cairn that guards Matoppo Hill.

No waups made cry round Stevenson's lone isle;
The flag he loved lay not on Gordon's breast;
Yet lonelier was this heart that, self-exiled,
In splendid isolation lies at rest.

Emily McManus

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

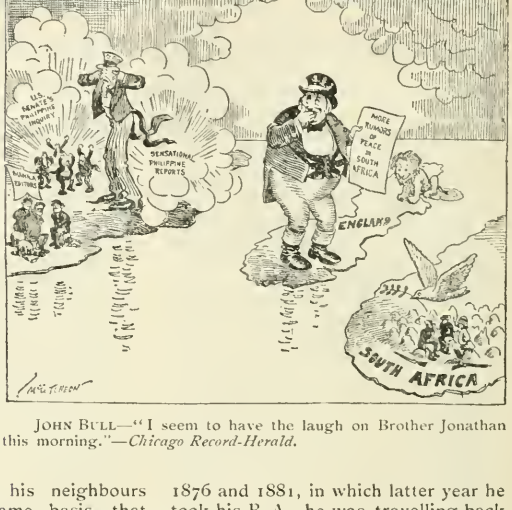
by John A. Ewan

SMALL as the matter seems in itself there yet can be little doubt that no event in the past month has attracted more attention than the imposition of a duty of threepence per hundred pounds on all cereals imported into the United Kingdom, and of fivepence per hundred on flours and meals of all kinds. It is put forward by the Imperial Chancellor as essentially a war tax; by others it is hailed or denounced, according to the point of view, as a step backward to protection. The Liberal party in Britain will probably find in it a thin thread of party unity. The Colonial Imperialist, whose notion is that the strong affection at present existing between the various portions of the Empire can only be preserved by taxing somebody, hails it as promising to supply the one thing needful to give coherency to his cause. The foreign grain-grower has yet to be heard from, although the amount of the impost will scarcely cause him the loss of much sleep. Indeed the foreign grain-grower, if he has a good grip of economic facts, will not be much alarmed at any impost the British Chancellor of the Exchequer is likely to put on grain so long as it is chargeable to all alike. He would feel that the greater burden of it would not fall on him but on the consumer in the British Isles. He would be unfeignedly and properly alarmed if the impost were considerable and the Colonies exempt from it.

The question touches so closely on domestic policy that it is perhaps unsuited for discussion in this column, but one or two considerations are so obvious and indisputable that they should not be regarded as controversial. That the Mother Country could inflict widespread injury on a number of nations which find an unrivalled market for their farm products amongst her consumers cannot be denied. By heavily taxing the products of these foreign countries and admitting Colonial products free she would unquestionably inflict injury on those countries having a surplus of agricultural products and give the Colonies a distinct advantage. But she would do it at great cost to herself, the extent of the injury being proportioned to the amount of the impost. This would be mercantile war. In physical war both nations are injured, but it is undertaken with the idea of making one or the other take a certain view on a certain subject. Similarly a commercial war might be waged, for example, to make the United States see that from 50 to 100 per cent. was an outrageous imposition on the goods of a country which admits all United States products free. And it is just possible that the United States farmer would not be long in coming to the same view as the Britisher, that the American tariff was outrageous, that it was of no benefit to him, and now that it had become distinctly prejudicial to him he was quite willing to help to topple it over.

So far the Englishman has taken no stock in the commercial war idea, preferring to wait the slower processes of time. And facts and results have, it must be said, justified his confidence. He has seen his little dot of earth hold the commercial primacy of the world longer than he can remember. We are told that that primacy is now threatened by the United States. Even if that be so, his confidence that he is proceeding on sound lines should scarcely be shaken thereby. If this

tiny island off the coast of France, whose resources have been drawn on from the time of the Phœnicians till now, can still rival a fresh new land, whose resources, while diligently exploited, are yet scarcely touched, a land forty times larger with twice its population—is not that one of the very highest tributes to the excellence of the foundation on which its commercial system is based? It is the Englishman's confidence that the logic of circumstances will compel his neighbours to come to the same basis that makes him calmly tolerant of U.S. tariffs and other annoying circumstances. We find it very hard to take up his point of view. For example, we Canadians keep thrusting on his attention the fact that we conferred a great boon on him by lowering our tariff and that he ought to tax himself in order to make a return for the gift. His view is, that in lowering our tariff, while we were conferring a boon on him, we were also doing a service to ourselves. Lower tariffs, in his estimation, are chiefly beneficial to the country making the reduction. Some of our statesmen utterly fail to see the matter from this standpoint.



JOHN BULL—"I seem to have the laugh on Brother Jonathan this morning."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

The death of Cecil Rhodes before his 50th birthday will be considered an early ending to a remarkable career. Health was his main quest in his first journey to the Cape, and it is curious to reflect that he had been some years in South Africa when he determined on following out his original intention of taking his degree at Oxford. Between 1876 and 1881, in which latter year he took his B.A., he was travelling back and forth yearly between Oxford and Kimberley. His strong character gained him influence in South Africa almost from the first, and the fabulous wealth which his reorganization of the Kimberley diamond fields threw in his hands added greatly to that influence. He possessed the mysterious quality that convinces other men and causes them to follow even blindly. His influence among the Dutch of Cape Colony was at one time greater than that of any other Englishman. He lived, however, to see himself execrated by them. But for one circumstance he would have died with the reputation of being endowed with a powerful and penetrating mind, and with far more than the common share of those gifts by which a man divines the motives, ideals and purposes of his fellow-men.

Mr. Rhodes had lived so long among the Dutch of South Africa, and had such exceptional opportunities of ascertaining the very texture of their thoughts, that it was natural to expect

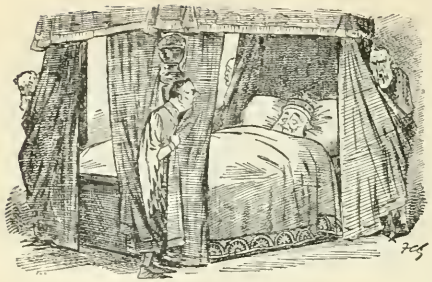
that here was the one man in all South Africa who might be trusted to advise the course to be pursued, whether in storm or calm. And yet this man was the deviser and adviser and equipper of the Jameson raid! When the news of that quixotic and criminal adventure reached the outside world, the first reflection of every reader was as to the egregious folly of the whole affair, and it was difficult to believe that a man in Cecil Rhodes' position could ever have hoped for anything else than the ridiculous catastrophe that actually did befall it. The statement has been made on his behalf that he never intended that Jameson and his men should invade the Transvaal. It is difficult to see that this makes the enterprise any the less foolish.

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE

J. B.: "We've just captured the last Boer gun."
U. S.: "Only a few Filipino guerillas left."
—*The Detroit News*

If it looked absurd then, what does it look like now, when we have a great deal more material on which to judge it? When we think that Dr. Jim and his handful of policemen set out that December day to perform a task which the whole British army, assisted by the colonies, has had difficulty in effecting after two years and a half of fighting, we can only feel amazed at the fatuity that characterized the sublime fiasco. It was, moreover, one of those blunders that is worse than a crime. For a time it apparently put the British people in the wrong, and woefully weakened their subsequent pleas before the bar of public opinion. Whatever qualities of discernment Mr. Rhodes had appear not to have been fine enough or comprehensive enough to divine that this simple, untutored Dutch grazier had deep in his heart a passionate attachment to the idea of independence, and was ready to fight for it with a tenacity that has won him the admiration and respect even of his conqueror. Mr. Rhodes is credited with that imagination that is often a prominent ingredient of the higher statesmanship, but one can hardly accord to him the possession of that dramatic quality which enables one man to feel with all the feelings of another, or he would never have hoped to subdue Dutch Africa with a troop of police led by a doctor of medicine.

What he accomplished for the empire will be judged by such varying standards that the most opposite verdicts are sure to be rendered. To those who think that the one purpose of the British Empire is to paint the map of the world red, the man who added Bechuanaland to our South African possessions and dreamed of the Cape to Cairo railway, will be put in the same rank as Clive and Hastings and Wolfe. To the opposite school, who believe that the weary Titan was already bearing as great a burden of unprofitable territory as he ought to be asked to bear, there will be no desire to add another hero to that picture gallery. Whatever the judgment may be, however, it will not be denied that he was a man of large spirit, boundless enthusiasm and boldness, backed by equal energy, and that he had these in such abundance that no task was likely to daunt him, and that by the exercise of them he at least changed the face of South Africa.



THE SLEEPING KING

LORD SALISBURY: "What a joke if I wake up and don't resign!" —*Westminster Gazette*

It must be said that the terms of his will, munificent and original as it is, curiously corroborates the suspicion of an impractical imagination which the Jameson raid suggests. It is a capital idea to recognize manliness and unselfishness as well as scholarship in the make-up of the students who are to profit by his generosity, but how on earth are you going to judge of these things? It would be honourable for a young man to strive to acquire knowledge in order to gain a Rhodes scholarship, but what would we think of the youth who went about with a smug look of goodness on his angelic face, and spent his spare time in carrying baskets for feeble old ladies, leaving himself open to the suspicion that he was "entered" for the Rhodes prize for manliness and unselfishness. It looks like an impractical idea. In these brief references to the great South African, there is no pretence of adverting to more than one side of his character. They may be deemed a breach of the rule that nothing but good should be said of the dead, but it is also a good rule not to set up false standards of greatness, or at least to discriminate where there has already been a great deal of ill-balanced adulation.

THE BEGINNER

UNCLE SAM: "Now, look out, old man; this is where I let go." —*Minneapolis Journal*

On May 20th Cuba starts house-keeping on her own account, and the experiment will be watched with a great deal of interest. In the meantime the advisability of reducing the United States import duties on Cuban sugar and tobacco has been warmly discussed in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. In the House a resolution reducing the duties by twenty per cent. was adopted. The friends of Cuba say that this reduction would still leave the tariff practically insurmountable. The U. S. duties on sugar and tobacco are

among the loftiest structures of the tariff-builder's art. Those on sugar vary with the grades, but generally speaking they amount to close on 100 per cent. To reduce this to 80 per cent., as is proposed, would in all probability be no advantage to Cuba at all.

Matters do not look at all encouraging in the Philippines, and the opponents of the policy of expansion continue their assaults on it with increasing hope. At the trial of a Major Waller he testified in his own behalf that in shooting Filipino prisoners he was only obeying the order of Gen. Smith, his superior officer. His orders were to "kill and burn;" to "take no prisoners;" to "kill everything over ten," and to "make Samar a howling wilderness." These orders were verbal, and Gen. Smith denies that he gave them, but his own published orders directed his officers to "make the people want peace and to want it bad." The acting-Governor of Batangas, Luzon, says that 100,000 inhabitants of that one Province have perished by war, disease or starvation since the American occupation. Senator Patterson, in condemning the whole Philippine policy, declares that "there has simply been a carnival of slaughter in the islands." And as a commentary on the whole situation some one recalls a sentence from the late President McKinley's condemnation of Spanish rule in Cuba:—"The only peace it could beget," he said, "was that of the wilderness and of the grave."

MADONNA

THE night on the Town has fallen,
And the Gas Lamps, few and far,
Outflame like the picket fires
On the rim of a lonely war.

The lights of the Town, Madonna,
Are the eyes of a Soul's despair;
The streets are the thoughts, Madonna,
That are dreary and dark and bare.

The lights that the World affords us,
Though we win where they burn their best,
Reveal but the pain and hurry,
The stir of a street's unrest.

And we turn from the street's confusion,
From the toil and the City's pain,
From all that the heart desires
And all that the hand can gain;

For what if we win it or lose it,
The praise that the World bestows,
It fades like a flower gathered,
It dies like a withering rose.

Ah, the calm of God, Madonna,
It is far from the streets away,
And seeking that calm, Madonna,
The hearts of thy children stray.

Jamaica. *Tom Redcam*

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By

M. MacLean Helliwell

LIFE'S LESSON

From Life's stern schooling I have learned
There is no greater truth than this:—
Pain is but pleasure undiscerned,
Through deepest woe comes highest bliss.

M. MacL. H.

WITH the April showers and all the delicious sweet smells and sights and sounds of spring, come the dear little birds back from their winter in the sunny south to make glad our northern summer. Little flashes of red and yellow, white, black, crimson and blue, they perch on the baby branches of the budding trees and trill their very hearts out in a wild pæan of praise and thanksgiving for the wonderful miracle of nature's never-failing resurrection. Can you, with that happy little song ringing in your ears—that glad little fluff of palpitating feathers, quivering with the mere delerious joy of simply being alive, before your eyes—can you, oh can you go down into the market—place and calmly and untremblingly bedeck your unworthy head with the poor little murdered bodies of some feathered chorister, once just as glad and gay and unafraid as the bird who is singing to you to-day from the swaying top of yonder maple or cocking his tiny head at you confidingly from the fragrant depths of your own lilac bush?

The man who needlessly sets foot upon the worm that crawls at even in the public path has been justly arraigned before humanity's tribunal of justice, can one therefore condemn her who refuses to enter on her list of friends the woman who for the mere gratification of her own vanity demands the wholesale slaughter of the happy birds who were made to sing and fly untrammeled the day through in the free air beneath God's own blue sky? The sight of a pretty, gentle-looking woman upon whose head nods the stiff carcass of an innocent and inoffensive little bird is a sight which fills at least one member of her sex with horror and disgust. We are told that ostrich feathers are obtained without the infliction of pain or discomfort upon the great bird that "grows" them; will not ostrich feathers, then, suffice? Surely everyone knows that each single offsprey offered for sale represents the unutterable suffering of a living thing and that the peculiarly soft little feather breasts so much admired and so "fashionable" are torn away from over a gentle little mother heart and paid for in her anguish, and the slow starvation of her helpless little babies.

Dr. Allen, of the American Museum of Natural History, has announced that 200,000,000—think of it, 200,000,000!—birds are slaughtered annually for the adornment of the headgear of the women of the world!

About four years ago American clubwomen began to protest against this shocking thing. Many of the clubs instituted a "bird-day," when papers calculated to arouse interest in the beautiful songsters of the woodland and highways were presented, and a number of societies introduced pledges for their members whereby they bound themselves never again to wear a murdered bird. At the same time a few bird clubs were formed, the Out-of-Door Club of Burlington, Ia., being one of the most flourishing of these.

The women who belong to this most commendable society declare that to them a bird in the bush is worth two in the bonnet any fine morning, and

out they go to the woods to revel in bird-study.

They sally forth armed with opera and field glasses, and someone versed in the many interesting phases of bird-ology instructs them as they go. That the opera-glass should give place to the shotgun, and the camera to the Winchester, is a blessed sign of the dawning of a higher and truer civilization than the world has yet known—a tiny shoot from the great tree of Peace, in the sweet shade of whose spreading branches the struggling, weary world fondly hopes to rest at last.

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An American contemporary gives an enlightening account of the good and evil results that have followed from an eight years' trial of woman's suffrage in Colorado. So many of the gentler sex in Canada profess to be woman-suffragists that a brief resumé of the article in question will doubtless prove of interest to them.

That all the Colorado ladies were not fully alive to the importance of the privilege which had been granted to them, or else were indifferent to it, is proven by the fact that only forty-two per cent. of the women in Arapahoe county voted, and in other counties, with the exception of the rural mountains districts, from forty to forty-five per cent.

"To the surprise of most people," writes the chronicler, Mr. William Macleod Raine, "this extension of the suffrage has proved an incident, not an epoch, and the ship of state appears to sail on in much the same way as before."

The writer goes on to point out that the chief evils resulting from it are that it has made the vote more cumbersome, the *purchasable element larger*, and the cost of an election greater. "It is the testimony of political bosses that the woman vote is *more of an uncertain quantity than that of the men*, that it is *more largely controlled by the emotions*, and that it cannot be depended upon so surely along party lines. They are agreed, too, that the vote of women in conventions is *more easily manipulated than the vote of men*, and that this is due not so much to inexperience as to feminine vanity; that, generally speaking, women are more anxious to determine the right and *less able to do so*, not so much by reason of inexperience as on account of an inherent fundamental difficulty of sex. The actual party workers are not generally the best classes of women in the community. Like the men they are in politics for what they can get out of it. This was, of course, to be expected, and simply parallels the experience of our political conditions everywhere. Women of a certain type are in politics, just as men of the same type, for their own personal advancement."

On the other hand, Mr. Raine says that "Colorado has been among the foremost States of the Union in reform legislation during the past eight years. Laws have been enacted in regard to the property and maternal rights of women that were much needed. A few years ago a woman could not prevent her husband from mortgaging the roof over her head. Through the efforts of women legislators, all community property now requires in transfer the signatures of both husband and wife. Organizations of women have had bills introduced for new primary and election laws, as well as one in the interests of civil service reform. The newly aroused interest of women in civic affairs has manifested itself in the greater cleanliness of streets, in the city park improvements, and especially in the care, ventilation, and artistic decoration of the school buildings. The women members of the various State Boards have done good work in furthering the interests of their charges. This has been notably true in those boards relating to the care of the criminal and pauper classes, manifesting itself in the more efficient management of the female wards of the State, and in the improved condition of the State institutions generally. The industrial home for girls is a shining example of this. The fear that women would flood the public offices or would in any way

take an undue part in public life has not been realized in Colorado. Since the political enfranchisement of women there have usually been three members of that sex in the Colorado Legislature, but at the present time there is but one. The only office on the State ticket conceded to women is that of superintendent of public instruction."

Mr. Raine sums up by saying that "It is probably true that the ballot and its attendant circumstances have increased the unhealthy restlessness of some women, and have left profoundly unmoved many others; but between these two extremes there are indubitably a large class who have been awakened to a great practical interest in problems confronting the social bodies, and who are beginning to understand more of the patriotism which does not talk but acts. Hitherto, at least, the predictions of extremists have been confuted, for the ballot in the hands of women has neither unsexed her nor *regenerated the world.*"

MADAME SEMBRICH
The famous Polish Prima Donna

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The editor of *Woman's Sphere* (who, by the way, is responsible for the above italics) is *not* a woman suffragist, believing that the reins of government should be in the hands of man, while woman drives on the box beside him, ready to suggest and advise when his vision fails or his hand weakens, as our late beloved Queen by her influence and quiet force wrought her people lasting good, though the actual government of the Empire was done by the men of her Parliament—hers and her people's.

All that the Colorado women through the extension of the suffrage have been able to accomplish they could just as easily and just as effectively have brought about had they remained unenfranchised.

In other parts of this continent woman has already proved that it is quite possible for her, without casting one vote, to effect the improvement of state institutions and city parks, to artistically decorate schools, and to materially influence the laws respecting the rights of her sex.

◒

The story of the life of Madame Marcella Sembrich reads like a fairy tale. When she was only four years of age her father, Casimir Kokhansky, a dis-

tressingly poor Polish musician, began to teach her piano playing, at six he set her to work at the violin, and at the age of twelve this remarkable child was earning her own living by playing dance music at the receptions of the well-to-do people of her native town. An old Pole took an interest in her and sent her to the conservatory at Leipzig where for four years she studied under one Wilhelm Stengel.

"Those were dark days for the girl," writes Mr. W. J. Henderson in a recently published brief sketch of her career. "Unknown to her teachers in the conservatory, she went on with her labours at the dances of the rich. Night after night she went out and pounded at waltzes and quadrilles until the small hours of the morning, then went home to snatch a few brief hours of sleep before it was time to go to the conservatory. Many a time her tired fingers refused to strike correctly the notes of Bach or Beethoven. 'And then,' said Professor Stengel to me once, with tears in his eyes, 'I used to slap her hands for her. And she never told me how tired she was.'

"Yet to Professor Stengel she owed much, for he was so deeply interested in her that he sent her to Vienna to study with the famous Julius Epstien. While she was pursuing her work with this new master, he heard her sing and recognized the extraordinary beauty of her voice. He at once advised her to lay aside the piano and violin for a time at least and see what could be done with her voice. . . . .

"In May, 1877, she made her debut in Italian opera in Athens, singing in 'I Puritani' . . . . In Berlin, Dresden, Milan, and London her success was phenomenal, and in 1883 she was engaged by Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau as a member of the company which opened the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. She made her first appearance in America at that house on Oct. 24, 1883, singing 'Lucia' in Donizetti's opera. Her success throughout that season was great, but her most wonderful exhibition was given at its close. It was announced that at the concluding performance, which was for the benefit of Henry E. Abbey, the impressario, Mme. Sembrich would appear in public for the first time in years as a violinist. It seemed strange to think of a prima donna as a violin virtuoso, and so when the singer came forward with her instrument to play the eighth concerto of de Beriot, with orchestral accompaniment, most of us expected only a barely tolerable sort of amateur performance. But Mme. Sembrich played like a master, and the house thundered with enthusiastic applause.

"One of the most interesting incidents of Mme. Sembrich's early days was when she heard the great Adelina Patti. The poor little Polish girl could not afford to buy a reserved seat for the performance, yet somehow she must hear it, for, perhaps, never again would the radient queen of song come to shine upon that far-away little city. So she gathered up the savings of many months, which she had earned by sleepless nights and pitiable drudgery, and with the meagre hoard clutched in her tired little fingers, she stood for five hours in the bitter cold with the line of people waiting for the gallery entrance to open. Then with the crowd, pushing and panting, she was thrown, trampled, beaten up the stairs, till she found herself huddled away in a corner of the gallery. And then she heard Patti, and for two brief hours the sordid earth became a paradise.

"To-day the child who once could barely save the price of admission to a Patti performance, now receives $1,500 for each appearance in opera, and has been paid as much as one thousand dollars to sing two songs in a concert. Once Mme. Sembrich told Mme. Patti how she had waited in the line before that memorable appearance, and Mme. Patti said: 'Oh, you poor girl, why didn't you write to me and ask me for a ticket? I would have given you one gladly.' 'But,' said Mme. Sembrich in telling the story, 'I am afraid she would not have thought a second time of my letter. You see, no one knew me then.'"

M. MacL. H.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

A LITTLE group of financiers have just made for themselves and their friends a profit of twenty-one millions of dollars. And these great men were not New Yorkers, strange as it may seem. Nor were they members of that "down-trodden race," which seems to have a special gift of finance. They were ordinary colonials, native-born Canadians. It did not take them years to make it, only some three or four months.

A PROFIT OF 21 MILLIONS.

These wise men, chief among whom is Mr. James Ross, of Montreal, saw that the steel business at Sydney had great possibilities. They saw also that the Dominion Coal Co.'s business just outside of Sydney had also a great present and a greater future. They decided to amalgamate the two companies and distribute the profits on such a system as to increase the value of the two stocks. The plans were carefully laid, and the result was the greatest financial "coup" Canada ever saw. In January of the present year the common stock of these two companies was worth, at the market price, about ten million dollars, the steel stock being worth $25 and the coal $50 per $100 share. They advanced the price until the steel is now selling about $70 and the coal at $144. The total value is now about thirty-one millions.

January value	$10,000,000
April "	31,000,000
Profit	$21,000,000

This huge profit has been made because Canadians have all along been too pessimistic and shamefully unenterprising. The "blue ruin" era kept Canada back a couple of decades. We are now making up for last time. Canada owes a debt of gratitude to such men as James Ross, Senator Cox, Elias Rogers, R. B. Angus and those associated with them in the financial discovery of Canada. As a result of their daring, Canada is promised a "boom" period—but a boom based upon natural wealth of great value and agricultural and industrial possibilities of immeasurable magnitude.

The men who have made this financial "coup," may be daring adventurers, they may be amassing wealth for purely selfish reasons, they may be lovers of money for money's sake, but there is nothing Canada requires more

PHOTO BY NOTMAN

MR. JAMES ROSS—PRESIDENT MONTREAL STREET RAILWAY, DOMINION COAL CO., ETC.

to-day than daring. She has been suffering from a lack of daring financiers, her bank managers being mostly men of moderate ability. Canada's natural wealth is of little benefit without the aid of those who will develop it and send it, in various forms, into the markets of the world.

The trouble with most reformers is a lack of staying power. They are faddists. If the reforms which they advocate do not come in a few days, they get weary of the subject and abandon it. The prohibitionists of Manitoba thought they wanted a prohibitory law. When it was on the statute book for a year or so, they decided that they did not care, and now it has been slated for repeal by an adverse plebiscite taken in March. Premier Roblin exhibited much shrewdness in his conduct. He knew the strength of party ties, and knew that moral enthusiasms are usually very temporary. He called for a plebiscite and found the change in sentiment which he anticipated.

PROHIBITION.

When the prohibitionists of Ontario heard that the highest legal authorities of the British realm had decided that the Manitoba Act was constitutional, they began an agitation to have a similar act, and their request was granted by the Legislature But Premier Ross, like Premier Roblin, was shrewd. He doubted the permanency of the conviction that such a limited prohibitory act was advisable. Therefore he declared that the Act should not come into force until after the people had voted upon it. If that referendum (so-called) had been held at once, the people would probably have voted for the Act. But the politicians knew the people. The referendum was set for December, leaving eight months for the cooling process. When the vote is taken the enthusiasm will be less warm, reason will reign, and the Prohibition Act is likely to be rejected. At least, that is the situation as it appears at present to the ordinary observer.

PHOTO BY DAVIS, KINGSTON

LIEUT. CARRUTHERS

Who distinguished himself at Harts River—In the uniform of the Prince of Wales Own Rifles, Kingston

Prohibition of the liquor traffic is morally impossible. A limiting of the public liquor-selling, of public liquor-drinking is possible. But such limiting must be gradual. There is comparatively little drunkenness in Ontario. The people are sober, moral and industrious. They will be moral and temperate without prohibitory laws. Even if the Prohibition Act is defeated in December next, the diminution in public drinking will proceed. Common sense and public opinion are narrowing the liquor traffic. Drunkards cannot get employment. Intemperance kills success in life. Even moderate drinking is a bar to the young man's advancement. Let us teach our children and our neighbour's children these facts and prohibitory laws will not be required. The only law really necessary is to make it criminal to sell liquor to a minor.

PRIVATE EVANS, OF PORT HOPE, ONT., A HARTS RIVER HERO

The month of April in Canada was intensely military in character. It opened with the news from South Africa that the Third Mounted Rifles had, on March 31st, been engaged at Little Harts River, and had acquitted themselves gloriously. It was the severest engagement in which Canadians had been engaged since Paardeburg. Eleven men were killed, and over forty wounded. The Canadians left in charge of the baggage, being new troops and only a few days in South Africa, were attacked by a much superior force who deemed their surrender but a matter of course. Canadians, however, have never shown themselves enamoured of the practice of surrendering. One party of the Canadians fought until every man was either killed or wounded. The last of this little band, or it may have been of another small group, accounts are conflicting, emptied his bandolier at the enemy, broke his rifle, and died as Canadians die. So passed to glory and fame Pte. C. N. Evans, of Port Hope. The commander of one of these famous groups was Lieut. Carruthers, of Kingston, and his conduct seems to have been heroic. It is pleasant to be able to add that the Boers were repulsed.

CANADIAN HEROES.

It is difficult to do justice to the occasion. The glory of it is more easily felt than expressed. Perhaps that is why the editorial writers of the Toronto *Globe* felt that only verse was suitable. The day after the arrival of the news, the following poem, from the pen of one of its editors, who is also a regular contributor to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, appeared on its editorial page :

LITTLE HARTS RIVER

Not in the blood of battle,
  Not in the rage of strife,
Not in the muskets' rattle
  That mingles death with life,

Not in the victor's story,
  Not in the fight's result,
Not for mere empty glory
  Do we this day exult.

But because far from our borders,
  Down o'er the burning line,
Canadian lads took their orders
  And poured out their lives like wine.

Just off the sea, just mustered,
  Raw and unused and untried,
They lay on the veldt quite unflustered
  Determined to stay till they died.

There all about were the horsemen,
  The tireless Boer Centaur,
Bold as of yore were the Norsemen,
  Maddened and vengeful and sore.

Here was the whiskered pandour,
  South Afric's fierce hussar,
Matched 'gainst Canadian valour
  In the sharp, fierce shock of war.

Like a dust-devil swept from windward,
  Down on the line he came,
Rein-free, the steed unhindered
  Leaped as if fresh to the game.

But the Enfield's bark was steady,
  Steady and true and straight,
And the galloping foe were not ready
  To rush in the face of fate.

"Give it them, lads!" cried Carruthers,
  And the rifles answered his words,
As the lessening band of brothers
  Sighted for two hundred yards.

But the last fusilade fairly lashed them,
They staggered, then halted, then wheeled,
And Johnny just said "That smashed 'em,"
And sank in the spot where he'd kneeled.

'Twas victory glorious, but ruddy,
Never a man but was hit:
Forty were wounded and bloody,
Nine in the dust they had bit.

Nine died, but their names are immortal
On glory's immutable rolls,
And even to death's dark portal
We follow these dauntless souls.

They could die, but they could not surrender,
Could not smirch Canada's name,
And we who survive will remember
Their deed, their death and their fame.

John A. Ewan.

March 31, 1902.

The month has also been made memorable by the raising of another contingent—we have sent so many that we are ceasing to number them. This new contingent will consist of 2,000 mounted men divided into four battalions It is recruited for twelve months or until the termination of the war.

The third military incident of the month is the organization of a corps to represent Canada in the Coronation procession. This corps, like that which attended on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee in 1897, will represent all arms of the service. The commandant will be Lieut.-Col. H. M. Pellatt, of the Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto, a gentleman fitted in every way for this honourable task. Lieut.-Col. Pellatt was on the staff of the contingent of 1897, and his experience at that time will be of considerable benefit to him now.

Lord Dundonald is to be the new commander of the Canadian army. Before accepting, he exchanged several letters with the authorities at Ottawa and apparently satisfied himself that he could come out here and work successfully under the Minister of Militia. This was wise on the part of Lord Dundonald. Several previous General Officers Commanding did not have very satisfactory ideas concerning the limitations of their positions.

A NEW G.O.C.

Lord Dundonald has a high appreciation of citizen soldiers, and Canada's army is made up of citizen soldiers and about 1,000 regulars. In the Natal campaign he learned their value, and has duly acknowledged it. He is also an enthusiastic believer in rifle-shooting, and that the best soldiers are not always those who live in barracks. The soldier in the home is his ideal. He wants to see rifle-shooting as popular as golf, hunting, shooting, football or cricket.

The question of autonomy for the Territories has been much discussed during the month. The articles in the March number of this periodical have given Eastern readers a broader view of this question. On April 4th Premier Haultain laid on the table of the Territorial Legislature a paper containing the correspondence on the subject. From this it appears that the Hon. Mr. Sifton wrote him on March 27th, saying that it is the view of the Dominion Government that it is not wise at the present time to pass legislation forming the Northwest Territories into a province or provinces, and that it is not wise to discuss the draft bill at the present time. A few days previously, this information was given in the House at Ottawa by the Hon. Mr. Sifton in reply to Mr. Walter Scott, M.P.

TERRITORIAL AUTONOMY.

The Territorial Legislature is not unanimous in the matter. Both Government and Opposition are anxious for autonomy, but the Ministerialists favour one large province, and their opponents have declared for two. Whether the dividing line between the two should run north and south or east and west is, says the Opposition leader, a matter for future decision.

John A. Cooper

THE DETECTIVE IN FICTION.

"I CONFESS that at these words a shudder passed through me." So says one of the characters in Conan Doyle's latest novel,* and the reader may feel assured that at least a dozen shudders will be the reward of any one who pursues to the end the thrilling story of Sir Charles Baskerville's murder and how it was avenged. "I wants to make your flesh creep," said the Fat Boy in Pickwick, and the same amiable intention has animated Dr. Doyle in bringing Sherlock Holmes, his famous detective, back to life and giving that interesting analyst of human motive a gruesome, mysterious crime to unravel. The superstitious old baronet of Baskerville Hall, who believed in the legendary hound of his family history, is found dead in his park with the footprints of a hound near him! From this point the creepy feeling begins to chase itself up and down the spine. When the facts of the death are handed to Holmes, and he stalks once more upon the scene, the nervous reader is only restrained from crying out by the conviction that no one will be injured except the villain and every well-ordered citizen should be prepared for that. The baronet's heir turns up after an absence in Canada, and the efforts of the amateur detective and his friend and foil, Dr. Watson, are directed toward saving him from the fate that overtook his predecessor. Of course they succeed, but only after such experiences as are calculated to make each hair of the most jaded reader of fiction stand on end. Dr. Doyle is a master in this particular line of work. No one doubts his skill in developing a plot and holding the reader's attention to the last scene, but is there not something of the "penny dreadful" in descriptions like this:

"Over the rocks in the crevice of which the candle burned, there was thrust out an evil yellow face, a terrible animal face, all seamed and scored with vile passions. Foul with mire, with a bristling beard, and hung with matted hair, it might well have belonged to one of those old savages who dwelt in the burrows on the hillsides."

* The Hound of the Baskervilles. By A. Conan Doyle. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

COMMONWEALTH OR EMPIRE.

No one assumes an anti-Imperial attitude with more consistency than Mr. Goldwin Smith.* He is one of the very few, and the most distinguished, of the survivors of the "Manchester school." All his life he has been writing and fighting against Imperialism under the British flag, and though his efforts have been unsuccessful, this does not deter him from essaying to stem the current of Imperialism in the United States. To this end his latest literary achievement is devoted. He marshals all the arguments which might be expected to weigh with a democracy supposed to be devoted to the preservation of the theories which underlie a democratic system of government. But is it not, after all, a supposition? What evidence is there that in these days republics on a large scale differ in essentials from the most militant of monarchies? There is little in the history of France or the United States to prove

* Commonwealth or Empire. By Goldwin Smith. New York: Macmillan & Co.

that they have eschewed militarism, jingoism, or any of the other isms which vex the soul of the philosopher, the lover of peace, the despiser of mediæval survivals. Conditions in monarchical Europe and democratic America have differed. But in the latter case they have never come within gunshot distance of theoretical democracy. The forms of liberty are not the same in a republic and in a monarchy, but we of the British Empire comfort ourselves with the reflection that the spirit of liberty breathes through every phase of our constitution. When Mr. Goldwin Smith, therefore, quotes British precedents to strengthen his warnings to the people of the United States, he will find few British subjects to agree with him. With all its errors of policy the British Empire has done much during the past century for the peace, happiness, and safety of the human race. Has any republic done as much? By embarking upon a career somewhat similar, the American republic may not be so well fitted to produce results equally beneficial, but on that point Mr. Goldwin Smith is a better judge than most of its foreign critics, because he knows the republic well and is friendly to it, and he is at least consistent. He believes in a "Little England" and is not afraid to say so. But a "Little England" would have about as much influence in the modern world as Holland. Such a state might be admirable from a theoretical point of view (assuming that its independence was guaranteed by France, Germany, or Russia), but for all practical purposes in international politics it would be a cipher.

"Oh, Kate!" said Dickory, "you should have seen that wonderful pirate fight."

ILLUSTRATION FROM "KATE BONNET," BY FRANK R. STOCKTON

IN WESTERN CANADA

Mr. McEvoy has a taking literary style. It is neither frivolous nor serious, but bright and well-balanced, and his ideas are rational. There are few books about our Western country one-half so good as the volume* of his reprinted letters, which first appeared in one of our daily papers. The book is also full of weighty, informing facts, but you are not conscious of being held up in the grasp of a determined author while knowledge is poured into you. You are entertained; you feel grateful to the shrewd and good-humored observer who has gone over ground you have probably covered already, but has shown it to you in a new light. It is a "book about Canada" which one can send or recommend to a friend either at home or abroad with a feeling that it will convey an agreeable idea of the country without indiscriminate eulogy or carping criticism.

A PICTURE'S OTHER SIDE

It was time for a reaction to set in against the idyllic, sentimental stuff about Scotland which Crockett, Barrie, Ian Maclaren, *et hoc genus omnes*, have been pouring forth for years, until the copious weeping of young ladies at boarding schools threatened to become continuous. Seizing the psychological moment, Mr. George Douglas wrote "The House with the Green Shutters,"† and the saving remnant of readers who know a really clever book when they see it, who are not anxious that the curtain shall fall upon a simpering pair of lovers, instantly recognized its merits and made it a success. The theme of the book is the Scotch village of Barbie, with its gossip, its petty meanness, its "characters," the sordid side of its daily life. Gourlay, the rich man of the place, is a cruel, avaricious bully. His wife is a slattern. His boy takes to drink; his daughter goes into a decline. Around this tragedy are grouped a score of village folk, each with his or her peculiarities drawn to the life by the keen, grim, cynical humour of the satirist. Gourlay is beaten by his rival in business and loses his money. His son is expelled from college for drunkenness and insolence. His daughter is given up by the doctors, and his wife, sickening under a blow dealt her by her brutal husband, is on the verge of madness. Upon this stricken hearth a terrible blow falls, and the "House with the Green Shutters," once the pride of its boastful tyrant, becomes the scene of a tragedy so appalling that we recall the pitiless intensity of the early dramatists. We get "the other side" of the Scotch idyll, and if it is bitter to the taste, and almost past belief, there is a feeling that it is nearer the truth than the other. The tale puts its author in the first rank of Scottish writers for insight and power.

WESTERN CIVILIZATION

As a writer of popular philosophy, Benjamin Kidd has won considerable distinction. His new work "Western Civilization"* has attracted much attention in two continents at least. Explaining his popularity, *The Speaker* (London) says:

Perhaps we shall find the secret of his undoubted and immense success in a certain confidence which Mr. Kidd possesses in a very high degree, and which he succeeds in communicating to that very large mass of readers who have no acquaintance with the ideas of thinkers or men of science at first hand, and who rather dislike the intellectual effort involved in really mastering the serious thought of the time, but who greatly enjoy being led along the fringe of philosophy by a guide who assures them all the time that they are seeing into the very heart of things.

*From the Great Lakes to the Wide West. By Bernard McEvoy. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

†The House with the Green Shutters. By Geo. Douglas. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

*Principles of Western Civilization. By Benjamin Kidd, author of "Social Evolution." Cloth, 538 pp. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

Mr. Kidd's phrases are large and impressive. In almost every paragraph he assures us that the process which he has just described, or is about to describe, is of the deepest interest. Its "significance is unmistakable." It "profoundly and permanently impresses the intellect," and the "significance" is constantly deepening, the facts are becoming more "pregnant," until at last we reach the momentous conclusion on p. 401, that "the historical process in our civilization has reached the brink of consciousness." The sympathetic reader, carried along by the stream of Mr. Kidd's eloquence, is almost under the illusion that he is himself a spectator of this great process, and that led gently on by Mr. Kidd's seductive hand, he stands on the brink of some great chasm which separates past and future, and is himself along with Mr. Kidd the very impersonation of that hitherto blind and groping world-movement which has now at length, in the five hundred pages before him, realized its scope, destiny and meaning. He sees all evolution, from the lowest Rhizopod up to Man, all history, from the dim, dark ages of Oriental antiquity down to the twentieth century Anno Domini, moving slowly upward to its culmination in Mr. Kidd's work. And he—proud thought—is privileged in this moment, pregnant with destiny, to stand side by side with this central figure of the world-movement, and see the spirit of the future tremble upon the brink of consciousness.

As to the philosophy itself, *The Speaker* says :

"The value of Mr. Kidd's book is that it brings together and restates, in forcible and eloquent language which a large public will read, a conception of evolution which is familiar enough to those who carefully follow the thought of the time."

BEST NEW BOOKS

The Ontario Library Association has a "new book" committee which has prepared and issued a list of 300 new books, suitable for purchase. In that list there are nearly thirty books by Canadian authors or by persons giving special attention to Canada. The titles are as follows :—

Flame, Electricity and the Camera, by George Iles.

Lives of the Hunted, by E. Seton-Thompson.

History of Intellectual Development, by J. B. Crozier.

Monopolies, by J. E. Le Rossignol.

With the Tibetans, by S. C. Rijnhart.

Speeches on Canadian Affairs, by the 4th Earl of Carnarvon.

Builders of Nova Scotia, by Sir John Bourinot.

Canada under British Rule, by Sir John Bourinot.

The Canadian Contingents, by W. Sanford Evans.

History of the War of 1812, by J. Hannay.

Progress of Canada in the Century, by J. Castell Hopkins.

Greater Canada, the Canadian North-West, by E. B. Osborn.

Cardinal Facts of Canadian History, by J. P. Taylor.

Soldiering in Canada, by Lt.-Col. G. T. Denison.

Brief Biographies Supplementing Canadian History, by J. O. Miller.

Maids and Matrons of New France, by M. S. Pepper.

Johnnie Courteau, by W. H. Drummond.

Poems, by Archibald Lampman.

Treasury of Canadian Verse, by T. H. Rand.

Selections from Scottish-Canadian Poets by John Imrie.

The Victors, by Robert Barr.

The Outcasts, by W. A. Fraser.

Man From Glengarry, "Ralph Connor," C. W. Gordon.

Curious Career of Roderick Campbell, by J. N. McIlwraith.

Right of Way, by Gilbert Parker.

Where the Sugar Maple Grows, by A. M. Teskey.

Early Days in Maple Land, by Katharine Young.

IDLE MOMENTS

HAD HIS SUSPICIONS

TIM MURPHY had run up a small bill at the village shop. He went to pay it, and wanted a receipt.

"Oh, we never give receipts for these small amounts," grumbled the proprietor. "See, I will cross your account off the book," and he drew a pencil diagonally across it. "There is your receipt," he added.

"Do ye mane that that settles it?" asked Pat.

"Certainly."

"And ye'll niver be asking for it again?"

"We'll never ask you for it again," said the other decidedly.

"Faith, thin," said Pat, "and I'll be after kapin' me money in me pocket, for I haven't paid it yet."

"Oh, well," was the angry retort, "I can rub that out."

"Faith, and I thought as much," said Pat slily.

The proprietor of that establishment now issues a receipt for the smallest amount.—*Tid-Bits.*

HIS VERSION

"What did papa say?"

"He showed me the door."

"And what did you say?"

"I said it was certainly a very handsome door, but not what I had come to talk about. That made him laugh, and a minute later you were mine."—*Tid-Bits.*

ONE ON ROBSON

The Chicago *Journal* tells this story: "Robson, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed Robson, opening his eyes wide. "I don't." "Because your better half is stubbornness itself." The jest pleased Robson immensely, for he at once saw the opportunity of a glorious dig at his wife. So when he got home he said: "Mrs. Robson, do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him quite pityingly, as she answered, "I suppose it's because you were born so."

ANOTHER SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORY

Some years ago a Philadelphia preacher inaugurated in his Sunday-school the practice of having the children quote some Scriptural text as they dropped their pennies into the contribution box. On the first Sunday in question, a little shaver walked up and said: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and in dropped his penny. "Charity shall cover a multitude of sins," and in dropped the next. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," quoted the third, and so on. Just then up walked a little fellow with the unmistakable remnants of molasses candy on his chubby face, and, as he dropped his cent, he bawled out: "A fool and his money are soon parted."—*Argonaut.*

MIXED

A nervous-looking man came into the grocery store with his baby on one arm and a coal-oil can on the other. He placed the can on the counter, and said gently:

"Sit there a moment, dear."

Then holding the baby up to the dazed clerk, he added:

"A gallon of kerosene in this, please."

DIVINE AFFLATUS

Regarding the young authoress narrowly, and from several directions, for three-quarters of an hour, we found our curiosity still quite unsatisfied.

So we asked, bluntly:

"Why do you write novels? In

particular, is it because of an imperious, irresistible inspiration?"

"Well, there's that," answered the girl, after a moment's thought, "and then there's the occasional rainy day. It is so dull! After one has cried as long as one possibly can, and nobody calls, it is such a relief to write a novel or two! I'm not intellectual enough to read, and not strong enough physically to while away much time eating. So what am I to do?"

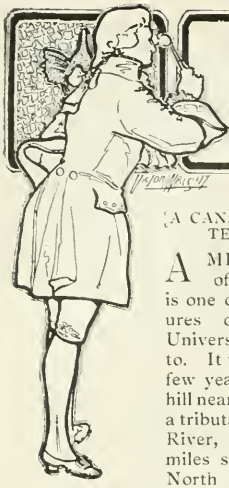
There were tears in her eyes now. Dear heart! She thought we were blaming her. —*Life.*

UNCLE SAM AND THE PHILIPPINES

"Who laughed?"—*Life*

SUBSIDIES

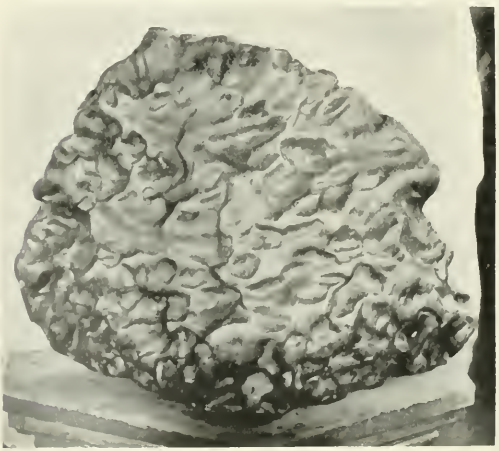
It is reported on reliable authority that the Amalgamated Association of Bulgarian Brigands has petitioned the Sublime Porte for a subsidy. There is nothing new, of course, in the arguments advanced. The petition sets forth the number of men employed, the high rate of wages, and the consequent high standard of living, and the amount of business done, which shows a gratifying increase over the corresponding period of any preceding year. It is pointed out, however, that this phenomenal prosperity, now the wonder of the world, cannot continue without government aid. Without a subsidy, it is claimed, the Bulgarian brigand must quickly sink to the level of the pauper brigands of Greece and Sicily. The attention of the Sublime Porte is also called to the fact that the money earned in this industry remains in the country and is spent to develop the home market. In this respect it differs radically from the money, if any, used to pay creditors, which is at once sent abroad. It is even suggested that if the subsidy were made large enough the Bulgarian brigands might be able to live on it in comfort without robbing any foreign travellers at all, thereby increasing the popularity of Bulgaria among tourists, and relieving the Sublime Porte from the possibility of grave international complications. The Sultan is said to have received the Bulgarian deputation graciously, and expressed his regret that, in the present state of Turkish finances, there would be nothing doing.—*Puck.*



ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES

A CANADIAN METEORITE

A METEORITE of large size is one of the treasures of Victoria University, Toronto. It was found a few years ago on a hill near Iron Creek, a tributary of Battle River, about 150 miles south of the North Saskatchewan in the Canadian Northwest. When it fell from the heavens it alighted on the territory of a Cree Indian tribe, the chief of which afterward presented it to a Methodist missionary, the Rev. George MacDougall. The red men believed that it had been sent by the Good Spirit, and that while it remained with them they would not lack buffalo. After the stone was removed by the missionary, the buffalo disappeared through the wholesale killing of them by the Blackfeet Indians, but the Crees still connect the extinction of the buffalo with the taking away of the meteorite. The weight of this visitor from the skies is 386 pounds, and measures about two feet in height and width. It is composed of nearly 90 per cent. iron, and viewed from one point its edge bears a striking image of a human face, a point which duly impressed the superstitious Indian. It is said that the Crees venerated it to such an extent as to make offerings to it before setting out on hunting journeys or on warring expeditions.



A CANADIAN METEORITE—WEIGHT 386 LBS.

A NEW TALKING-MACHINE

In a recent communication to the Institut de France, Dr. Marage gave a report of numerous experiments made by him during the past five years, resulting in the construction of a siren that reproduces the five fundamental vowels. There is no doubt that he will be able through a similar process to

obtain, for instance, the synthesis of the simple syllables ba, be, bi, bo, bu, and later to reproduce mechanically more complicated forms, and, finally, any series of words. To understand thoroughly the theory of the formation of vowels expounded by Dr. Marage, let us examine briefly the essential parts of the vocal apparatus. First, there is the larynx, formed by the upper cartilages of the trachea, which can be considered as a conduit traversed by a current of air under varying pressure. During phonation this current is interrupted more or less by the vocal chords. . . . Below the vocal chords are the ventricles of Morgagni, especially studied by Dr. Marage, which seem to give rise to the characteristic tone of voice peculiar to each individual. Finally, the apparatus of phonation is completed by the pharynx, the nose and the mouth, which act as resonators. We may add that the cavity of the mouth, according to the shape given to it, may produce all the notes included in about six octaves. We can judge from this of the immensity of Dr. Marage's field of investigation. Abandoning the older methods of Helmholtz, Koenig, Hermann, Auerbach and Bourseul, and perfecting the more recent ones of Schneebeli and Samojloff, the doctor constructed an apparatus permitting him to photograph the vibrations produced in a given time by the pronunciation of each of the vowels. In this manner he discovered that the (French) vowels, i, u, ou, were graphically represented by a single vibration; e, eu, o, by a group of two vibrations, and a, by a group of three vibrations. Analyzing the vowels as spoken and sung, and then determining the notes corresponding to each, Dr. Marage next undertook the delicate task of producing these vowels by combining their elements.

A CURIOUS STONE

A Canadian visitor to England in August, 1901, picked up this piece of sand-stone on the beach at Clovelly, Devon. It bears a curious likeness of a human face. This peculiarity is caused, of course, by the gradually wearing action of the water on the softer parts of the stone. Nature gives many such curiosities.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AT THE CORONATION

So many years have elapsed since the last coronation that comparatively few people are living who can give an account of the function. But many must have heard from older friends some description of the thrilling character of the ceremony, though the ecclesiastical side of it, prominent as it necessarily is, did not in the early years of the last century attract such notice as it does now.

But Bishop Wilberforce, who often described to his friends the scene in the Abbey, where he arrived soon after five in the morning, always dwelt on the dignity, the serenity and the devotion of the Sovereign as the one absorbing idea which filled his mind to the exclusion largely of the pomp and pride of State and the Church's benediction and commission of the Sovereign.

The approaching service at Westminster Abbey will no doubt be fully

as impressive as at the last coronation. It may be of interest to indicate the principal features of the service itself.

1. On the entrance of the Sovereign the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me we will go into the house of the Lord" is sung.

2. The recognition of the Sovereign, who is presented to the people by the Archbishop, who calls on them to recognize him as lawfully King although not crowned. This is followed by the people's acclamation "God Save the King."

3. The first oblation, when the Sovereign, kneeling at the altar, offers a pall of cloth of gold and an ingot of gold of a pound's weight.

4. The Litany said by two Bishops, kneeling at a faldstool, with a special suffrage for the occasion.

5. The office of the Holy Communion.

6. The sermon after the Nicene Creed.

7. The Sovereign's oath, made kneeling at the altar, with the hand laid upon the Bible, open at the Holy Gospel.

8. A special collect of benediction, in which the Archbishop consecrates the oil by laying his hand on it, followed by the anointing of the King.

9. The oblation of the Regalia.

10. The investing of the Sovereign with the Royal Robe and Orb.

11. The investing with the Ring and Sceptre.

12. The blessing of the Crown by the Archbishop standing before the altar and then the actual Coronation

13. The presentation of the Bible to the Sovereign.

14. The Benediction and "Te Deum."

15. The enthronization, accompanied by a remarkable address, "Stand fast and hold fast from henceforth the seat and state of Royal and Imperial Majesty, which is this day delivered unto you in the name and by the authority of Almighty God by the hands of us, the bishops and servants of God, though unworthy."

16. The office of the Holy Communion is resumed at the offertory. The Sovereign makes a second oblation of gold, and the Archbishop dedicates the elements. The Sovereign takes off his crown before he kneels down to communicate.

17. Special collects before the blessing.

18. The service concludes with a recess or procession into King Henry VII.'s Chapel, where part of the Regalia is laid aside.

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG OF IT

In consequence of the numerous accidents that have arisen through leaving the electric tramcars while in motion, a plate bearing the above pictures and letterpress has been affixed in a prominent position in every car belonging to the Grosse Berliner Company, of Berlin, Germany. The following is a translation of the wording:—"Do not alight before the car stops. Alight only in the direction in which the car is going. Left hand on hand-rail." On the left the right way is shown; on the right, the wrong. In Toronto, there is a similar notice, but unillustrated. Yet ninety per cent. of the women get off the wrong way.

PAINTED BY J. SNOWMAN

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

Reproduced from an Engraving, by permission of Mackenzie & Co., 95 Yonge Street, Toronto

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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KING EDWARD VII AND HIS CONSORT

By Mrs. Sarah Tooley, Author of "The Personal Life of Queen Victoria," etc.

KING EDWARD VII made his entrance into the world on November 9th, 1842, when the good citizens of London were thronging the streets to acclaim a new Lord Mayor. The birth took place at Buckingham Palace at ten minutes to eleven, and the sex of the Royal infant was announced by Sir James Clark to the Ministers waiting in the antechamber, among whom, it is interesting to note, were the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. The infant was described as "a remarkably fine, full-grown, robust, well-proportioned, and healthy child." When the express-messenger reached the Guildhall with the news the outgoing and in-coming Lord Mayors were about to enter their carriages, and a discussion arose as to which of the two was entitled to the birthday honour of a baronetcy. It was ultimately conferred upon Lord Mayor Pirie, the new Chief Magistrate.

During the first months of his life the King was nursed by Mrs. Brough, a woman who had been attached to Queen Victoria's household at Claremont—used at this period as a residence by her late Majesty. Throughout her life Mrs. Brough received many marks of favour from the Royal Family, and was affectionately devoted to the Prince. The gratuity paid to Mrs. Brough for her special service was £1,000, exactly double that given a year previous to the wet-nurse of the Princess Royal. Indeed, such was the elation at the birth of a male heir that all fees attendant on the Queen's *accouchement* were doubled.

The birth of a son and heir was the crowning joy of the happy marriage of Queen Victoria with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, and the christening was celebrated at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on January 25th, with great state and splendour. The King of Prussia, brother of the first German Emperor, was chief sponsor, and came on a visit for the occasion. The christening robe was a marvel of delicate lace and workmanship, and served in after years for the christening of the King's eldest son, the lamented Duke of Clarence. The infant Prince received the name of Albert, after his father, and Edward, after his maternal grandfather, the Duke of Kent; but "Bertie" he became and has always remained in the family circle. At the conclusion of the ceremony the "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung by the choir at the express wish of the overjoyed father. The same day the Queen held a special Chapter of the Garter to invest the illustrious godfather with the Order.

And so amid general public rejoicing and the delight of happy parents our gracious King made his *début* in this world. Afterwards he was drawn closer within the privacy of that simple, natural home-life with which Victoria surrounded her children. The rule laid down for their upbringing by

the Royal mother was that they "should be brought up as simply as possible, and in as domestic a way as possible; that, not interfering with their lessons, they should be as much as possible with their parents, and learn to place their greatest confidence in them in all things; and," added the Queen, "religious training is best given to a child at its mother's knee."

Next to his parents, those who exercised the greatest influence over the King's opening years were Lady Lyttelton, the daughter of the late Lord Spencer, a woman of much charm of character, whom the Queen appointed to the supervision of the Royal nursery, and Baron Stockmar, on whose judgment both the Queen and the Prince Consort greatly relied. The "Baron" was an important personage in the background of the Court, called by irreverent wits the "Old Original." He was permitted to sit down to the Royal dinner-table in trousers, while other elderly men shivered in "shorts," and was in many ways a privileged person. The King must have many humorous recollections of the "Baron," to whom he and the Princess Royal carried their childish joys and sorrows, and from whom they at times received admonition. He had been an army physician in the service of Queen Victoria's uncle, the King of the Belgians, who particularly commended him to her confidence. The "Baron" was an eminently wise and sagacious person, and watched the health and the mental development of the Royal children with devoted care. "The nursery," he wrote at this period, "gives me more trouble than the government of a kingdom would do."

So anxious were the Queen and the Prince Consort to give the very best education to their son, that it must be admitted that he was put through rather rigorous discipline, and the sympathetic verses which the trials of "dear little Wales" elicited from *Punch* were not without reason. The Prince's early tutor, Mr. Birch, was succeeded by Mr. Gibbs, and later by the Rev. Charles Tarver; but his lessons were overlooked even from his earliest years by that strict disciplinarian and cultured scholar, the Prince Consort. Although the Prince of Wales proved an apt learner, he was not by nature a studious boy, and certainly had not the precocious brain of the Princess Royal. He acquired an early fluency in French and German, to which later was added Italian. The King, who takes a great interest in educational questions, has often urged the study of foreign languages upon the modern youth. He mastered an undergraduate's share of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, could play and draw, and his mind was well stored with quotations from standard authors. But the true bent of his powers early shewed itself in his quick interest in the life around him. With his tutors he visited the great towns of the country, went over manufactories and workshops, and even descended into the mines. He also shewed a keen interest in science, and attended Professor Faraday's lectures in London and Dr. Lyon Playfair's chemistry classes at Edinburgh University. A story of this period shews the young Prince's *sang froid*. Dr. Playfair, to impress upon his pupil's mind the harmless action of a certain stage of heat, told him that he might safely thrust his hand into a cauldron of burning lead.

"If you tell me to do it, I will," said the Prince.

"Your Royal Highness may do it with safety," said Dr. Playfair.

Upon this the Prince bared his arm to the elbow, boldly thrust it deep into the white-hot mass, and triumphantly withdrew it unscathed.

At an early age the King received the education which extended travel affords. He accompanied his parents to Ireland, and frequently to Scotland. He knew France and Germany while a mere child, and as a growing youth travelled with his tutors in Italy, Spain and Portugal, and resided for a time in the vicinity of the University of Bonn. He entered Oxford as an under-

PAINTED BY J. SNOWMAN

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA

From an Engraving, by permission of Mackenzie & Co., 95 Yonge Street, Toronto

graduate of Christ Church College in 1859, passing his examination readily. Accompanied by his tutor and three equerries, the Prince lived at Frewen Hall while pursuing his studies at the University. Later he studied at Cambridge, where he was enrolled a member of Trinity, and had his establishment at Madingly Hall, two miles from the town. During the University summer vacation he studied military duty at the camp of Curragh, Kildare.

If the King was very systematically trained, probably few had a happier boyhood than he. The Queen and the Prince Consort provided their children with abundance of healthy amusements. At Osborne each had a garden plot to cultivate, and in the summer-house there the barrow and tools used by the King may still be seen, marked "Bertie." There also stands a mimic fort built by himself and brothers—even to the actual making of the bricks—which was the scene of many stirring battles. While the young Princesses learnt domestic arts in the kitchen of the Swiss Cottage at Osborne, the Princes were instructed in useful trades, that selected by the King being shoemaking. They were paid journeymen's wages for the work they turned out. Abundance of outdoor fun, frolic and sport were indulged in by the Royal children, and on birthdays and festive occasions they enacted little plays before their parents and the Court.

The King is credited with having been a mischievous boy, and the story is told that one day while walking along the shore at Osborne he saw a lad gathering shellfish, and, waiting until his back was turned, ran and upset the basket. The injured owner, on seeing his laborious "haul" scattered around, ran for the culprit with a will and struck him. The young Prince returned the compliment, and was soon engaged in a spirited fight with the fisherboy. Ultimately the combatants were separated by one of the Osborne gardeners, and "Princey," in a rather battered condition, was led to his father, who had viewed the scene from a distance, and received proper punishment.

On another occasion, when riding with his father along a country road, the young Prince of Wales either from thoughtlessness or boyish naughtiness, neglected to return the salute of a labouring man. "My son," said the Prince Consort, "go back at once and acknowledge that poor man's civility;" and "Princey" rather crestfallen, had to turn his pony's head, follow the humble wayfarer, and make him a bow. By such wise training was he taught that the meanest of his future subjects was entitled to his polite consideration.

While travelling about the country and at college the same rule was enforced; the Prince was never permitted to presume on his rank. An amusing incident happened when he was going about the provincial towns. A local hotel-keeper, having heard that the Prince and his tutor were in the vicinity, prepared an elaborate guest-chamber. In the evening a gentleman and a smartly-dressed youth asked for lodgings.

"Certainly, sir," said the beaming landlord, and led the way to the prepared apartments, perfectly sure that it was the Heir-Apparent *incognito*.

An hour later two gentlemen and a quietly-dressed youth drove up, and asked for rooms for the night.

"I am so sorry," replied mine host effusively, "but my best rooms are already occupied; the hotel is very full and I can only offer a small room for two and a shakedown on the sofa for the young gentleman." The offer was accepted, and the landlord's feelings can better be imagined than described when in the morning he discovered that he had given his finest room to "Master Jones," and a shakedown to the Heir-Apparent. The tutor was well aware that in permitting his charge to experience the ordinary vicissitudes of travel he was acting in accordance with the wishes of the Queen and the Prince Consort.

THE ROYAL FAMILY IN 1848

FROM THE PAINTING BY WINTERHALTER

At college the young Prince had his undergraduate pranks, and shewed the same disposition as other young men to evade discipline on occasions. While at Oxford he wished to visit London without the knowledge of his tutor. He reached the station, procured his ticket and started on his journey unrecognized, as he thought. But there must have been vigilant eyes about, for when he reached London he found a Royal carriage in waiting to receive him. The attendant footman gravely asked where His Royal Highness wished to be driven. The Prince, equal to the situation, returned answer, "Drive me to Exeter Hall!" He did not specify whether it was a missionary meeting or a revival service which he desired to attend.

On his eighteenth birthday the King received a letter from his mother informing him that he was legally of age, and free from parental control. She spoke in impressive terms of the duty which she and his father had endeavoured to perform, and said that if their government had at times seemed to be severe they had been actuated with loving regard for his good, and had wished to strengthen his judgment against the flattery which would beset him when he took an independent position in the world. The Prince's warm heart was deeply affected by this letter, and he showed it to Gerald Wellesley with tears of emotion. He was now provided with a bachelor establishment at White Lodge, Richmond Park, where he had to live with him several gentlemen rather older than himself, and selected by the Prince Consort.

A few months later he made his memorable journey to Canada and the United States, sailing in the *Hero* with a distinguished retinue, including the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for the Colonies. He landed at St. John's, Newfoundland, on July 24th, 1860, and from the rugged coast of that then almost unknown island of his future dominions, made a veritable regal progress through the chief cities of Canada and British North America. It was the first time that an Heir-Apparent to the British Empire had taken a colonial tour, and tumultuous crowds, garlanded streets and loyal addresses met him at every stopping-place. Ladies threw bouquets into his carriage and were ecstatic over his charming smiles and bows. The Prince Consort, writing of the success of the tour, said facetiously that "Bertie was generally pronounced to be the most perfect product of Nature."

The attentions of the ladies sometimes proved embarrassing. At Brantford, on the way to Niagara, while the Prince and his suite were stopping for lunch, his fair admirers managed to get into the Royal dressing-room, with the intention of obtaining the Prince's hatband. They had noticed that he wore a white hat, but great was their consternation at finding five hats answering to the same description. With woman's wit they disbanded all the hats. When the gentlemen returned to the room the Prince was the first to discover the work wrought by the fair depredators, who had the pleasure of seeing him don his bandless hat with blushing smiles. The two most important public duties performed by the Royal visitor were the opening of the Victoria Tubular Bridge over the St. Lawrence and the laying of the first stone of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa.

In response to the cordial invitation of President Buchanan the Prince extended his tour to the United States. He assumed the *incognito* of Baron Renfrew, but our Republican cousins ignored the Baron and insisted on fêting the Prince. His dancing attracted lively interest, especially as at balls given in his honour he stood up in every dance with a new partner each time. The belles of New York were wild with delight—at least, those who were fortunate enough to secure a dance with the Prince. Apart from all this youthful exuberance and gaiety, there can be little doubt that the visit

THE KING—AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE

THE KING—WHEN HE VISITED CANADA

THE KING—ABOUT 45 YEARS OF AGE

THE KING—AS HE IS TO-DAY

paid by the Heir-Apparent greatly increased the good-fellowship between the respective countries. All America honoured the young man who stood bare-headed by the grave of Washington, especially when it was remembered that he was the great-grandson of George III. The President, writing to Queen Victoria, spoke enthusiastically of the good impression created both in public and private by the Prince. That impression has never been effaced, and the many distinguished Americans who will come to see Edward VII crowned will not be unmindful of the gracious part he played in their country when a youth; and it should augur well for the future friendship of the two countries.

"God bless his pretty face and send him a good wife," was the homely wish expressed by a fisherwoman of Newfoundland when the Prince was there. Shortly after his return home events occurred which brought that wish to fulfilment. Accounts of the exceeding charm and loveliness of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark had reached this country, and a portrait of her having been shown to the young Prince of Wales when he was whiling away a summer's afternoon in company with members of his bachelor establishment at White Lodge, he came to the decision that, if she was as amiable and beautiful as her portrait indicated, she among the Princesses of Europe should be his bride; and from that time he took no interest in the other matrimonial projects which were being discussed by his family. His great-aunt, the late Duchess of Cambridge, was very favourable to the Danish match, the Princess Alexandra being related to her. Queen Victoria's uncle, Leopold I of Belgium, was also in favour of such an alliance. The Prince's parents were desirous that he should follow their excellent example, and marry for love; accordingly it was arranged that he should meet the object of his admiration informally. The Prince went to visit his sister, the then Crown Princess Frederick of Prussia, and continued his journey to places of interest in the Rhine district. The Princess Alexandra was also taken by her father on an "improving" tour amongst the old German cities. One day—September 24th, 1861—while she was studying the frescoes in the Cathedral of Spiers, the Prince of Wales, with his suite, entered the building with the same laudable intention, but the face of the Princess banished all thought of the frescoes. This chance meeting had the happiest result. Next day the respective travelling parties met again at Heidelberg, and the prospective lovers lunched together. The Prince Consort recorded at this period that, from the accounts he received, "the young people were much taken up with each other," and that he heard "nothing but good of the Princess Alexandra."

Had all the eligible Princesses of Europe been passed in review before Queen Victoria, she could not have found one whose upbringing coincided so exactly with her domestic ideal as that of her son's chosen bride. Princess Alexandra was the eldest daughter of Prince Christian of Sonderburg-Glücksburg, who by the Treaty of 1852 was accepted by the Powers as heir to the Danish Throne. At the time of his daughter's engagement he virtually held the position of Crown Prince of Denmark. He had been bred from his youth as a soldier, and was an officer in the Royal Guards. His upright and amiable character won universal respect. He married while quite a young man his pretty cousin the Princess Louise, daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel and of the Princess Charlotte of Denmark. The young couple were established by their family in the modest Gûle Palais, Copenhagan, and there Princess Alexandra was born, December 1st, 1844.

She led a delightfully happy and simple childhood, and was reared in a thoroughly domestic manner by her wise and clever mother, who was

also very artistic and accomplished; the Gûle Palais was filled with her paintings and embroideries. The young Princess was strictly and systematically educated along with her brothers and sisters — Frederick (Crown Prince of Denmark), Dagmar (Dowager-Empress of Russia), George (King of Greece), Thyra (Duchess of Cumberland), and Prince Valdemar, who married Princess Marie of Orleans, and to-day occupies the old Gûle Palais. Masters for special subjects attended daily at the Palais to instruct the young people, and all studies were supervised by their parents. Alexandra, with her eyes of deep Scandinavian blue, glossy brown hair, and brilliant complexion, was the acknowledged beauty of the family, and early showed a taste for personal adornment. The story is told that the music-master one day gave a ring—a mere toy ornament of no value—to the little Alexandra, and for the succeeding days she was discovered by her brothers and sisters trying it on her pretty hand in quiet corners, and was well teased for this bit of vanity.

The ever-youthful grace and beauty of our beloved Queen are largely attributable to the natural training of her youth. She was not pampered by luxury, and her soldier-father insisted that his daughters should share the gymnastic exercises of their brothers, be equally well trained in the saddle, and have a large share of outdoor exercise in the early morning. We may picture the young Princess passing her early years between the Gûle Palais, Copenhagen, and her father's country house of Bernstorff, seven miles distant on the Sound. I have seldom seen a more beautiful spot than this childhood's home of Queen Alexandra, and to which she yet returns year after year. It is a white château embowered in woods, and having a deer-park adjacent. There as a girl she galloped about on her pony, boated, picnicked in the woods, and lived a merry, happy, outdoor life. She was early trained to deeds of charity amongst the people of the neighbouring village of Gjentoflie—which struck me as very English-looking—and attended the rustic church without formality each Sunday. She was piously reared in the Lutheran Protestant faith, and at the age of sixteen was confirmed, along with her eldest brother, in presence of the Royal Family, at the Chapel Royal (*Slotskirken*) Copenhagen, by Pastor Paulli.

Her life was varied by visits to the Palace of Rumpenheim, near Frankfort, the old seat of her mother's family, and where amongst other Hessian cousins she frequently met Princess Mary of Cambridge (the late Duchess of Teck), and began a friendship which was consummated by the union of their respective children. There was practically no Court life in Copenhagen during the Queen's girlhood, owing to the *mésalliance* of the then reigning King, Frederick VII, with the Countess Danner, and the little experience which she had of the kind was gained in occasional visits to the Belgian Court. She had only reached the age of seventeen when the meeting with the Prince of Wales took place.

The courtship, begun so auspiciously in the autumn of 1861, was clouded by the death of the Prince Consort in the following December, and the sorrowing Queen could not enter into marriage arrangements for her son, who now proceeded on an educative tour to the Holy Land under the guidance of Dr.—afterwards Dean—Stanley. After the return of the Prince of Wales, he joined his mother, who was visiting on the Continent; and at the Palace of Laeken, near Brussels, he was formally betrothed to the Princess Alexandra in the presence of Queen Victoria, Leopold I of Belgium, and the parents of the intended bride, September 9th, 1862.

The news of the betrothal was received in England with universal delight, and the sentiments expressed privately by Lady Palmerston convey the feeling of many people at the time. "I like the idea of a Danish connec-

tion," she wrote ; we have had too much of Germany and Berlin and Coburgs, and this is returning to our old friends and a few honest people." Lord Palmerston was then Prime Minister, and made the interesting announcement of the approaching nuptials to Parliament.

There are doubtless many people who might be lacking in memory if suddenly asked the date of their own

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS A BRIDE—AGE 19

marriage, but there are few, we fancy, who cannot give on the instant the date of the marriage of our King and Queen. That memorable March 10th, 1863, has sunk deep into the nation's mind and heart. The bride, accompanied by her parents and all her brothers and sisters, left Copenhagen, followed by the affectionate good wishes of her compatriots, and after a brief visit to the Belgian Court embarked for England in the *Victoria and Albert*, despatched to meet her, and, escorted by a flotilla of British men-of-war, crossed the Channel—truly, a seaking's daughter magnificently attended!

Early on the morning of March 7th the booming of guns greeted her entry into Margate Roads, and a few hours later people in boats, on steamers, and standing in crowds about the pier gave true British cheers for Denmark's daughter as she stood in a simple white frock on deck beside her mother, looking pleased, yet timid at the uproarious welcome accorded her. The Prince steamed out in his yacht, and, going on board the *Victoria and Albert*, greeted his bride with a lover's kiss ere he conducted her on shore. A bevy of fair maidens strewed flowers on their path, while the pier was festooned with orange-blossoms. The Princess wore a long cloak of purple velvet bordered with sable, and her

fair face looked archly out of a white poke bonnet trimmed with rosebuds. From Gravesend the Royal party proceeded by train to the Bricklayers' Arms Station, where a halt was made for luncheon ; and then, entering open carriages, they began that memorable progress through London to Paddington, *en route* for Windsor, when it seemed that every man, woman and child had come out to see the Prince's bride. She passed through the garlanded streets and tumultuous crowds feeling, as she afterwards said, like a led up to the steps of a throne." Famous pens have described the historic scene. Seldom, indeed, has a wedding called forth so many glowing accounts, or been the subject of so much verse and song, as that of the King and Queen. From Tennyson, Dickens and Thackeray to the humblest versifiers and scribes, all combined to trumpet the magnificence of the occasion—the moving sight of the widowed Queen viewing the scene from the Royal pew overlooking the altar ; the interesting figure of the almost boyish

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK, LONDON. HERE THE KING WAS BORN, AND HERE HE AND THE QUEEN WILL HEREAFTER RESIDE

figure in some fairy romance. It was nightfall ere she reached Windsor, and on alighting was clasped, almost fainting with fatigue and excitement, in the arms of the Queen.

On the marriage morn—two days later—the bride looked pale in her white satin and orange-blossoms as she drove with her father to St. George's Chapel. She walked with timid grace very slowly up the nave—"a maiden," wrote Thackeray, "on the bridegroom's threshold, a Princess bridegroom in the long blue velvet robe of the Garter ; and the surpassing loveliness of the bride. After a brief honeymoon, spent at Osborne, the Prince and Princess of Wales returned to London, to take up the arduous social and philanthropic *rôle* which they were destined to discharge with so much tact and industry for the unprecedented period of thirty-eight years.

It was at a reception at St. James's Palace, on the evening of March 20th,

1863, that the Prince formally presented his bride to the aristocracy. The impression which she created was most favourable, and the extravagant expectations which had heralded her coming were quite fulfilled. The more people saw of her the more popular she became; and it was apparent, as the weeks of the brilliant season passed by, in which she held the Drawing-Rooms on behalf of the widowed Queen, visited the City in state, accompanied the Prince to numerous functions, including the famous Guards' Ball and the unveiling of the Albert Memorial, that she was, to quote the *Spectator*, rapidly becoming "the pet of the nation." Marlborough House, the town abode of the Prince and Princess, soon became a gay social centre. At Sandringham they enjoyed the freedom of country life, and established the cordial relations with the county of Norfolk which remain to-day. There, in the village church of St. Mary Magdalene, the Princess took her first sacrament according to the rites of the English Church on the Easter Sunday after her marriage. It was administered by Dean Stanley.

Frogmore, in the grounds of Windsor Castle, was also used by the Prince and Princess as a country home, and there, on January 8th, 1864, a son was born to them, the lamented Duke of Clarence. The Princess had been in a sleigh on the ice watching the Prince and his friends skating only a few hours before her son was born. The event had not been expected until March, and elaborate preparations had been made for it at Marlborough House. Lady Macclesfield, an experienced mother, was fortunately in attendance on the Princess at Frogmore, and she wrapped the infant Prince in her petticoat until the swathing flannel could be procured from the nearest draper's. The happy parents chose the anniversary of their wedding-day for the christening of their heir, which took place in the presence of Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. He received the names of Albert Victor Christian Edward. In the June of the following year another son was added to the Royal nursery, being George, now Prince of Wales.

It was very pretty to see the Queen in those days going about the lanes at Sandringham, or at Abergeldie, where she went with the Prince for the shooting season, walking beside the pony which carried her "treasures," one on either side in a basket pannier. She was a devoted mother, and often would slip away from her guests and go to the nursery to give "Eddy" or "Georgie" his bath, putting on a large apron over her costly dress. There is little doubt that the King and Queen have been indulgent parents, but that their rule has also been wise is demonstrated in the perfect domestic love which has prevailed in their family. Even marriage has not alienated the present Prince of Wales from the companionship of his sisters. Unselfishness was the lesson which the Queen most strictly enforced on her children. The story is related by a visitor at Sandringham that at luncheon one day, which the young Princes and Princesses always took with their parents, the youngest of the group, who had a chair by her mother, had received a dainty morsel. The visitor, in fun, said, "Won't you give that to me?" The little one looked at her plate, then up at her mother, and finally said, half regretfully, "You may have it if you like." The lady was about to decline the proffered piece, when the Princess of Wales said, "Please take it; she must learn to be unselfish."

In 1868-9 the King and Queen made a long tour in the East, visiting Alexandria, Cairo, the Cataracts of the Nile, the Pyramids, and returning by way of Constantinople, the Crimea, and Athens. It ranks as the longest and most interesting holiday which they have ever undertaken together. It was planned with a view to re-establishing the health and spirits of the Princess of Wales after the protracted illness from acute rheumatism in the knee-joint from which she had been

suffering. At Cairo the Royal travellers stayed at the beautiful palace of Esbekieh, prepared for them by the Viceroy of Egypt, and furnished with every device of Oriental luxury. The bedsteads were of massive silver. The accounts of their life there read like a chapter from the "Arabian Nights." Slaves in picturesque dress attended their slightest wish. The Princess, with great tact and no little quiet merriment, conformed to the exigencies of the occasion, sipping her black coffee after dinner, and pretending to use the long jewelled pipe prepared for her. She dined in state with the ladies of the harem on two occasions, sitting gracefully upon the floor and eating with her fingers and the aid of a tortoiseshell spoon with a coral handle. She and the Prince shopped in the bazaars, and enjoyed many adventures like ordinary travellers. From Cairo they proceeded on a six weeks' voyage down the Nile, visiting the Cataracts, the most famous Pyramids, the Tombs of the Kings, and other places of interest. The most romantic expedition was to the Temple of Karnak by moonlight. The Princess, dressed in a white flannel costume, rode a white ass caparisoned in red and gold velvet, and the Prince was similarly mounted. They were followed by a cavalcade of fifty persons, consisting of their suites and a company of natives fantastically dressed in loose flowing robes and gay turbans. As they rode up the avenue of Sphinxes to the Temple the wonderful ruin was suddenly illuminated by myriads of magnesium lights, while in the background rockets and fireworks made a grand display. This exhibition had been planned by the Prince as a surprise for his wife. The Nile journey afforded the Prince some good sport, and he had the luck to kill a fine crocodile; while to the Princess it brought great exhilaration. She was the life of the party—riding on a donkey sometimes with only a cushion tied on for a saddle, when nothing else could be procured, and once in the cleverest manner without a saddle at all, and seemed insensible to fatigue and full of the spirit of adventure. Neither the sand of the Great Nubian Desert, nor the full blaze of an Egyptian sun daunted her, and she explored the mummy-caves and the dark catacombs with unflagging spirit. The party returned to Cairo, and after another sojourn in their Oriental palace left the land of the Pharaohs and proceeded to Constantinople, where the Sultan entertained them in his palace on the Bosphorus. They spent ten days seeing the sights of the beautiful city, and derived much amusement from shopping *incognito* in the bazaars as "Mr. and Mrs. Williams." On the homeward journey the Prince and Princess passed through the Crimea and paid a visit to the tombs of our brave officers and men in Cathcart Cemetery; and proceeded to Greece, where they explored Athens and its neighbourhood along with the Princess's brother, King George. They reached Marlborough House May 12th, 1869, after an absence of six months, and had a happy reunion with their four little children. In the following November their Majesties' fifth and youngest living child, Princess Maud, was born.

The almost fatal illness from typhoid fever which the King suffered just as he attained his 29th year is regarded as marking a turning-point in his career. After his recovery he assumed a more serious role as Heir-Apparent; and, in grateful memory of the universal outburst of affection and loyalty shewn not only at home but throughout every portion of the Empire, devoted himself very assiduously to the promotion of the civic and philanthropic side of the nation's life. The seizure took place at Sandringham in November, 1871, and the crisis was reached on the anniversary of his father's death. For three days previous, hope of his recovery had been almost abandoned, and indescribable excitement prevailed in London. Business was almost suspended, except in the news shops, where people jostled each other to see the latest bulletins.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, THE KING'S LONDON RESIDENCE WHILE HE WAS PRINCE OF WALES

Meanwhile at Sandringham his mother and wife, and his sister, Princess Alice, kept watch. Prayers were offered up in all the churches. Protestant and Roman Catholic, Greek, Jew, Mohammedan, and Hindu joined in the universal supplication. In the village church at Sandringham the Princess, snatching a brief interval from the sick-room, bowed her head in prayer along with her humble neighbours. By Christmas the Prince was sufficiently recovered for the Princess to make her usual distribution to the schoolchildren, and to himself dictate a message to the people on the estate. A young groom of the household had been attacked with the same disease as his master, and as he lay in his room over the stables a sweet vision came to his bedside. It was the Princess, who had climbed the steep steps bearing some nourishing delicacies. She subsequently attended the poor lad's funeral, and caused to be inscribed on his tomb the words, "The one was taken and the other left."

A day of Public Thanksgiving for the Prince's recovery was observed on February 27th, 1872, when an impressive service, attended by Queen Victoria and all the members of the Royal Family, together with representatives of various national bodies, was held. A few days previous the happy Princess had driven her dear convalescent for his first outing in the Park.

The Prince had long entertained a wish to visit India, and Queen Victoria was equally anxious that he should represent her in that vast country which owned her as ruler. Accordingly the Prince sailed in the *Serapis*, with a distinguished retinue and a veritable cargo of presents for the native Princes. He landed at Bombay, October, 1875, and was received by the Viceroy, Lord Northbrook. A more charming welcome was given him by Hindu young ladies from the Alexandra School, dressed in flowing bright-coloured robes, who strewed flowers before him and advanced bearing garlands of jessamine and singing a loyal anthem. They greeted him with the picturesque words, "I would gladly give up my life for your safety"; and one lovely Parsee, in a robe of pink satin, placed a garland round his neck.

The tour was inaugurated with a

great reception, November 9th, it being the Prince's thirty-fourth birthday. Seated on a silver throne and surrounded by State magnificence which is unknown at St. James's, he received the resplendent Princes and Rajahs. During the four months of his tour the Prince travelled 8,000 miles by land and 2,500 by water, visiting the chief cities of India and many historic spots. Of the various receptions which he held the most brilliant was a Chapter of the Order of the Star of India, when he invested the chief native Princes and that great lady the Begum of Bhopal with the Order. The Begum looked like a ball enveloped in blue silk, it being against Hindoo etiquette for her face and form to be seen.

On his return from India the Prince is reported to have said that he had accomplished the "dream of his life." He has since shewn a keen interest in all Indian questions and is in sympathy with a liberal policy towards the natives of the vast country which now calls him Emperor. The gifts and memorials of the tour were arranged in the Indian room at Marlborough House, and in the *Serapis* room at Sandringham, which is furnished with the belongings of the King's rooms on board the vessel of that name which bore him to and from India. Queen Alexandra did not share this tour, as it was feared the long journeys under the burning heat of an Indian sun would be too trying for her strength.

When, in March, 1888, the King and Queen celebrated their silver wedding, it found them with an unbroken family circle. Prince "Eddy" was a young man of singular amiability of character, dignified and calm when before the public, but showing a good deal of vivacity in private life. He was his mother's son in every respect —strikingly like her in face, manner, and disposition; and the tie between them was exceptionally strong. From the day when his majority was celebrated in good old English style amongst the tenantry at Sandringham, he had been earnestly endeavouring to fit himself for the great position which he expected one day to fill. He had received an excellent training as a boy on board the *Britannia*, had sailed far and wide in the *Bacchante*, visiting many parts of the Empire; and had finally, after a period at Cambridge, entered the 10th Hussars. He was beginning to take part in public affairs, and gave promise of much beneficent service to the country. When he accompanied his parents on their memorable visit to Ireland in 1885, he won golden opinions by his affability and by the fearless courage he displayed in visiting some of the slums of Dublin. His untimely death at Sandringham, January, 1892, on the eve of his marriage, caused the one bitter drop in the cup of their Majesties' family happiness.

Prince George, to call our popular Prince of Wales by his early title, was cast in a different mould from his elder brother. Though equally well-intentioned, he was beset by the spirit of mischief. Stories still survive in quiet Dartmouth of his pranks when a middy on the *Britannia*. Pleasure parties on the Dart would sometimes find their boat nearly capsized by a smart little craft suddenly darting across their path. Tableau: Infuriated action on the part of nervous old gentlemen, and profuse apologies from a young middy with laughing face and mischievous blue eyes! The Prince of Wales is a born sailor, with all the "handy man's" adroitness and good spirits. He can tell a yarn, play the banjo, and is very easy and affable in manner. Wild-duck shooting is his favourite sport, and he spends long days on the Norfolk marshes, where he has a decoy, lunching in the simplest style at one of the cottages near. He is a good man of business, and while Duke of York kept a strict eye on the expenditure of his households at York Cottage, Sandringham, and York House, St. James's. When shortly after his marriage he found that he was being charged on the "liberal" scale which pertained to his father's establishments, he, with commendable

outspokenness, told those who served him that York Cottage was not Sandringham House, and he could only afford to pay ordinary prices.

He has travelled far and observed much, has the Prince, and his statesmanlike speech at the Guildhall Banquet, when the City welcomed him back from his great tour of the Empire, shewed not only that he had developed into an admirable speaker, but that he is keenly alive to the best interests of the country. After visiting again the Colonies which he knew when he cruised in the *Bacchante* a quarter of a century ago, he was able to gauge their growing importance and enterprise, and his admonition to the old country "to wake up" was not given without knowledge.

His marriage in July, 1893, to the popular Princess "May" of Teck has fulfilled the most favourable expectations. Reared in the best traditions of the Victorian Court, by a mother whose gracious dignity and good nature had endeared her to all classes, the Princess of Wales promises to be a good successor in the rôle played by Queen Alexandra. So long as they were simply younger members of the Royal Family the Prince and Princess of Wales lived unostentatiously, and were always ready to undertake any public duties required of them; but their recent tour has shewn that they are capable of performing individual parts with distinction. Their charming children, Prince Edward, Prince Albert, Princess Victoria, and Prince Henry, are rapidly taking the place in the nation's heart and interest which their father and his brother and sisters held years ago, and their engaging ways are a constant amusement to the King and Queen. Prince Edward is quite to the manner born, and a child of precocious intelligence. It is necessary to put a check on him. As an example of the clever things which he is always saying in the most unconscious manner, we may quote the following. Shortly after the death of the late Queen he said to a lady visiting the Royal nursery, "Do you think that 'Granny' is quite happy in heaven?"

"Yes, dear," she replied. "Do you not think so?"

Prince Edward hesitated, and then said gravely: "I am not quite sure, because here Granny was before everybody, but in heaven she will have to walk behind the angels."

Their Majesties' daughters were a trio of happy little girls, always dressed alike, and seen everywhere with their mother, and they have developed into charming Princesses, who will give additional interest to the King's Court, for marriage has only slightly separated them from their parents. The eldest, Princess Louisa, made a happy marriage with the Duke of Fife in 1899, and has two pretty little daughters, the Ladies Alexandra and Maud Duff, who absorb a great deal of her attention. The Duchess is winning and very bright in manner, though of a somewhat retiring disposition. She is a good cyclist, but salmon-fishing is her particular hobby, and she gets good sport in the Dee when at Mar Lodge. She thoughtfully distributes her "catches" amongst needy people and philanthropic institutions in the neighbourhood.

The Princess Victoria is her mother's devoted companion, and is homekeeping in her tastes. She is universally beloved at Sandringham for her kindness to the old and suffering, and is particularly amiable and unselfish to everyone. Delicate health, the result of repeated attacks of influenza, inclines her to a quiet life. The Princess is artistic, and she both rides and cycles well, and sometimes plays golf. She is tall and fair, and very sweet-looking. Rumour has often been busy planning a marriage for Princess Victoria; but she seems disinclined to leave home, and finds delight in being a devoted "auntie" as well as daughter. Her sprightly sister, Princess Maud, who made a love-match with her cousin Prince Charles of Denmark in 1896, bears the nickname of "Harry" amongst her brothers and sisters, because of her love of outdoor sports. She is a fearless rider, a very expert

cyclist, and loves nothing better than to lead a country life at Appleton Hall, near to Sandringham, which the King gave her on her marriage. Part of her time is spent in Copenhagen each year while Prince Charles is discharging his duties as an officer in the Danish Navy. The Princess is pretty, witty, vivacious, and the most individual of the King's daughters.

During recent years their Majesties, as Prince and Princess of Wales, continued with unabated zeal the routine of stone-laying and institution-opening and fulfilling the calls of society, varied by periods of quietude at their loved Norfolk home or visits abroad. It has always been the Queen's habit to spend some weeks of each year in her loved fatherland, living again the old life with her parents at Bernstorff, and enjoying family reunions at the lovely Palace of Fredensborg, on the blue waters of Esrom. In the autumn of 1898 she was summoned, while nursing the King after the injury to his knee from an accidental fall, to the death-bed of her beloved mother. This was the first break in the Queen's parental circle, if we exclude that of her brother-in-law, the late Czar. During this later period of their long and indeed unique career as Prince and Princess of Wales they did much arduous work in connection with the Jubilee and Diamond Jubilee of the revered Sovereign. Never before has an heir-apparent witnessed two such celebrations.

When, on that memorable evening of January 22nd, 1901, the good and great Queen breathed her last, the King entered upon his heritage with a long record of personal service to the country behind him, given with ungrudging industry and good temper; while his beautiful Queen already reigned in all hearts as the friend of the poor and suffering.

The King is noted for his keen insight into affairs, business-like action, and a desire to have everything about him "just so," if one may use a colloquialism. If he steers the ship of State with the same precision with which he has managed his Norfolk estate it should sail smoothly. There is no vacillation about him. He knows exactly what he wants, gives an order clearly, and expects to see it executed *instanter*. At Sandringham he rises early, breakfasts alone, and is transacting business by nine o'clock, often walking at a quick pace over the grounds, accompanied by his faithful blind dog "Peter," as he gives orders. Nothing escapes his vigilant eye, and there are no laggards in his employ. His gardens, pheasantry, and horse-breeding studs are kept in a great state of perfection. I think it may be said that the King's great hobby is being a country gentleman. Shooting parties have been a marked feature at Sandringham, and the woods nearest to the Hall are always "shot" on his birthday. Much of the activity which he has displayed at his Norfolk home will now be transferred to Windsor Castle and estate, which already knows that it has a master. The King has shown a keen interest in education, housing questions, and other topics pertaining to modern social work, and had he been a man in private life would have made a good chairman of the London County Council.

At Marlborough House, the centre of his public activities, the same exactitude prevailed. He was at work early, and throughout the morning received callers on business matters. Not infrequently at these audiences he held a large cigar between his fingers, taking an occasional smoke as he talked and walked about the room. He wrote his private letters at a high desk, of which he always carried the gold key on his person. Directions to his private secretaries, or to Sir Dighton Probyn, Comptroller of the Household, were frequently spoken through a telephone fixed in his room. The King shows his modern business spirit by permitting his secretaries to send typewritten letters, a thing which Queen Victoria never allowed. The routine of Marlborough House neces-

sarily became more formal after His Majesty's accession, and much time had to be given to receiving Ambassadors and Ministers. Before the Coronation the King will have left the House in Pall Mall, so long associated with him, for Buckingham Palace, where elaborate arrangements have been made for the most prompt and efficient means of transacting business, and also for the keeping of a brilliant Court.

Although very exact on matters of etiquette, the King is jovial with his friends, and likes to know clever and successful men in the world of finance as well as in art and letters. Many stories are told of his unassuming kindness. I have heard a gentleman relate that one Sunday afternoon, when strolling in the Zoological Gardens, he was searching his pockets and lamenting to a friend that he feared he had left his cigar-case at home. "Pray take one from my case," said a friendly voice at his elbow. The offer was gratefully accepted, and not until afterwards did the gentleman discover that the doer of the courteous act was the then Prince of Wales.

The Queen is thoroughly artistic in her taste. She loves music, flowers, statuary, quaint ornaments, embroidery, and all things which appeal to a refined sense of beauty. She is not at all bookish, and relies for information as to what is going on largely upon conversation in the family circle. The opera is her favourite amusement. Her pastimes consist of sketching, photography and pianoforte playing. She is extremely fond of country life, and when at Sandringham rides her new horse "Violet," drives her ponies "Beau" and "Belle," or goes walking with her dogs. Her love of pet animals amounts to a passion, and her Japanese spaniel "Billy" goes everywhere with her; while in her dressing-room are singing birds and a pet dove. She visits the stables and kennels once a week, generally on Sunday afternoon, accompanied by members of her family, and feeds and pets the horses and dogs, all of whom know her voice and footstep. The Queen has a wonderful power over animals. Golf and croquet are amongst Her Majesty's recent out-of-door games, but she has never cared for tennis.

The Queen's interest in philanthropy is well known, but few realize perhaps the personal interest she will take in cases which have aroused her sympathy. She is lavish in her generosity, and very impulsive when her feelings are touched. To the cottagers around her Norfolk home she has been for long years a true fairy godmother, especially to the old people and little children. Ever since she came as a bride she has entertained the school-children from Sandringham and the neighbouring parishes of the King's estate at the Hall on her birthday. On these occasions she and the Princesses wait on the little guests, and play with them, and often the Queen may have been seen tying up cake in a child's handkerchief for it to carry home. She is a great advocate for technical education in the rural districts, and takes a personal interest in each of the girls and boys attending the schools which she has established at Sandringham, and which she visits almost daily when at home.

Hospitals and kindred institutions have had good friends in the King and Queen. Numberless instances are on record of the personal interest taken by Her Majesty in patients who have specially attracted her sympathy. Not long since, when visiting the London Hospital, she heard that a young girl in one of the wards was grieving because she could not attend a concert being held. The Queen went with the matron to the side of the girl's cot, spoke some cheery words, gently stroked her forehead, and ere she left stooped and kissed the sad young face. Deeds like these, simple in themselves, sink deep into the nation's heart, and are a happy augury for the reign just begun, when beside the throne is ever this sweet, womanly influence. Never before has the role of Queen Consort possessed greater possibilities.

"And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers."

SHOULD THE CONSTITUTION BE AMENDED?

By John C. Brown, New Westminster, B.C.

THE question, "Should the Constitution be amended?" is again suggested by the case which British Columbia has formulated in support of its demand for "better terms," and it is here proposed to use that case by way of illustration in support of the opinion that there is a radical error in the Constitution; and, further, that the error should be eliminated as speedily as possible in order that certain barriers may be removed out of the path of our national progress and certain dangerous causes of friction done away with.

Roughly summarized, the case of British Columbia is, that its proper proportionate contribution to the revenue of the Dominion would have been, for the period since the Province entered the Confederation (1871), two per cent. of the total of that revenue, whereas its actual contribution has been five per cent., and that Dominion expenditure on account of the Province has not been at all in the same proportion. To put it in another way: Looking to the whole of Canada, the central authority has returned to the people in expenditures (the debt of the Dominion having largely increased since 1871) much more than it has taken from the people in taxation; but, confining the view to British Columbia, the reverse has been true; there has been taken from the people of that Province in taxation, by the central authority, some $13,000,000 or $14,000,000 more than has been returned to them in expenditures. The Pacific Province has become a "milch cow" for the Dominion.

A full statement of the case thus summarized is contained in a "Memorandum *re* Financial Relations" presented to the Government at Ottawa, over a year ago, by the Premier of British Columbia.* Partial statements have frequently been printed by Provincial newspapers, but in the document cited the whole case is gone into minutely. Absolute accuracy is not claimed, but that the "balance of inaccuracies," if it may be so expressed, will be in favour of the Province seems certain from the fact, which the memorandum points out, that while large purchases of goods which have paid duty in the Atlantic Provinces are made by British Columbia, no counterbalancing purchases of dutiable goods to be consumed in Eastern Canada are made in the Pacific Province. The memorandum is much too long for full quotation here, but the following excerpts will fairly indicate its scope. ("The present year" is 1901, the memorandum having been written early in that year):

"Important public undertakings, such as through lines of railways, canals, coast protection and marine service, are national, and are not chargeable locally. It is pointed out elsewhere, with the exception of the construction of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the Province, all such matters are included in the statement, in order that it may be made as full and fair to the Dominion as possible. It is also pointed out that no distinction is made as to public works charged to capital, and those charged to revenue, which, if done, would materially lessen the annual expenditure debited to the Province. . . . It may be held that, as the Canadian Pacific Railway was originally built in conformity with one of the Terms of Union with British Columbia, it was specially for its benefit and that a share of the cost should be charged to the Province. This is untenable. . . . In the same way it would be unfair to Ontario to charge to its account the great cost of canals built in and through it. . . . The total amount expended by the Dominion in the Province up to 1st July, 1901—estimating the expenditure for the present year—will have been $28,968,091; the total contributed by British Columbia to the Dominion during the same period will have been $42,475,349, leaving a balance in favour of the Province of over $13,500,000. The expenditures in the Province include the $750,000 paid to the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway Company as a subsidy, and all the other railway subsidies; the debt of the Province assumed by the Dominion in 1872 and interest on the same, and everything else* directly or indirectly con-

* B.C. Sess. Papers, 1901, pp. 563 *et seq.*

* Including, of course, the subsidies, etc., payable to the Province under the Terms of Union.—J. C. B.

nected with the Province, which has been paid for by the Dominion."

Tabular statements* showing Dominion expenditure on account of, and revenue contributed to the Dominion by the Province, year by year since 1872, are included in the Memorandum. Under "Expenditure" there are 38 heads; under "Revenue," 27.

Lord Watson† and others have pointed out that the object of the British North America Act was neither to weld the provinces into one nor to subordinate provincial governments to a central authority; but when the central authority is so exercised that the revenues from one province, which needs all its resources, are used to reduce the debt of the Dominion, while that debt is swelled by expenditures in other, and less needy, provinces, it it must be evident (even if there were no other illustrations, and there are many) that the provincial independence and autonomy which, Lord Watson tells us, were intended to be preserved by the Constitution, are not preserved: that the theory of the Constitution and the practice of the Dominion Government (that is, of the central authority) are widely at variance.

Lord Watson's dictum presents to the mind the picture of a Dominion consisting of a group of autonomous provinces, each working out its own political salvation after the manner of free peoples; while a central authority prescribes regulations for matters in which uniformity is essential (the postal service, e.g.); adjusts interprovincial relations and fosters the national spirit. This is a rough outline sketch of the Dominion, as the Constitution, its interpreters tell us, intended it to be. The Dominion as we have it is a country in which the tendency is more and more to add to the power of the central authority and to reduce the provincial governments to the status of municipal councils. We have a continual conflict, more or less pronounced, of authority and responsibility, while the manifest evils of a divided jurisdiction (such as waste and circumlocution) are more rather than less emphasized as time goes on. The provinces are hampered and circumscribed to an extent that must seriously retard their development; while the central authority, attempting to manage administrative details in such a "far-flung" territory as ours, is peculiarly liable to suffer from corruption and incompetence.

A good deal might be said about certain provisions of the Constitution other than those here particularly dealt with—such as the disallowance power and the "general advantage of Canada" provision—which, to say the least, seem calculated to put difficulties in the way of working out the Constitution according to the interpretation of the law lords; but the present purpose is served when it is pointed out that Canada cannot possibly become what it should become as a nation unless either the practical working of the Constitution is made to accord with the theory, or the theory is so changed that it will be necessary—in order to get the practice into accord with it—simply to push that practice at once and openly to its logical conclusion. We must have such amendment of the Constitution as will give us either provincial autonomy fully developed, or the unquestioned and complete authority of a central government; a mosaic of both will not do.

The latter plan has been already condemned by inference, nor does it seem worth while to discuss it seriously. One might almost as sensibly suggest a repetition of the disastrous experiment of crown-colony government.

The great barrier in the way of adopting the former plan is that radical error in the Constitution which it is the purpose of this article to point out. That error is in the fiscal and related provisions. All revenues should be paid into the provincial treasuries, and the central authority should be maintained by subsidies (per capita) from the provinces.

It may be objected at the outset that this would simply substitute a new set

* B.C. Sess. Papers, 1901, pp. 568A, 568B.
† 61 L. J., P. C., page 77.

of difficulties for those which we have. That the working out of the details would present a good deal of difficulty is, of course, true; but the difficulties incidental to the starting and working out of a sound system are always possible of adjustment, while the difficulties which arise, as do those from which we suffer, out of the clashing of incompatible systems, are hopelessly chronic; and if the position here taken —that the provinces which form the Dominion suffer under the Constitution as it is—is correct, it follows that amendment of the Constitution is a prerequisite to the full prosperity of the Dominion.

Reverting now to the case used in illustration: The statements already quoted show a balance in favour of the Province, July 1, 1901, of thirteen and a half millions of dollars. To-day, the balance will be fully fifteen millions.* At present British Columbia, although saved from stagnation, even forced ahead a little, by its enormous natural wealth, is practically marking time; checked, fettered, hampered, by sheer inability to undertake those public works which, in a country of rugged physical features and "magnificent distances," are essential to the development of its resources. It has a net debt of eight or nine millions, and a revenue (provincial) barely sufficient for current expenses of administration. Suppose its credit balance paid over to it and an arrangement entered into that the Dominion should in future retain, of the revenue it received from British Columbia, only what was required for expenditures on account of the Province, plus a contribution of, say, half a million annually towards central government and legislation—what would be the difference in the position and prospects of the Province? It could pay off its whole indebtedness, devote a surplus of some six millions to public works, and have for ordinary expenditure a revenue about seventy-five per cent. larger than that which it now commands. Such conditions would mean prosperity without precedent—progress by leaps and bounds.

It may be said that British Columbia entered the Confederation under certain Terms of Union, and that its position is the result simply of the working out of those Terms; that the Constitution does not come into the question. But the Terms were framed under, were an outgrowth of, the Constitution; and the Constitution is condemned by the fact that such a condition has arisen under it.

It is foreign to the purpose of this article to dwell upon British Columbia's claim for "better terms"; the object is rather to point out that these recurring claims for better terms are but symptoms of a disease the root of which is in the Constitution itself. That Constitution, being an act of parliament and not a growth of tradition and precedent, can be amended, even radically, without serious disturbance of the body politic. That it should be amended seems to be proved by the facts set forth in this article, taken in conjunction with previous parallel cases. No statesman should rest satisfied with a written Constitution, the history of which has been a history of continual friction, punctuated by a recurring necessity for empirical readjustments of the relations between the whole commonwealth and its component parts.

Under the Constitution as it should be—as, according to the law lords, it is in theory—many things which now cause friction, jealousy, waste, circumlocution, would be done away with; government would be simplified and its direct cost reduced; the provinces, nerved by a larger independence, steadied by a greater responsibility, would develop a higher and healthier type of public life; the central government, relieved of much petty detail and enjoying a larger immunity from the evils of corruption and incompetence, would be set free to give deeper attention to those questions of higher

*The tables already cited (pp. 568A, 568B, B.C. Sess. Papers, 1901), show that the Dominion now receives from the Province yearly about $2,000,000 more than it expends on account of the Province.—J.C.B.

politics which become increasingly pressing and important as science and invention, annihilating space and time, contract the world: the national spirit would be fostered; national prosperity would be largely increased; Canada would no longer be called upon to deplore, after each decennial census, a meagre percentage of increase in wealth and population.

One can easily foresee objections. There are those who habitually see lions in every path except the one to which they are accustomed. There are those to whom our thirty-five-year-old Constitution has already become a fetish. Then there are, of course, real difficulties. But the Constitution itself is an attempt to overcome just such difficulties.

Declared to be "similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom," the Constitution was in fact an attempt to graft upon its supposed model certain features of the Constitution of the United States. Excellent in theory, it has, none the less, failed under the test of practical working. Surely a frank acknowledgment of that failure and an honest effort to amend the Constitution—a work to which can be brought the experience of thirty-five years—is better and manlier than to stumble along from one readjustment to another. In these days, when every other science is pressing on to perfection, why should the science of government lag behind? The prison cell or the gallows would await the surgeon who dared to treat the physical body as it was treated fifty—even thirty—years ago. Shall the body politic continue to suffer under antiquated and unscientific treatment? Shall statesmen alone remain untouched by the progressive spirit of the age? Shall it be held wiser to risk a revolution than to dare the making of a precedent?

PERILS OF ELOQUENCE

WITH THE DIFFERENT FORMS THROUGH WHICH A SPOKEN PARAGRAPH RUNS BEFORE IT APPEARS IN PRINT

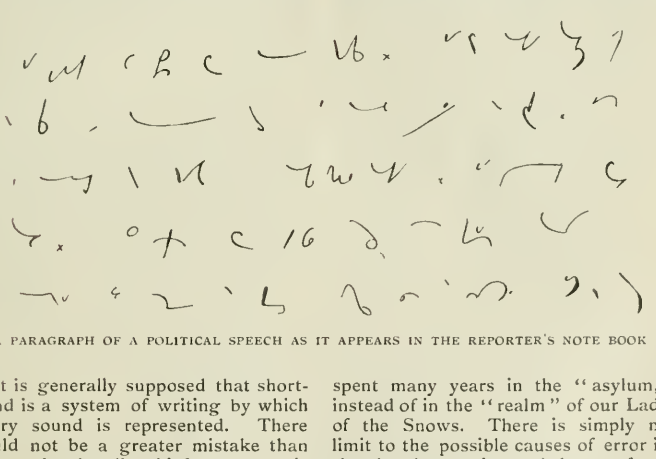
By Robert C. Dunbar

BY the majority of readers a newspaper report of a speech is taken as a direct message to them from the lips of the speaker. Nothing is thought of the men who have toiled the night through to lay that message by the breakfast plate. The message lies there, neatly headed, indexed and pigeon-holed into its proper column, but since leaving the speaker's lips it has encountered grave perils and assumed many disguises; it has been twice reduced to a skeleton, written in shorthand, in longhand, in telegraphic dots and dashes, typewritten, cast in single lines of type, carried about in pieces on little brass trays, moulded in paper, cast in solid metal, printed, folded, cut, pasted and hurled at the front door, all between midnight and daylight. Should the speaker, in his beauty sleep, dream of all the drawing and quartering and boiling and melting to which his winged words are being subjected he would despair of ever seeing them in print.

To follow a few sentences from platform to breakfast table will give some idea of the perfection of the newspaper system and the innumerable chances of error to guard against which is the primary duty of every newspaper man. In Canada there are so few large centres of population that the great dailies are practically dependent on their own staffs for full reports of such events as political meetings in whatever part of the Province they may be held. A re-

porter on a great morning paper must be ready at all times to start for any part of the Province on 10-minutes' notice, and usually from one to six members of the staff are scattered over the country. Our papers devote so much attention to political reporting that it may be taken as typical of Canadian newspaper work and a passage taken at random from a political speech will best illustrate the routine of news gathering.

The passage selected as uttered by the speaker would be written in shorthand in this form:—



A PARAGRAPH OF A POLITICAL SPEECH AS IT APPEARS IN THE REPORTER'S NOTE BOOK

It is generally supposed that shorthand is a system of writing by which every sound is represented. There could not be a greater mistake than this; shorthand's chief economy is omission, and what it suggests is of more importance than what it actually represents. For instance, the characters for which the shorthand equivalents are here used are:

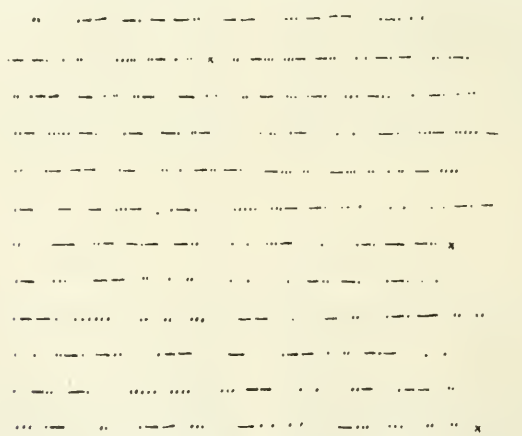
> i wntd tt stmnt fr nthr prps. I bld ntr ftz tr ts ntr pn a nu er o dvl. im a cndn b brth, a ntv o prvns ntr. i lkd vr fld. s md fr 16 rs m tim fl kpd w rk o dkshn prps sm o ulsa iz oo biz."

This, perhaps, is not a fair representation of the shorthand, for other characters are suggested by ingenious devices too intricate to explain here, but it is nearer the truth than to say that the shorthand represents all the sounds uttered by the speaker. "Ftz" represents more nearly the opening of a soda water bottle than "if it was," and "Iz oo biz" differs materially from "I was too busy," for which it is the shorthand form. Shorthand without an alert memory, close attention and common sense, is worse than useless. The slightest error may change the meaning of a word or an entire sentence. A too erect "R" becomes an "S." This caused a reporter to make Mr. Goldwin Smith say that he had spent many years in the "asylum," instead of in the "realm" of our Lady of the Snows. There is simply no limit to the possible causes of error in shorthand reporting. A burst of applause may drown the close of a sentence, conversation behind him may throw the reporter out, even inability to see the speaker's gestures may prove disastrous, as happened at Bowmanville a few years ago. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in an impassioned peroration, declared that the epitaph he desired was "Here lies a man who gave the best of his life and the whole of his heart to making Canada a united country." That was no time for the reporter to sit back and admire the outstretched downward arms with which the Premier seemed to cast from him the weight of years, nor the one emphatic gesture at the

words "the whole of his heart"; he could rely only on the sound, keeping his eyes fixed on his hopping pencil point, with the result that he made Sir Wilfrid's epitaph read "a man who gave the best of his life and *his soul and* his heart to making Canada a united country." As Sir Wilfrid has never disclaimed the desire to sacrifice his soul for his country's good the injury done him by the reporter cannot have been serious.

Sir Richard Cartwright has been so long in public life that little things do not disturb him; but even he protested when his scholarly quotation from

have in Canada not half a dozen public men whose speeches will bear verbatim reporting. This must be done rapidly, for the last line should be "fyled" two hours after midnight, or there will be one more of the world's great orations lost to posterity. From the reporter the speech goes to the telegraph operator, sometimes page by page. Here, again, between first-class stations, as, for instance, between the House of Commons and the private wire into a newspaper office, only the barest skeleton of the speech is sent. In heavily "coded" telegraphy the illustration would sound like this:



A PARAGRAPH OF A SPEECH AS IT WOULD APPEAR IN "CODED" TELEGRAPHY

Themistocles was attributed to Peter Mitchell.

The shorthand is transcribed into longhand of varying degrees of legibility, and it is here that the reporter's judgment and experience are of importance. A two hours' speech will fill eighteen columns of a newspaper, and he must condense that into two, three or four columns without omitting anything new or important, infusing grammar into unfortunate sentences, rearranging clumsy forms, supplying synonyms for repeated words—for we

The letters represented by these dots and dashes are: "i wntd tt stm fo anr pur. i bvd ont if iw tru to itsf sd enr upon a nw era of dvpt. i am a cdn bi birth a ntv f prov of Ont. I lukd ove t fld. as min o edu fo 16 ys egd w t wrk o edn ph sm o u wi sa i ws too bsy."

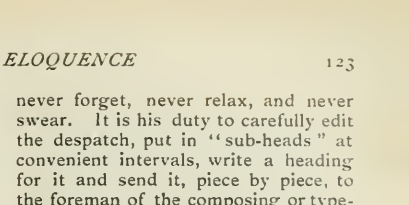
Thus it will be seen that the telegraphic contractions differ but slightly from those employed by the stenographer, but they are purely arbitrary.

Telegraphers are sometimes ingenious in the errors they commit. A re-

cognized period sign in shorthand and printing is an "X." Ignorance of this rule caused an eastern province operator to send an entire speech of Sir Charles Tupper's in one sentence, connected by 50 "ands." The error passed unnoticed by editor and proof-reader, and Sir Charles' speech appeared in print in one magnificent sentence of 1,000 words. The morning after a recent meeting an operator was found eagerly scanning the paper, rejoiced to find that what he had twice sent as "dwotted" had been recognized as "devoted," and that the expression he had longingly idealized into "beer trade" came out as "foreign trade." Every reporter regrets the necessity of keeping an operator at work for six or seven hours of the night, but seldom as poignantly as in the case of a handsome young man in Western Ontario, who sent 2,000 words between the loving caresses of a pretty girl perched on his desk. The pity turned to righteous indignation when the girl's cruel brothers carried her off home and the operator fell into so peaceful a slumber that it became necessary to shake him and shout every word of copy into his ear.

Extended reports are usually received by an operator of the telegraph company stationed in the newspaper office, so that no time is lost in carrying messages from the telegraph office, and the copy is handed to the night editor uncreased and neatly typewritten, for it is not possible to transcribe by hand a coded telegraph message sent at the rate of 60 words a minute.

The night editor, or telegraph editor, must read every word that passes through his hands to guard against errors, libel suits, or worst of all, misspelled names. A man will forgive a newspaper anything except putting a "t" in his name if he is not that sort of a Johnson, or vice-versa. A perfect night editor may yet be born but he will not live long. He will know all the languages, geography, shorthand, telegraphy, agriculture, law, art, science, every trade, all religions, and every man's initials; he will never tire, never forget, never relax, and never swear. It is his duty to carefully edit the despatch, put in "sub-heads" at convenient intervals, write a heading for it and send it, piece by piece, to the foreman of the composing or type-setting room. The foreman glances through it, marks it with a guide number, divides it into convenient quantities, and distributes it to half-a-dozen type-setters who "set it up" on a machine of marvellous ingenuity, exactly as they would typewrite it. From this machine it comes in the form of solid lines of type, each a column wide, cast by the machine. These are taken by the printer's devil on "galleys"—brass trays three feet long and a foot wide—and placed in another machine, a hand-press, with which an impression or proof is "pulled." The proof, with the corresponding batch of copy is taken to the proofreader, while the galley is placed upon a table or "bank" to await correction. The proofreader takes the proof and his assistant, or copyholder, the copy, and one or the other of them reads aloud, while the proofreader marks on the margin of the proof any corrections that may be necessary. The proof is returned to the compositor, whose number has been placed at its head, and he resets the lines in which errors have been marked. The new lines, with the proof, are handed to another printer, who hunts up the galley, picks out the bad lines, reading the shining type backwards and upside down, and substitutes the corrected lines. The passage in this form, as the accompanying cut will show, is not easily read by the uninitiated.



THE PARAGRAPH AS IT APPEARS TO THE TYPE-SETTER. HE COMMENCES AT THE BOTTOM AND READS UP

Then another proof is pulled and sent to the reviser, who compares it with the original proof, sees that the corrections have been properly made, reads the lines above and below the correction to see that the right line has been replaced, and sends back his revise with his corrections marked on the margin. New lines are printed for these, the galley is again hunted up, and the corrections inserted. Then a revised proof is pulled and sent to the night editor for final revision.

This is not the last of the speech's perils. It has still to pass through the hands of the "make-up man," whose duty it is to place it in the columns of the pages to which it has been assigned by the news-editor, who allots space and supervises the entire news service. The "make-up" man has exceptional opportunities for causing trouble. He must read the glaring reversed type, pick it up by the handful and fit it into place, place the proper heading over it, and do everything backwards. Occasionally paragraphs are reversed or placed in the wrong column, a politician's speech may be put in the mouth of his bitterest opponent. Once a dozen June weddings were placed under the heading "many failures." His errors are fatal; there is no correcting them, for on papers on this continent proofs of pages are not pulled and revised as they are in England.

As each page is made up it is wheeled off to the stereotyping room, where in an immense steam-heated letter-press a cast is taken of it in prepared paper. This is placed in a half-cylindrical mould and a metal cast made of it. This is filed, trimmed, fluted and sent down an elevator to the press-room in the basement, where it is bolted on the proper cylinder to await the crucial moment when the last page has "gone," the lever is touched and the throbbing press throws out a steady stream of perfect newspapers, each containing, wedged in among 40,000 or 100,000 other words that have run simultaneously through the same perilous course, the words:

> "I wanted that statement for another purpose. I believed Ontario, if it was true to itself, should enter upon a new era of development. I am a Canadian by birth, a native of the Province of Ontario. I looked over the field. As Minister of Education for sixteen years, my time fully occupied with the work of education, perhaps some of you will say, I was too busy."

LOVE IS LIKE A ROSE

LOVE is like a rose,
One my fancy chose,
Sleeping, folded round with green,
Crimson, touched with dewdrop's sheen,
Love is like a rose.

Love is like a rose,
One my heart well knows,
Op'ning, glowing 'neath my smile,
Gathered to my heart awhile,
Love is like a rose.

Love is like a rose,
Tend'rest flower that blows,
Waking with the morning sun,
Fading ere the day is done,
Love is like a rose.

Isabel E. Mackay

THE ANIMUS OF '76

A STUDY OF THE UNITED STATES BY A CANADIAN RESIDENT

By Charles Lampman

YOUR Uncle Samuel is a creature of many moods. To-day he is engaged in entertaining in the most lavish manner an English sportsman or a German prince; to-morrow he is engaged in disputing the well-founded and sincere neighbourly disposition of his closest national associates. This moment he is absorbed in the exploitation of vast schemes for the national aggrandizement; the next he is wearing his blackest frown, daring the world to interfere in his plans. Recent events illustrate the facility with which the American people change front. They likewise emphasize the unfaltering hatred of Great Britain which exists in the United States. Time has had no mollifying influence upon the animus of '76. The latent spirit of the Revolution is ever ready to burst into flame and create a bonfire around which great men of the nation dance and to which the public school teachers point Young America as an occupation most patriotic and proper to emulate. If there is one thing above another which gives your Uncle Samuel paramount satisfaction it is the opportunity—of late very frequently presented—to resent with characteristic bluster the allegations of British friendliness to the United States.

Perhaps no event of recent years has so surely and specifically exhibited the readiness of the American people to discredit the good intentions of Great Britain as their joyous acceptance of the report that it was European and not British influence which deterred the Powers from intervening in the Spanish-American war. No matter that the report came from a source inimical to England; it was double-leaded by many leading newspapers and printed under conspicuous headlines as one of the more important news items of the day. Editorial comment supplemented the news (?) and invited the public to accept the cabled statement as the true recital of what occurred when the Powers considered Spain's request for intervention. In direct violation of the first principles of honesty and fairness the incident exemplifies the true United States spirit, which is anti-British to the greatest extreme. It is impossible to conceive of any pre-arrangement for this national reception of the French cablegram; rather, it must be accepted as the spontaneous overflow of the American desire to seize every opportunity to minimize the neighbourly act, one which, had it been offered by any other of the Great Powers, would have excited the keenest admiration and most enthusiastic respect.

"Twisting the Lion's tail" is a favourite occupation of the American politician. Congressman Wheeler distinguished himself on the floor of Congress recently by a bitter attack on the President because the head of the nation had appointed a delegation to represent the United States at the coronation of Edward VII. "We have made ourselves a laughing-stock at every court in Europe," he said, "because of our flunkeyism, our truculency and the disgraceful sycophancy of the representatives of the Republic at the feet of Great Britain, and now when it serves the purpose of some other great nation, the pitiable spectacle is disclosed of us hugging to our bosoms during the last five years a nation that has systematically and persistently attempted to destroy the liberties of the American people ever since the battle of Yorktown. . . . I object to the republic of the United States undertaking to play the flunkey at the feet of a little German prince (Prince Henry), and I object to the United States sending emissaries abroad to dance attendance at the ante-chamber

of some Britisher because he is going to wear a crown."

This congressman's diatribe was a mild example of American political rhetoric; but its tone was so distinctly offensive that the speech was reported at length and occupied first place among the telegraphed news of the day.

These instances are cited to emphasize the contrast between the genuine neighbourliness of Britain and the popular regard of the people with whom the Empress of the Seas is earnestly desirous of being on friendly terms for a well-disposed neighbour. From time to time articles appear in British newspapers commending the growth of amicable relations between the two English-speaking nations. It is not apparent to the British-American resident of the United States. There is no such growth. The temper of the American people has not changed in 125 years. They seek no closer relations with Great Britain than now exist. Any bonds uniting the two nations would be easily severed. It is pertinent that overtures of friendliness invariably come from the other side the water. They are not reciprocated in the United States. They provoke sneers instead of cheers. The true Yankee finds a constant irritant in the removal of rich Americans to England. Astor, Carnegie, Croker, and now, in all probability, William C. Whitney, are very painful thorns. Only the first named of these is a permanent resident, but the fact that English establishments are maintained, and large sums of money earned in the United States are spent in their maintenance, provides the average Yankee with a stick to whittle. He wonders why these multi-millionaires seem to prefer British to American society, and the Derby to the Brooklyn Handicap. He cannot understand why the mad race for vast wealth and social distinction should lead to royal courts. He has been taught to regard the society of Boston and Washington and Gotham as the cream of the earth, and he professes to see no fascination in Old World coronets and diadems, nor any superior social advantages. But he does not mean what he says. Uncle Sam has the reputation of being addicted to braggadocio. It is his chief characteristic. He seeks by this means to impress the visitor with respect for what he possesses—for the Yankee's idea of greatness is bounded by the size of his wallet. He aims to overwhelm with the lavishness of his entertainment any royal or other distinguished foreigners who come to America officially or semi-officially. The height of New York's buildings, the speed and luxurious appointments of the trains provided for the accommodations of the guest, the vast distances traversed in going from one large city to another, the billions of the Rockefelts and the Morganbilts—these are Uncle Sam's claims to social and national distinction. These are the impressions which are carried away.

As soon as he has amassed a fortune according to American ideas—which means a small matter of at least seven figures—your true Yankee suddenly realizes that Uncle Sam has omitted a very important and essential feature of his social establishment, difficult to specify, but, like new wine, lacking the bouquet of age. Newport lacks lustre and Boston drawing-rooms their charm of refinement. There is more "go" to the official balls at Washington—more colour and gold lace. Perhaps it is this that turns him away from the most exclusive society to be found in the United States to seek more attractive fields of social aggrandizement in the society of the courts of kings and emperors. Money will buy anything in America, he argues, and surely it will open for me—providing I possess enough of it—the doors of these royal holy of holies. This began many years ago: but the holy of holies remains closed. His daughter mayhap wears a coronet and is welcomed to its sacred precincts, but paterfamilias the plutocrat has not yet become the aristocrat nor the associate of aristocrats. His son may pull bow oar in a Henley eight or drive a racing automobile a mile in less than

a minute, but the rich American gets no nearer the goal of his desire than when he first turned his energies to the amassing of his millions, his literal conquest of mammon, for the purpose of buying admission to the aristocratic circles of Great Britain and Europe, availing him naught. Foiled, he becomes a bitter enemy of aristocracy. Oftener than anywhere else the rich American meets his social Waterloo in London. Undoubtedly it is his social impotence that makes him hate so cordially the nation from whose loins he sprang.

While he is in the impecunious stage, too, the Yankee is an inveterate enemy of Great Britain. He sneers at royalty and wildly expostulates against the increasing American habit of coronet-hunting. He glories in the avowed and specific unfriendliness of America for the British nation as contained in the oath of allegiance which aliens are obliged to take on coming to this country to become citizens ; finds exquisite delight in the inflammatory utterances of a Maud Gonne and a McBride and takes the Boer cause seriously to heart. He it is who has made of Washington a demigod and laid the trains for the politician to fire. To him must be accredited the successful task of perpetuating the animosities of 1776 and of replenishing the dying embers of Irish hatred for the English. We find him in the Senate and in the House of Representatives at Washington ; in the legislatures of the various states, in high places in American educational institutions, in the editorial chairs of many prominent American dailies. The anti-British element in the United States is not confined to the Irish agitators or politicians spasmodically seeking the "Irish vote." It is composed of individuals who are active at all times and who have a very large audience. The politician confines his tirades against the Mother Country to the few weeks preceding an election ; the agitator to an occasional harangue in a public hall when the Irish campaign fund is low and an appeal is necessary to this "g-r-r-eat nation," as Dooley says, "f'r a wad of th' long g-r-r-een ;" but the editor is a busy individual, and the daily press, with some few notable exceptions such as the New York *Evening Post*, takes keen delight in magnifying each item of news which involves Great Britain in difficulties with foreign nations or indicates that the Boers have had some temporary advantage over the commands engaged with them. The quip of a Boer lecturer now touring the United States, which excites the loudest applause of the crowds which flock to hear him, shows the temper of the people and the contempt with which they regard the very name of the nation which is hugging the delusion that there is a more neighbourly feeling between the two countries. This lecturer supplements his talk with stereopticon views. One of these shows the Boers charging on the British across a plain. "That does not look," he shouts triumphantly, "as though the Boers were cowards and guerillas. It is not always, you see, that the Boers fight behind rocks and the English behind the Irish." And the vast audiences roar their approval of the lecturer's wit. Neither are these audiences composed of the ignorant and the Irish element. There's a little of each, but the great mass of those whose voices and purses cheer the Boer lecturer's heart are of those on whom Great Britain depends as her friendly neighbours. Englishmen never made a greater mistake.

WHAT BRITAIN IS DOING IN WEST AFRICA

By Capt. W. F. W. Carstairs, 56th Lisgar Rifles, C.M., Serving with the 3rd Southern Nigerian Regt., W.A.F.F.

THE Lord must love the black man, for He has made so many of him. In the small British Dependency of Nigeria alone, which curves around the Benin Bight, with twice the area of Ontario or one-seventh the area of the Dominion, it is believed that there are 36,000,000 blacks, who

"Bask in the glare or stem the tepid wave,
And thank their gods for all the good they gave."

This great country up to 1900 was for the most part under the control of the Royal Niger Company; then it became a Protectorate in the charge of the British Colonial Secretary. The Royal Niger Company had developed trade and commerce only on the coast and along the banks of the larger rivers. Thus, there remain thousands of miles that have never been explored, millions of natives that have not yet seen a white man. It is a land of mystery: we ourselves who live in it know so little about it. New plants, new trees, new reptiles, new fish, new birds and beasts, new races of men are met with every year as we penetrate the immense belt of forest stretching towards the interior. Bountiful nature supplies everything the native requires. Under the tropical sun but slight effort is needed to maintain life. He picks his staple food, his bread, bananas, pine apples, plantains from the trees. He ploughs not, neither does he spin. A small hole in the ground, a seed placed therein and a stone laid on top are the sum total of the agricultural process in growing yams; and he has two crops a year. His heart is gladdened by the intoxicating *tombo* trickling from the perennial fountain of the wine-palm into nature's own cup, the calabash. With the cotton, which grows without cultivation, with the bark of many trees, with the wild hemp and rushes, the deft fingers of the women weave the scant supply of clothing necessary, or give expression to those elementary artistic impulses in forming baskets and mats.

To the Canadian the whole land area seems capable of cultivation. The rich red soil suggests the presence of iron and it is not impossible that precious minerals may also be there. Sugar-cane, rice, and tobacco, the cotton and the coffee plant, grow wild. If we could peer into the future, we might see within a hundred years Canada and Britain drawing their supplies of these commodities from this favoured land. Mahogany, ebony, whitewood, calm-wood, the rubber tree, and many varieties of the palm and of dyewoods are apparently very abundant.

Sir Ralph Moor, K.C.M.G., is the present High Commissioner, and has made Southern Nigeria one of the most prosperous colonies of the Empire. The naval establishment is under Capt. Childs, R.N., Marine Superintendent. It consists of several gunboats and a number of armoured steam launches and armoured canoes of high draught. The latter are used where it is not possible to go with launches or gun-boats of deeper draught. Officered by smart naval officers, they are manned by black jolly tars.

The health of the whole colony is superintended by the principal medical officer, Dr. Allman, C.M.G., who has had many years' experience with the much-dreaded malaria, and who has a staff of the most efficient medical officers that can be procured.

The military establishment consists of sixty white officers, one-third of whom are usually absent on leave of absence. The fighting force of 1,250 black soldiers is known as the Third Southern Nigerian Regiment, West African Frontier Force, and is under the command of Lieut.-Col. Montenaro, R.A., who has seen service in India, Ashantee, and the Gold Coast, as well

as in Nigeria. He is at present commanding a body of 5,000 men against the Arros in the Cross River country.

Old Calabar, a city containing 200,000 blacks and 150 whites (there are but eleven white women in all Nigeria), is the capital. Each set of officials has its own mess, and the military routine is much the same as in all garrison towns, with the exception that from eleven to three-thirty the heat is very intense. These hours usually find us in pjamas.

Hausa is the Irishman of Africa, always ready for a "scrap." He is of an adventurous disposition, and like the descendants of all tribes of plainsmen, is a roamer. He goes among various tribes with his powder, flints and guns—guns "made in Germany," a section of gas-pipe with a flint lock. He drives a good trade also in Holland trade gin, and in pieces of iron to be cut up into bullets or ornaments.

The Calabar people are not so stalwart or magnificent as the Hausa or

NIGERIANS—NOTE THE IVORY ANKLET ON THE WOMAN

The native is not wholly unworthy of the blessings Nature showers upon him. There are several notable types. From the vigorous Yoruba and the agile Hausa the West African Frontier Force is recruited; and they are first-class fighting men, whom many officers would not trade for white "Tommies" without something to boot. Both are Mahommedan in religion, and commonly very much married men. The Yoruba is a bit of a gentleman, and like coast people generally, he is clean about his person. The yet the Yoruba; but they are very wiry and agile. The Benis are like the Calabarans. The Unwanans, a part of the great Arro nation against which an expedition is now operating, would put our athletes to shame in the matter of chest measurement and muscular development. The Arros and Hausas, in fact, all black tribes are bullies and blackguards. They will "bluff" if they fancy they can carry the thing through.

Very fortunately for us, these peoples possess a marvellous civil organization, somewhat resembling the clan system

of the Iroquois Indians; and we have been able to make good use of their system. The people are grouped on the basis of blood relation and family connection into compounds of twenty or twenty-five families, each being a miniature walled city under the control of a headman. These compounds are brigaded under a chief, who thus stands at the head of a city, or of a portion of a city. A number of cities are under the rule of a king or sultan. Many of the cities contain two hundred and fifty or more compounds. No definite statement concerning population can be made in any case. Usually the formula is "So many compounds." It is neither a revel of equality nor a reign of despotism. In some cases these various offices are hereditary, in others elective.

JUNGLE SCENE—A NIGERIAN SPEARING MUDFISH IN A POOL

As one advances towards the interior he finds clothing in the inverse ratio to his distance from the sea. The tribes "up-country" wear little or no clothing; the adults ignore clothing completely until they are married, and then only the loin cloth is adopted. In fact, it is quite common to see an African belle decked out in all the glories of Nature, the monotony being broken merely by a string of beads, a bracelet, or a piece of spiral brass wire round the ankle up to the knee; or by an anklet of five or six pounds of an elephant's tusk.

Men also are often seen with their legs chafed raw from wearing heavy ivory anklets. This is always the sign of a "big man," a term accepted in its metaphorical sense by most African tribes. The exact antonym is quite logical: "small boy" means "poor man," or one lacking influence.

In this connection I may relate an incident of the Ishan Expedition, which afforded some merriment to my brother officers. As we were marching in two columns, Major Heneker in charge of the first, and Major Edwards in charge of the second, the chiefs at every village would wish to hold a "palaver" with Major Heneker and to "dash" (present) him with palm-wine and fruits. To rid himself of their oppressive attentions, the commanding officer and Mr. Fosbery told them that the "biggest" white man in Africa would be with them in an hour. The chiefs, natural-

ly supposing that the heir-apparent or Mr. Chamberlain himself was with the second column, made extra preparation. I found the chiefs drawn up in line, the black ladies adorned as beauty when most adorned. As the natives admire a surplus of flesh, and always fatten their maids before marriage, these dusky beauties would lick their lips when they saw my 250 lbs. avoirdupois, and gave me a royal reception with the usual "dashes" of palm-wines, nuts, fruits, imagining that our sprinkling of Canadians on his staff, I have been requested to give a brief history of this miniature expedition that accomplished such magnificent results with such slender resources.

The photographs I owe to the kindness of Colonel W. H. Heneker, officer in command, who gave them to me for my own private collection. Colonel Heneker is the son of R. W. Heneker, Esq., of Sherbrooke, Que., President of the Eastern Townships Bank, and Governor of Sherbrooke Protestant

NIGERIA—A CLOSED LEOPARD TRAP—PREPARING TO KILL THE CAPTIVE

commanding officer and the Benin Resident were mere "small boys." For the time being I was "in it." But not only did the African chiefs receive me thus in several villages, but later my own mess frequently reminded me of my experience in a very pointed manner.

Only last year five or six millions were added to His Majesty's subjects in Southern Nigeria. The event was duly noted in the papers, but its importance was not appreciated. As a Canadian was in command, with a fair Hospital. A graduate of the Royal Military College, Colonel Heneker has been in the Niger Protectorate since 1897, and will be remembered by a large circle of Canadian friends. Not only this expedition, but several preceding expeditions, have been carried through by Colonel Heneker with such marked success that we Canadians cannot refer to Nigeria without associating him therewith and feeling a degree of national pride.

The Urome-Ulia, a confederate tribe, a sub-division of the old Benin

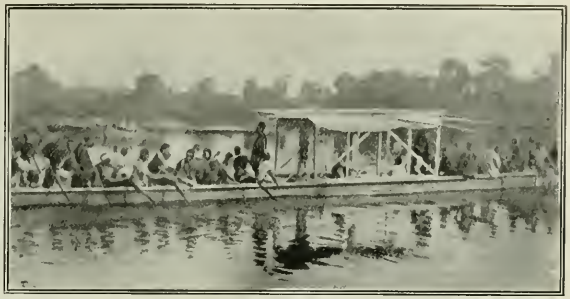
A GROUP OF NIGERIAN CHIEFS

empire, live between the Benin and Niger rivers. The King of Ishan (or Urome) refused to allow traders of any kind, native or European, to go into or through his country. Now Urome, as a dependency of Benin, had come under British rule in 1897. The king, however, claimed that his ju-ju was stronger than the white man's ju-ju and would keep the white man out.

Already in 1898 Major Heneker, with a force of about 25 men and about 200 carriers had gone in on a peace mission, to preserve the law; with great difficulty and danger he had to fight every foot of his way back to Benin. He did get out, however, without losing his carriers, though with a number of casualties. The Ashantee trouble intervened; for it the Third Niger Frontier Force had to furnish a quota of men, and thus Southern Nigeria was short-handed. It was not until early in 1901 that the matter could receive the attention it deserved. And I had been fortunate enough to arrive in Southern Nigeria to take part in the work.

A GROUP OF NIGERIAN CHILDREN IN GALA ATTIRE

Accordingly on the first day of March the expedition to establish British pres-



NIGERIA—A STEEL CANOE CONVEYING A BRITISH OFFICER UP COUNTRY

tige in the northern Benin country left Old Calabar under the command of Major (now Colonel) Heneker, on Sir Ralph Moor's private steam yacht, *Ivy*. Two nights at sea, a few hours' steaming up between the low banks of the Benin river brought us to Gilli-Gilli, where we debarked for a 28-mile tramp to Benin city. On the morning of the fifth, with 250 men, 500 carriers, and 250 chiefs' boys, Major Heneker, accompanied by the two most important Benin chiefs and fourteen white officers, struck out into the dense forest and almost impenetrable jungles to pay his respects to his old acquaintance, the King of Urome. The white officers were: Major (now Colonel) W. H. Heneker, Connaught Rangers, commanding; Major W. Edwards, R.A., second in command; Capt. (now Major) Mackenzie, R.A., adjutant; Capt. Hewett, 2nd West India Regt., topographer; Capt. W. F. W. Carstairs, 56th Lisgar Rifles, C.M., transport officer; Capt. Lewes, quartermaster; Capt. Hogg, 4th Hussars; Capt. Perry, 90th

NIGERIA—A MARKET-SCENE UP COUNTRY

CAPT. CARSTAIRS CAPT. PERRY

A HALT ON THE UROME-ULIA EXPEDITION—A NATIVE SERGEANT AND PRIVATE IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND

Regt., Winnipeg Rifles, C.M.; Lieut. Knowles, Indian Staff Corps; Lieut. Carré, Warwickshire Regiment; Dr. Whitely, Medical Officer; Mr. Wedenham Fosbery, the Resident at Benin city as chief political officer; Lieut. Daniels was the only native officer that accompanied us.

For more than a hundred miles we marched under a tropical sun through dense jungle and forest. Around us were the stately cotton-wood and calmwood, the slender palm of many varieties, and the smaller ebony and rubber tree; on all sides we saw rubberlike vines wind and twist round the trees, droop to the earth, and again climb and droop, forming a tangled, impenetrable tropical growth. Through vines and shrubs with fierce prickly thorns that lacerate the flesh, we often had to cut our way. Behind the luxuriant screen of green relieved by the red, blue, and white of tropical flowers, we could hear the chattering and chirping of a myriad of parrots and cockatoos, and the flutter of their wings. The odours of the decaying vegetation, however, were less agreeable; the air was stifling. Often in approaching a river we travelled in Indian file for miles through a cut that the water or wild animals had made, twenty-five feet deep, our elbows touching the clay bank on each side; often along a narrow path, worn out on the precipitous bank of a river, where a false step would send you one hundred or two hundred feet down to the alligators in the murky stream below.

Often the trail had been unused for a few years, and we cut our way step by step through the luxuriant growths of vine and shrub. For miles we would find ourselves in a tunnel of green foliage, where no ray of the sun could penetrate, broken now and then by a short space of open country. Again, through the tall elephant grass, which cut off all air, with the sun beating down, our carriers would stumble, fainting under their loads; and we ourselves could scarce carry our accoutrements.

Here and there were to be seen along the line of march the mounds of

NIGERIA—POLITICAL OFFICER FOSBERY HOLDING AN INQUIRY

the white ants, eight or nine feet high in some instances. For miles we would struggle and straggle over a tornado-swept stretch of the country, where hundreds of giant trees lay upturned—cumberers of the earth. Down ravines and up hillsides we toiled day after day.

After the first week on the trail, we found the natives lying in wait, generally attacking the first column under Major Heneker, which was usually an hour ahead of the second column. On the 20th, on approaching Urome, the capital of Ishan, we were attacked by the natives in force. They had dug pits and were along the trail. Our men fired volleys into the bush and charged, matchets in hand, cutting their way through the thick undergrowth. The natives sought shelter in the bush. We advanced on the town, and found it deserted. Setting fire to the houses, we withdrew a half a mile and formed a permanent camp.

The houses were built of a mixture of red clay and sand, roofed with palm-leaves and bamboo. Baked by the sun and sometimes dried by a fire before the roof is put on, these houses look not unlike red sandstone. On close inspection the better class of houses are seen to be polished. The interiors are often decorated with simple straight line designs after the Egyptian style, and often clay and wood images painted in gaudy colours and fashioned into grotesque and distorted forms were to be found.

In every compound there is a ju-ju house ; in every house in the compound is a ju-ju room, where the head of the family performs his devotions. His offerings of eggs, fowl and animals lie in this room, decaying and decayed ; while occasionally, a human skull and various bones of the human skeleton are seen hanging on the wall.

There is, besides, a general ju-ju assembly house, as well as the king's great ju-ju house. These have a more pretentious architecture, and have furnished us with the best specimens of their artistic skill in the way of statues and idols. Out of one of these we removed no less than seven of these idols carved in mahogany, white wood and calm-wood, about eight feet high, each representing months of labour to the artist with his crude tools. The

effects, though startling, were highly creditable to the carver. As these were looked upon by the natives as the protecting deities, it became our duty to destroy them. They were all consigned to the flames. Many of the smaller pieces, however, were carried away as mementos by our soldiers and carriers and brought down to the coast.

The city was surrounded by a palisade of growing trees, twining and intertwining so as to make a solid wall

feeble man, who, when surprised by our soldiers, was deserted by his party. He belonged to a long line of kings. A few nights after the poor old man died, probably from grief, as he was opposed to fighting the white man and had been persuaded to it by his Hotspur of a son.

His son and successor, a vigorous, high-spirited fellow, now gathered the defeated Urome tribe, called in the assistance of the Ulias, a people strong beyond conception. He led his com-

A SCENE ON THE UROME-ULIA EXPEDITION—ON THE RIGHT IS "THE KING'S SON," A PRISONER

—a sufficient protection from the wild beasts and the hostile tribes. These trees are planted as we plant species of the willow, and under tropical conditions the growth is rapid. The two entrances to the city were so narrow that but one man could enter at a time. In a week the walls of the compounds and buildings were all levelled and the palisade was cut down. Meanwhile, small parties reconnoitred every day for yams, for water, and for war. It was one of these parties that captured the King of Urome, a very old and

bined forces against us, and for three weeks fought us night and day. Night after night, if we passed in front of the camp-fire, shots would be fired from the surrounding forest; officers inspecting the outlying pickets would be sniped at; anyone moving on the outskirts of the camp would be cut off. As a remedy firing lines were put forward and the native carriers were set to cutting down the trees. Parties were sent out, and no less than twenty-seven cities destroyed, many of them possessing two hundred or more com-

pounds, each with twenty or twenty-five families.

When Urome was made no longer inhabitable, we moved forward to attack Ulia. During the last five miles of our journey the whole column, as it moved in Indian file, was attacked three times—front, centre and rear. Three times we broke them and dispersed them. They rallied again. Hidden in the dense bush only fifteen or twenty feet away, they fiercely contested every step of these last five miles; and just at the borders of their city the wood seemed alive with savages. Had they been armed with modern weapons, none of our little force would have survived to tell the story. Our men returned their fire and then charged the bush. A detachment with a maxim gun moved forward until it got command of the whole street, and here we got in deadly work. Our men were driving the natives out of the bush into the town, and the maxim gun in the hands of Colonel Heneker himself practically ended the expedition.

All told our killed numbered thirty-six, our wounded twenty-two; these included Major Edwards, R.A., severely wounded and myself but slightly—the only two white officers hit in the expedition. We saw but few blacks after that. Occasionally snipers were in evidence around the camp, but a shell or shot sent in the direction of the smoke soon satisfied them that the white man's ju-ju was stronger than theirs.

At Ulia we sat down for a few days. On the first day, while some of our men were destroying buildings, some Ulias opened fire on them from a house which they had fortified and loop-holed, wounding three of our soldiers. A seven-pound shrapnel soon dislodged them, and was the last shot of the campaign.

At once all the friendly kings, chiefs and headmen from the surrounding country came in to pay their respects to Colonel Heneker and Mr. Fosbery, and to "beg" for the people of Urome and Ulia. They were accompanied by

CAPTAIN CARSTAIRS

a following that must have amounted to several thousands. The King of Egberri, a powerful ruler, came with a band of fifty whistlers and fifty tom-toms, creating a weird and unearthly

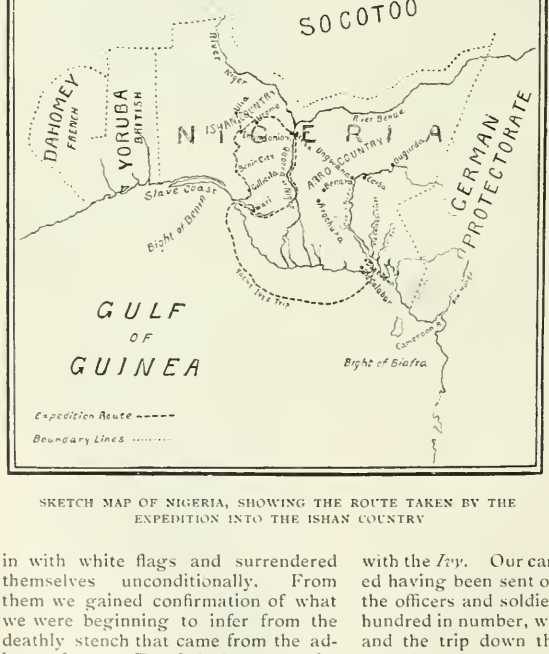
COLONEL W. H. HENEKER—THE CANADIAN WHO COMMANDED THE ISHAN OR UROME-ULIA EXPEDITION

uproar. Some of the chiefs were "in rags, some on nags and some in velvet gowns." The velvet was sometimes crimson, sometimes purple, often the green of Islam. Five horses were in the "outfit," and sorry nags though they were they gladdened the heart of an old Canadian N.W.M. Policeman, for they were the first I had seen in the country.

The assembled chiefs sent out messengers, and the hostile natives came in with white flags and surrendered themselves unconditionally. From them we gained confirmation of what we were beginning to infer from the deathly stench that came from the adjacent forest. The fight had been disastrous: often a headman would report himself as the only surviving man of his compound.

Accompanied by the chiefs, he returned to Urome, where the young king was captured. He is now a prisoner at Old Calabar. The natives of both tribes were punished by being condemned to go down to Benin to aid in building bridges and roads at stated wages payable by the Government.

As we marched into Urome, we met a reinforcement of fifty men, under the command of Captain James Whaley, 12th York Rangers, C.M.,—the Asaba detachment, who had arrived, much to the disgust of their leader, too late for the work. Colonel Heneker assigned Capt. Knowles with fifty men to remain to patrol the Urome country, and Capt. Perry with fifty men to remain to patrol the Ulia country.



SKETCH MAP OF NIGERIA, SHOWING THE ROUTE TAKEN BY THE EXPEDITION INTO THE ISHAN COUNTRY

Marching south-eastward, our little army took the Niger Co.'s steamers and the Government launch at Asaba, the officers finding on the voyage some sport in shooting crocodiles and hippos. At Warrie Sir Ralph Moor met us again with the *Ivy*. Our carriers and wounded having been sent overland to Benin, the officers and soldiers, less than two hundred in number, were taken aboard, and the trip down the Niger was resumed.

All rivers of West Africa look alike. The Niger suggests in a remarkable manner the "Father of Waters," sand bars, snags, shoals, alligators, muddy waters, low banks and all. Take out

the hippo, and you might easily believe you were on the Mississippi. Of course, there is that one dense mass of foliage, of intertwined rubber-like vine and tree on shore. Here and there where the banks are higher a tribe had placed villages which may yet rival in wealth the cities of the Mississippi. Living man has seen such miracles in America.

Sometimes we would lie on a sand-bar for nineteen hours. Occasionally we would pass a canoe laden with puncheons of palm oil, and the frantic efforts of the natives to get away from the swell of the launch were both amusing and pathetic.

The iced drinks and fresh beef on board the *Ivy* (the roast beef of old England is unknown "up country") and the freshness of the sea during a voyage of three days, soon brought vigour to our frames and we reached Calabar on May 23rd, well-satisfied with the campaign.

We had fought our way from Benin river to the Niger and had opened to trade hundreds of square miles of territory, rich in palm oil and all kinds of valuable wood—a country into which the white man had never set foot, peopled by teeming thousands that had never before been conquered.

A more fearless, hard-working, enthusiastic body of officers can never be brought together than were found on that expedition. They represented all parts of the Empire, and woe betide the man who broached a subject for discussion, in which he was not well-informed. "Why, my lad," a voice might be heard, "I was there on that occasion"; or "I was born in India, or in Australia, and I know the spot." Canada had more than her quota in that band of good fellows. We were four.

ABEGWEIT

A SPECK of green in the restless sea,
Its edge girt round with red;
Fanned by the sea-breeze wand'ring free,
A clear blue sky o'erhead.

Broad meadow-lands with golden grain,
And hills of rugged wood,
And homesteads spreading o'er the plain
Where late the forest stood.

Broad rivers winding onward slow
To meet old Ocean's tide
Bear up the wings that tireless go
To bear her presents wide.

A land where Nature sits enthroned
'Midst beauties all that please;
Each innate charm by Art condoned
Nor suffered yet to cease.

A land where Peace and Plenty reign,
And all men equal stand;
No vassal feels the tyrant's chain—
All love their native land.

Where loyal children all unite
To lay foundation broad,
To rear a Country ruled by Right,
And guarded o'er by God.

A. J. MacAdam

Abegweit—the Indian name for Prince Edward Island—"cradled on the wave."

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. XXXV.—SIR WILFRID LAURIER

FROM all time and among all races celebrated men have been the object of public curiosity and research—of the most minute studies. We must know their origin, their characters, their good qualities and their shortcomings, the secret of their pre-eminence. We descend even to details about their private lives, at the risk of losing the illusions we cherished, and of tarnishing the brilliant ideals we had formed of them.

Wilfrid Laurier is the man of all others in Canada who, during many years, has attracted the curiosity and attention of his contemporaries. They are anxious to acquaint themselves with the character, the spirit, and the secret of the success of a man, who, in spite of his essentially French origin, is at the head of a Government and of a Parliament, both English, and whose eloquence has more than once won the applause of the British Empire.

I am happy to say that, in place of losing, he gains by being intimately known, by being analyzed and dissected, by close examination into his private as well as his public life.

In the first place, he has the advantage of being endowed with an imposing and sympathetic exterior, a distinguished and agreeable manner, a physiognomy in which dignity and goodness are happily blended.

LADY LAURIER

When he was a child and went to the modest *village* of his native parish, the honest housewives who saw him remarked, "There goes a little gentleman" (tiens voilà le petit monsieur qui passe). He always maintains the demeanour of the true gentleman, and in the most distinguished gatherings, in the midst of the great and princely, it invariably attracts respect and fixes the attention.

With him the exterior is, indeed, the mirror of the soul. Nothing vulgar, nothing coarse, nothing that could grate upon the most refined feelings is to be met with in his character, in his actions, in his speech. He is mild, modest, courteous, considerate, liberal and charitable—even towards his adversaries.

He loves the beautiful and truth, all that youth breathes, freshness, goodness, that which pleases the eye and rejoices the spirit.

Having come into the world endowed with an elevated, noble character and a delicate, refined nature, he has developed the gifts of Providence and has never ceased to cultivate the naturally happy disposition of his heart, as well as the brilliant faculties of his mind. To correct, to control, to perfect himself seems to be the constant object of his efforts.

Moreover, he is to-day, in all respects, one of the most perfect men it is possible to meet. Envy, hate, jealousy, intemperance, exaggerated love of popularity, vanity, all the passions, all the defects that lower man and cause him to commit so many faults, have passed him by at a distance.

He has lofty ideas of God; considers Him exceedingly good to endure those who speak and act so badly in His name, and believes that, in order to

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

Wilfrid Laurier

honour Him, actions are better than words.

He loves men, and judges them independently of religion and nationality. He is constantly on his guard against hastily-formed opinions, temerarious judgments, national and religious prejudices. Exaggeration and violence are repugnant to him. He is always measured, prudent and moderate in his acts as well as in his words.

He loves his nationality; he is proud of his French origin, but he is a great admirer of English institutions, and he speaks so well, in studying the works of the great English statesmen —Pitt, Fox, Brougham, Canning, Gladstone and Macaulay. He imbibed for years the thoughts and sentiments of these great men. He absorbed their doctrines with regard to the British constitution, their love of political liberty.

This is the explanation of his strength in an English Parliament, the secret of the success of his eloquence before the most select audiences.

To the suppleness and grace of the

SIR WILFRID AND HIS SCHOOLMATES—A REUNION AT ARTHABASKAVILLE IN 1899

believes that the French Canadians should, at all cost, concilitate their national convictions with the exigencies of their political and social position, and should work for the political unity of this country, while conserving the distinctive character of their nationality. He often repeats that, living in a country where the majority is English, we, the French Canadians, should endeavour to make ourselves respected by our talents and our conduct.

His political education is English. He learned the English tongue, which French spirit he unites the calm and practical reasoning, the close debating instinct of the great English orators.

He prepared himself slowly but surely to cope with the various conditions likely to be encountered. He has read, studied and reflected much. He has completed a work of storage and assimilation which enables him to treat at any moment most important subjects with an abundance of information and a thorough grasp of the whole question at issue which fairly astonishes his hearers.

He possesses, without pride, a knowledge of his own value, and considers himself bound by an obligation to place himself in a position where he will be useful to his country—to play the worthy role assigned to him by Providence.

The secret of his power and success is to be found above all in the absolute control he has over his thoughts, his sentiments and his movements. He says only that which he wants to say. He knows when the circumstances require him to say nothing while appearing to say much.

Speaking of Pitt, I think it would be well to recall what was said of him by one of his biographers:—

"At his first appearance in Parliament he showed himself superior to all his contemporaries in command of language. He could pour forth a long succession of round and stately periods in a voice of *silver* clearness. His declamation was copious, polished and splendid . . . No man knew better how to be luminous or how to be obscure. When he wished to be understood, he never failed to make himself understood. He could with ease present to the audience, not perhaps an exact or profound, but a clear, popular and plausible view of the most extensive and complicated subject... On the other hand, when he did not wish to be explicit—and no man who is at the head of affairs always wishes to be explicit—he had a marvellous power of saying nothing in language which left on his audience the impression that he had said a great deal.

"No person could hear Pitt without perceiving him to be a man of high, intrepid and commanding spirit, proudly conscious of his own rectitude and of his own intellectual superiority; incapable of the low vices of fear and envy... The correctness of his private life added much to the dignity of his public character. In the relations of son, brother, uncle, master, friend, his conduct was exemplary. In the small circle of his intimate associates he was amiable, affectionate, even playful. They loved him sincerely and regretted him long."

SIR WILFRID LAURIER IN 1888

No person will deny that this description of the eloquence and character of Pitt applies singularly to those of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

There is another point of resemblance between Pitt and Laurier. It is this:—During their youth, the feebleness of

SIR WILFRID IN 1871

their health for a time gave their friends reason to fear that it would be an obstacle to their progress. But both of them, by different means, acquired the strength necessary to play brilliant parts on their respective stages.

Laurier will have the great merit, in the sight of both God and man, of having the strength, the courage, to persevere constantly to improve his physical and intellectual strength, of having avoided the dangers, the excesses and imprudent acts which make such ravage in our political world and destroy so many useful careers.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not merely the choice of his compatriots; he is the chief, the Prime Minister of an English Government. Our English fellow-citizens, in so cordially accepting him as their chief, gave a salutary example to men of our time and of future generations. Their liberality shows in a striking manner that in this country true merit will be appreciated, honoured and glorified independently of the questions of race and religion. It is a gage of peace and harmony, a powerful element of emulation for talent and virtue, a noble encouragement to keep to the path, to do one's duty, to seek popularity not in expedients and by tortuous and immoral ways, but in the practice of public and domestic virtues, in the confidence of honest people, and respect for the Commandments of God.

My intention was to stop here, but I judge proper to add some special notes and observations which may prove interesting to the public.

The father of Laurier was a surveyor, a man of a positive disposition. His grandfather had a remarkable natural talent for mathematics, for geometry, and for the exact sciences in general. His mother and grandmother possessed imagination and delicate sentiment, and took pleasure in doing drawing and other artistic work, which was much admired. It is not then surprising to find united in Laurier the distinct and various faculties which make him at once a statesman so practical and an orator so brilliant.

At the L'Assomption College, where he pursued his studies, he made himself remarkable by his courtesy, his

SIR WILFRID'S FATHER—CAROLUS LAURIER BORN AT LACHENAIE, QUEBEC, IN MARCH, 1815, AND DIED AT ST. LIN IN MAY, 1886

love of reading, his talent for literature and oratory, and his independence of mind. He manifested from his very youth a disposition to reason out his thoughts and acts, and to eschew all preconceived ideas not based upon logic. He manifested a taste for the forum and the court house, and he never missed the occasion, even at the expense of breaking the rules of the college, to hear the lawyers and political orators who from time to time visited the village of L'Assomption.

It did not cause him much trouble to choose the career best suited to his talents and to his character. His course of college studies finished, he did not hesitate an instant before entering upon the study of law, and entered as a clerk the office of the Messrs. Laflamme, who had a considerable practice. He also entered upon the course of law at McGill, and soon won the reputation of being one of the most brilliant students of that university. He shone in the very first rank in the literary societies and clubs, where the students devoted themselves to the development of eloquence and the interpretation of laws. Always affable and modest, kind and just, he was forgiven his superiority and wisdom, and enjoyed the esteem and admiration of his fellows.

Admitted to the Bar in 1864, he practised for some time the profession of advocate in partnership with the great agitator, Mederic Lanctot, whose passion for journalism and politics interfered with his attention to a very considerable legal practice. Lanctot must have been very glad to place his hands upon a young advocate so hard-working, so devoted to his profession, and so capable.

It was at this time that I first knew him. We had just formed the National Party, and had founded "L'Union Nationale" to oppose Confederation. Lanctot was our chief, and it was in his offices that we used to meet to sharpen our weapons and to prepare our plans of campaign.

I think I can see Laurier as he was at that period: in poor health, sad, with a grave air, indifferent to all the noise about him. He passed amongst us as though he were a shadow, and seemed to say to us: "Brother, we must die."

He was suffering at this time from that attack of lung trouble which later threatened, but failed, to remove him from the affection of his friends and the admiration of the country. It was largely with a view of combating the progress of this sickness that he determined in 1866 to leave Montreal and take up his residence in Arthabaska. Eric Dorion had recently died, and the Liberal party was in need of a man above the ordinary to replace the deceased, to continue his liberal and patriotic work in the Eastern Townships, and to assume charge of the party organ, the *Défricheur*.

Laurier was advocate and journalist, he pleaded and he wrote. But briefs did not pour in upon him, and the subscribers paid him but little. To complete his misfortunes Mgr. Lafleche, the Bishop of Three Rivers, and most of his clergy launched against the *Défricheur*, the ideas expressed by which they found too liberal, a disastrous campaign which brought the unfortunate journal to an untimely end—Laurier was made to appreciate, by the loss of his paper, the power and influence of the clergy in the Province of Quebec.

About the same time he fell seriously sick and passed many weeks in a state of feebleness which prevented him from effectively engaging in the exercise of his profession. This was the darkest period of his life, that in which he felt most keenly the embarrassments and uncertainties of life which result in poverty and sickness.

His lungs were believed to be seriously attacked, and his friends considered him to be approaching the end of his life. But health and courage returned, and his talents did the rest. His able pleadings and his eloquent speeches on the hustings did not take long to attract attention to him and to convince the people of the district that their friend, their much beloved member, Eric Dorion, had been worthily

replaced. So in 1871 the electors of the County of Drummond and Arthabaska tendered him the candidature as their representative in the Quebec Legislative Assembly, and elected him by a majority of a thousand votes. His *debut* in the Legislature was a triumph. The members had never previously had the opportunity to admire a more classical, more brilliant and more refined eloquence, a more thoroughly developed parliamentary spirit, or a more lofty character. They saluted with transports of delight the star which had risen in the firmament of their country.

In 1874 he withdrew from the Legislative Assembly and entered the House of Commons, where his speeches on the Northwest troubles and the expulsion of Louis Riel from the House, earned for him the title of "The Silver-tongued Laurier," and proclaimed him the first orator of Parliament.

Instead of resting on his laurels and contenting himself with living on the reputation and prestige of his first success, he devoted himself to the most assiduous work to perfect the finish of his eloquence and to extend the circle of his knowledge. He conquered for himself a place so important in the front rank of his party, that in 1876 he was made a member of the Mackenzie administration in the capacity of Minister of Inland Revenue. It was then that he sustained the first and only electoral defeat that he has met with in his political career. He was defeated in the County of Drummond and Arthabaska. The Conservative party made a determined onslaught upon him, accusing the Mackenzie Administration of having failed to accord complete amnesty to Riel, Lepine and the other half-breed leaders who had taken part in the rebellion of 1870, and holding it responsible for the financial crisis, which at the time universally prevailed. Mr. Laurier presented himself in the division of Quebec East, which he has never since failed to represent.

The elections of 1878 having put an end to the Mackenzie Administration, Mr. Blake became the leader of the Liberal party. After the elections of 1887, Mr. Blake resigned the leadership, and a vital question arose—who was worthy to replace him and take the leadership of the Liberal party?

Mr. Blake was the first to indicate Mr. Laurier, and his choice was ratified with enthusiasm by the party's delegation in Parliament. Mr. Laurier hesitated, consulted with his friends, and tried to convince them that it would be dangerous to give to a party, a great majority of whose members were English-speaking, a French-Canadian leader.

But he was not the man to fear danger, and to shun the responsibility of a position which the sentiment of duty counselled him to accept. His modesty did not prevent him from having a consciousness of his worth, and a belief that his studies, his knowledge, his many years of work and reflection had prepared him to assume a leading role on the political stage. He accepted the task that public confidence imposed upon him, and set to work with an energy, a capacity, a tact and an activity which surprised even his most devoted friends. The French-Canadians, appreciating the honour of having one of their own countrymen at the head of the country, rallied to his support, and gave him in 1896, a majority which carried him to power.

Like all men truly great, the higher he rose the wider became the horizons of his thoughts and his political conceptions, the stronger became his character, and the more extended became the flights of his eloquence.

He has traversed the country from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific coast; he has sown words of peace, of concord and of patriotism; everywhere he has spoken the language of truth and sincerity, and everywhere the populace has bowed to the seductions of his character and his eloquence. And when he was called upon to represent Canada at the Diamond Jubilee of the Queen of England, he shone with an incomparable *eclat* in that immense assemblage of eminent

men gathered from all parts of the world, and his eloquence was expressed in accents which electrified the country of Pitt, Fox and Gladstone. All eyes were directed towards this country, to the humble colony from which came this man who knew how, with so much tact, courage and talent to conciliate what he owed to his French origin with his duties as a British subject.

Those who have a firm belief in the future of Confederation, and in the possibility of making various nationalities, differing so widely in character, traditions and language work together in peace and harmony for the common welfare and continued progress of this country, must cherish the hope that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has a long political career still before him, and that some one will follow him to carry on his work.

Translated by Capt. E. J. Chambers *L. O. David*

IN EXILE

Written by a Canadian in South Africa

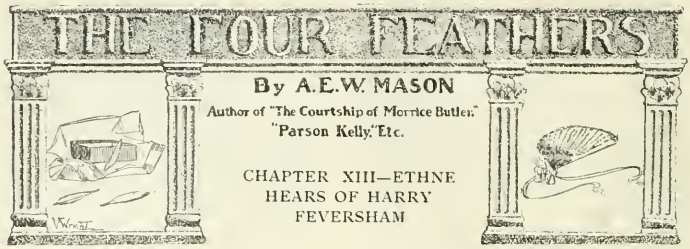
OH Canada, my Canada, my heart is still with thee,
Though 'twixt us roll ten thousand miles of land and stormy sea.
Whilst on the veldt my wearying guard in solitude I stand,
My thoughts and soul despising space, fly swift to my dear land.

And once again before me rise, in grandeur still and lone,
The valley, timber-clad, where stands my dear Canadian home,
'Neath which the babbling brook moves down to meet the mighty main.
Land of uncounted, untrod hills, when shall we meet again?

Land of the mighty Yukon flood, Mackenzie's wilds untold,
Ye barrens where the musk-ox thrive, ye creeks of virgin gold;
Land where my dear love sleeps so sound beside the moaning sea,
Lo, every breeze thy message brings—I hasten back to thee.

But more than all the rolling hills whose feet the Thompson laves,
Where ne'er a white man moves and all is silent as the grave,
Save for the deer, or blue grouse shy, call to my spirit still,
And my heart is breaking, aching for the wind-swept bunch-grass hills.

Halfontein, Transvaal, December, 1901. *A1851, S.A.C.*



Resume of Previous Chapters: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermod Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland, where there is to be a ball to celebrate the engagement. On the evening of this great event, Feversham receives by post a box containing three white feathers and three visiting cards bearing names of brother officers. They had deemed him a coward who would resign his commission on the eve of war. Feversham talks of the affair with Ethne, explaining that all his life he had been afraid that some day he should play the coward. For that reason, and because of his engagement, he had resigned. She returns the little box of feathers to him, and lo! he finds she has added a *fourth* from her fan. The engagement is ended and Harry Feversham disappears, but not before communicating to his mother's friend, Lieutenant Sutch, that some day he hopes to win back his honour.

After three years' service in Egypt, Durrance returns to London and is surprised to hear of the broken engagement and of Harry Feversham's disappearance. Under the circumstances, he feels free to visit Ethne Eustace at her home in Donegal. He does so, and presses his suit unsuccessfully. He returns to his post at Wadi Halfa. In the meantime Harry Feversham is learning Arabic in Upper Egypt.

Another June comes round; Durrance returns to England for another furlough, but makes no progress with his suit. He goes back to Egypt.

Still another June comes round; and two letters cross in the Mediterranean. One is from Ethne to Col. Durrance, saying that she has reconsidered the matter and will marry him upon his return to England. The other is from Col. Durrance to Ethne, in which he tells her that a sunstroke has deprived him of his eye-sight.

IN the first days of June Durrance returned to England and the apprehension which had troubled Calder at Cairo grew also upon Ethne Eustace through that month and through the month of July. For she too remarked the new acuteness of perception, the new skill of deduction which blindness was developing in her lover; she watched that development almost as one might watch the opening of a flower, so quick it seemed and so continuous. But she watched it with fear. Fear was perpetually present in her mind and once at all events it found expression on her lips.

"I am afraid," she said, and in the room behind her Mrs. Adair smiled quietly to herself.

Ethne was standing in the July sunlight at the open window of the drawing-room in Mrs. Adair's house upon the creek of the Salcombe estuary. "I am afraid," she repeated as she looked across the broad stone-flagged terrace and down the shallow flight of steps to the lawn.

"Of what?" asked Mrs. Adair. "That some accident has happened to Colonel Durrance? That he has not come back from London?"

"No," answered Ethne slowly, "not of that. For he is at this moment crossing the lawn;" and again Mrs. Adair smiled quietly to herself.

Ethne stepped over the threshold of the window on to the terrace. In front of her the lawn stretched to a hedge;

on the far side of that hedge a couple of grass fields lifted and fell in gentle undulations; and beyond the fields she could see amongst a cluster of trees the smoke from the chimneys of Colonel Durrance's house. She stood for a little while hesitating upon the terrace. On the left the lawn ran down to the tall beeches and oaks which fringed the creek. But a broad space had been cleared upon the bank, so that Ethne could see the sunlight on the water and the wooded slope on the further side and a sailing boat some way down the creek moving slowly against the light wind. Ethne looked about her, as though she was summoning her resources and even composing her sentences ready for delivery to the man who was walking steadily towards her across the lawn. There was at all events no hesitation on the blind man's part. It seemed that his eyes took in the path and with the stick which he carried he switched at the blades of grass like one that carries it from habit rather than for any use. Ethne descended the steps slowly and advanced to meet him.

In the room behind Mrs. Adair suddenly dropped the book which she was pretending to read and ran to the window. The smile still played upon her lips, but a queer eager light had come into her eyes. Her face too had a look of hunger—the hunger of an animal. She kept close behind the curtains and watched.

Mrs. Adair had no doubts as to the reason of Ethne's fears. She had watched her closely for six weeks. The girl remarkable for a quiet frankness of word and look was declining into a creature of shifts and fluttering agitation. She spoke at random when Durrance was absent, when he was present with a strained circumspection. Anxiety was become a fixed expression upon her face, a feverish rapidity of gesture had replaced her restful ease of manner. The explanation, to Mrs. Adair's thinking, was not far to seek. Ethne Eustace of the open air shrank from marriage with a man so crippled, she dreaded the restraint upon her freedom; she felt with a great repugnance that she would herself be hardly less crippled than the man she married. Mrs. Adair watched Ethne descend the terrace-steps with an exultant heart. Her eyes were very bright. For the first time she contemplated her friend without a throb of envy and indeed with almost a feeling of contempt. Ethne Eustace was afraid, and for herself she had no such fears. To tell the truth—and Laura Adair confessed it frankly to herself—she was in a fierce way actually glad that blindness had befallen Durrance. It was not merely that his calamity seemed to be growing more and more into her opportunity. But, should that opportunity be realized, then it reserved him to her as hardly any man was reserved to any woman. She was so jealous of his every word and look, that his dependence upon her would be the extreme of pleasure.

But though Mrs. Adair could see Ethne and Durrance meet, she could not overhear their words. They met at the foot of the terrace steps, and walked side by side across the lawn towards the creek. On the bank they sat down.

"Well," said Ethne, "you saw the oculist. Tell me! What did he say?"

Durrance shrugged his shoulders.

"That one must wait. Only time can show whether a cure is possible or not," he answered, and Ethne bent forward a little and scrutinized his face as though she doubted that he spoke the truth.

"But must you and I wait?" she asked with a certain breathlessness. Had Mrs. Adair heard that question put in that voice, she might have doubted whether it was merely a reluctance to be hampered by a cripple which caused Ethne's fears.

"Surely," he returned. "It would be wiser on all counts. I know, of course, that you would like to be back in your own country. I remember very well a sentence which Harry Feversham——" He spoke the name quite carelessly, but paused just for a moment after he had spoken it. No

expression upon his face showed that he had any intention in so pausing, but Ethne suspected one. He was listening, she suspected, for some movement of uneasiness, perhaps of pain, into which she might possibly be betrayed. But she made no movement. "A sentence which Harry Feversham spoke a long while since," he resumed, "in London just before I left England for Egypt. He was speaking of you and he said, "She is of her country and more of her county. I do not think she could be happy in any place which was not within reach of Donegal." And when I remember that, it seems rather selfish that I should claim to keep you here at so much cost to you."

"I was not thinking of that," Ethne exclaimed, "when I asked why we must wait. Oh, no! I was wondering why you preferred to wait, why you insist upon it. For, of course, although one hopes and prays with all one's soul that you will get your sight back, the fact of a cure can make no difference."

She spoke slowly and her voice had a ring of pleading. She was asking Durrance to confirm her words. But he did not answer her. She returned to his own subject.

"It was Mrs. Adair, I suppose, who proposed this plan that I should come home and you stay with her."

Ethne started.

"Yes," she answered, and she asked quickly, "How did you know?"

"I guessed," he answered with a laugh, and replying to a certain note of anger in her question he added, "Mrs. Adair did not tell me."

Ethne explained rather hurriedly how the plan came to be proposed.

"I was in great distress when I heard of your accident. I was so distressed that at the first I could not think what to do. I told Laura, since she is my friend, and this was her plan. Of course, I welcomed it with all my heart," and again the note of pleading sounded in her voice. This time, however, Durrance answered it. He turned towards her with a smile.

"I know that very well," he said gently, and his hand dropped on hers.

Ethne drew a breath of relief and a flush came over her face. For the first time since she had met Durrance that morning the anxiety passed from it. But it was very quickly to return, for, as he still held her hand, he said:

"I want you to tell me something. You said once at Glenalla that some day you might bring yourself to tell me. I think that I should like to know. You see Harry Feversham was my friend. I want you to tell me what happened that night at Lennon House to break off your engagement, to send him away an outcast."

Ethne was silent for a while, and then she said gently, "I would rather not. It is all over and done with. I don't want you to ask me. He was your friend," and she broke off. "Even then I say too much."

Durrance let her hand go.

"Very well," he said cheerily, "I won't ask you," and soon after with a remark that politeness required him to pay his respects to Mrs. Adair, he rose and walked to the house.

He found Mrs. Adair reading her book in the drawing-room.

"I want to thank you," he said. "I was not certain until to-day that it was you who proposed this plan. I mean that Ethne should stay with you at Southpool until the doctors had done with me. It was very kind of you."

Mrs. Adair disclaimed his thanks. "Surely," she said, "it was the most natural thing to do. As soon as Ethne came to me with the bad news, of course I suggested it at once."

"And on what day did Ethne come to you?" he asked. "Do you remember?"

Durrance spoke with every appearance of carelessness. He was leaning against the side of the window, swinging the tassel of the blind-cord idly to and fro.

"Yes, I remember," Mrs. Adair replied, "I keep a diary."

"Well, what day was it? The day she received the telegram from Calder or the day after?"

Mrs. Adair started. How did he

know of that telegram she wondered. That Ethne had not told him, she was very sure.

"I musn't tell you," she answered slowly, "I promised Ethne that I would not."

"Thank you," said Durrance.

Mrs. Adair changed the subject.

"You have left Ethne in the garden," said she.

Ethne had remained where Durrance had left her, nor did she change her attitude. The gravity increased upon her face, the trouble grew in her eyes. She sat leaning upon one arm and conscious of a particular feeling of discomfort which had of late grown more and more frequent with her after any conversation with Durrance. She had felt that she had just stepped down from a witness-box where she had been subjected to a cross-examination so deft that she could not herself quite clearly perceive its drift, although she suspected it. It seemed to her, indeed, that Durrance's blindness had almost reversed their positions. Before she had never had a doubt as to what he meant, however ill he might express his meaning, his desires and intentions were no less manifest; he was, in a word, legible to her as a child's primer. For his eyes commented his words. Now that his eyes told her nothing, she was in the dark. "Yes," she said to herself, "it is I who am in the dark, not he."

The sentence sounded as a mere paradox; but to her it was the truth. It was not merely that Durrance's hearing had grown acute, that he could distinguish between footsteps, that the slightest change in the voice was perceptible to his ears. But he had acquired, and was still acquiring, a keen intuition as to the reason which caused this or that movement, this or that difference of tone. His mind kept pace with his hearing. He read between the spoken words with a remarkable accuracy, he interpreted silences as though they were spoken words. "One has no longer one's face to protect one's thoughts," Ethne had only yesterday said with a sort of despair to her friend, and she repeated that sentence now, and there was truth, too, in that cry. For so long as he had her face before him, with its wonderful bright colour, the steady frank grey eyes, the soft curves of her hair, he was hardly able to judge of what she said or meant with that detachment which was now possible. He saw in a word so much more clearly now that he was blind. Ethne felt at times that the very corners of her mind were open to his view, that she could conceal nothing; and there was something which she must conceal. She had accepted Durrance in the end out of pity and a great friendship, and a sure knowledge that with the coming of blindness he had lost everything for which he had hoped and striven except just herself. And it was this which she was continually afraid that he would discover.

"He must never find out," she exclaimed and was not sure that he had not found out. "Why does he pretend that there is a possibility of a cure?" and as she asked that question she looked up. The little boat which Mrs. Adair had seen tacking slowly up the creek now ran its nose into the shore a few yards from where she was sitting. A man lowered the sprit-sail, stepped from the boat, and after making the painter fast to a stump of tree came straight towards Ethne.

Ethne rose to her feet as he approached. He was a man of the middle-size and a stranger to her. She noted carelessly a short snub nose, a vacuous and protruding pair of brown eyes, a moustache with a curl of much ferocity, and, as he lifted his hat, a round forehead rather bald.

"This is Guassens, I believe," he said.

"Yes. You will find Mrs. Adair in the house," and she turned towards the terrace.

"I sailed up from Salcombe to see Miss Eustace," said the stranger, and Ethne turned back again in surprise.

"You see her," she said.

"So I thought. You will have forgotten my name no doubt. I am Captain Willoughby."

Ethne drew sharply back. The bright colour faded out of her face; her eyes grew very hard.

"It is one of three names which I am never likely to forget."

Captain Willoughby curled first one, then the other of his moustaches in a meditative silence.

"I can very well understand," said he at length, "that you do not welcome me, Miss Eustace." He spoke with the air of one forgiving her a breach of manners. "But we could not foresee that you would be present when the feathers came into Feversham's hands. I assure you that not one of us had any intention of hurting your feelings."

"I might perhaps be spared these excuses," cried Ethne. She did not stop to consider how it came about that Willoughby was aware that she was present when Feversham received the feathers. But he was speaking as though they had conveyed an invitation to dinner rather than a message of irretrievable ruin to one man and misery to others; and his display of indifference almost maddened her.

"Excuses!" said Willoughby with a stare. He took off his hat and ran his hand over his forehead and hair, staring at her the while with mild surprise. "But, Miss Eustace, I am not making excuses. Were the message to be sent again I have no doubt that we should send it."

"Was it your proposal that the message should be sent?" she asked suddenly.

"Let me think," said Willoughby. "No. It was Trench's idea so far as I remember."

"Ah! Captain Trench."

Ethne struck one clenched hand partly into the palm of the other as she spoke the name. She might recognize the justice of the accusation which had come on that summer night to Ramelton, she remembered clearly enough that she had added a fourth feather to the three, but she was woman enough never to forgive the men who had sent it, and above all the man who had devised it. A glance at Willoughby had assured her that the ingenuity of that plan was not his.

"But we all share Trench's responsibility," Willoughby resumed. "To speak frankly, I am afraid we took no account of your position in the matter, Miss Eustace. As I say, I do not think we should have stayed our hands if we had. But I was sorry to learn that you and Feversham had broken off the marriage on account of those feathers."

"That is kind of you," said Ethne. "You expected, no doubt, to find us seated opposite one another at the fireside—with those feathers, perhaps, as a suitable ornament for the mantelpiece."

Sarcasm had no more effect upon Captain Willoughby's invincible stupidity than the breaking of the merest summer ripple has upon a solid cliff. Ethne was wasting her breath, as she recognized. But she was doing worse than that, for her words brought down upon her a blow which made her actually shiver and close her eyes tight with pain. Willoughby was quite unconscious, however, of the force of the blow; he had no intention, indeed, to deal a blow at all.

"Well," he answered reflectively. "One hears that women can forgive a great deal to any man they care about. Is not that one of the merits which rank them above men? I don't know, but one is told so."

"Oh please," said Ethne in a whisper. She had before her eyes a picture of the little room leading from the hall at Ramelton, and of her broken ostrich fan and the fourth feather which she herself had added to the rest. It was not the first time that remorse had punished her for that piece of needless cruelty, but never so bitterly as on the occasion of Captain Willoughby's unfortunate panegyric upon her sex.

"But, of course," he continued, "we did not know the feathers would be forwarded from his lodgings or that you would be at his side when the box was opened. In fact I only learned it recently."

"When?" asked Ethne suddenly.

"A year ago."

"How?"

"Feversham told me at Suakin."

"Harry! You have seen him?"

The cry leaped loudly from her heart; it was indeed a throb of the heart made vocal. It startled Ethne almost as much as it surprised Captain Willoughby. She had schooled herself to omit Harry Feversham from her thoughts, to obliterate him from her affections, and the cry showed to her how incompletely she had succeeded. She looked behind her quickly towards the terrace. It was empty and quiet in the midday sunshine, her cry had not been heard. But her glance had been, indeed, not so much an expression of fear as of self-reproach. The cry, a moment after it was uttered, pricked her to sense of disloyalty to the blind man in the house. She turned back towards Willoughby and in spite of herself, the feeling of disloyalty vanished from her mind like a breath from the face of a mirror. Strive as she did, she could not recapture it. Memories sternly repressed for so long, regrets which she had thought stifled out of existence, longings grown unfamiliar filled all her thoughts. She was back again in the midst of that season at Dublin in the spring, before the feathers came, five years ago; and very dead years those five years seemed to her.

"You have seen him?" she said in a low, wondering voice, a voice of envy. "You have actually spoken with him?"

"Of course," answered her stolid companion, "else why should I be here?"

The question came as a shock to Ethne. She did not guess the correct answer; she was not indeed sufficiently mistress of herself to speculate upon any answer, but she dreaded it, whatever it might be.

"Yes," she said slowly, and perhaps reluctantly. "After all, why are you here?"

Willoughby took a letter-case from his breast, opened it with deliberation, and shook out from one of its pockets into the palm of his hand a tiny soiled white feather. He held it out to Ethne.

"I have come to give you this."

"Why?"

"Three white feathers, three separate accusations of cowardice were sent to Mr. Feversham by three separate men. This is actually one of those feathers which came to Ramelton five years ago. I am one of the three men who sent them. I have come to tell you that I withdraw my accusation. I take my feather back."

"Will you give it to me?" asked Ethne in a calm and natural voice. But as she took the feather in her palm, a thing so light and fragile and yet so momentous as an emblem, the trees and the garden began to whirl suddenly about her. She was aware that Captain Willoughby was speaking, but his voice had grown extraordinarily distant and thin; so that she was annoyed, since she wished very much to hear all that he had to say. And then to Willoughby's extreme astonishment and dismay she pitched suddenly forward into his arms and slid to the ground at his feet.

"You mustn't do that," said Willoughby in alarm. "No, you really mustn't you know."

But Ethne did not answer. Willoughby scratched his head, he was aware that there were certain remedies practised. One slapped the patient's hands, or poured water over her face; but before he could make a start Ethne opened her eyes.

"I am very foolish," she said, and she sat up on the grass. She opened her right hand, which was tightly clenched, and saw that the white feather still lay within her palm. Then she clenched her hand again upon it. "Your news was rather a shock to me, I did not expect it. Even now I do not quite understand." She rose to her feet, disregarding the hand which he held out to her, and once she was standing, she looked anxiously towards the house. But the terrace was empty, the July sunlight was bright upon the flowers and lawn, the quiet of a wind-

less summer day slept upon the garden and the creek; even the woods were still.

"There is a seat amongst the trees," she went on, "close by the water. We might go there, and perhaps you will tell me your story. I shall be very glad to hear it." And with the feather still clenched in her hand she led the way from that open space. The bench was placed on the bank of the creek, and at the back was sheltered by a hedge. Behind the hedge rose the tall, thick screen of poplars and elms. On the opposite side of the water the trees rose again and were overtopped by sloping meadows.

"Now," she said, as she sat down, "you will take your time, perhaps. You will forget nothing, will you? Even his words if you remember them. I shall thank you."

For more than five years she had heard no word of Harry Feversham, and she hungered for news of him, for the sound of his favourite phrases. She did not at this moment make any effort to hide her hunger from herself. Somehow Harry Feversham had redeemed his honour—somehow she had been unjust to him; and she was to learn how. That anticipation filled all her thoughts. She felt, indeed, not even a remorse that she had been unjust. That would come afterwards. At present the knowledge that she had been unjust was too great a happiness to admit of any abatement.

"Now," she said, and Willoughby sat down beside her. "I will not interrupt you," and almost the next moment she broke that promise.

"He came to me at Suakin in May," Willoughby began, and at once Ethne broke in:

"How did he look?"

Willoughby wrinkled his forehead and twisted a moustache.

"Well, I don't know," he said doubtfully. "Pretty much what other men look like, I suppose, who have been hard at it in the Soudan, a trifle thin in the face perhaps, trained a bit fine perhaps, but fit enough, don't you know."

"Never mind," said Ethne. "I promised not to interrupt. I beg your pardon." And she composed herself to listen.

She was in that most English of counties, the county of Plymouth and Dartmouth, and Brixham and the Start; where the red cliffs of its coastline speak perpetually of dead centuries, so that one cannot put into any harbour without some thought of the Spanish main and of the little barques and pinnaces which adventured heartfully out on their long voyages with the tide. Up this very creek the clink of the shipbuilders' hammers had rung and the soil upon its banks seems vigorous with the memories of British sailors. But Ethne had no thought for these associations. The countryside was a shifting mist before her eyes, which now and then let through a glimpse of that strange wide country in the east, of which Durrance had so often told her. The only trees which she saw were the stunted mimosas of the desert; the only sea, the great stretches of yellow sand; the only cliffs, the sharp-peaked pyramidal black rocks rising abruptly from its surface. It was part of the irony of her position that she was able so much more completely to appreciate the trials which one lover of hers had undergone through the confidences which had been made to her by the other.

"I am Deputy Governor in Suakin," Willoughby began again. "The Governor was on leave in May, so that I was in command. You can't well imagine the heat of Suakin in May. It is all right amongst the hills close by, but the town's unbearable. A wet, heavy heat. You can't sleep at night, and you must work by day. Well, I was sitting in the verandah on the first floor at Government House about ten o'clock at night, looking out towards the harbour and the distillation works, and wondering whether it was worth while to go to bed at all, when a visitor was announced. He came on to the verandah. There was only one lamp burning then, and the verandah was wide and the night dark. The vis-

itor came close to me, and then I saw that it was Feversham. I was startled; you see I had never expected to set eyes on him again, least of all in the Soudan whither he refused to go. I beg your pardon?"

He broke off with an inquiry, for Ethne had moved abruptly. There was a look of pain upon her face, for which he was at a loss to account.

"I did not interrupt you," she said. "Go on please."

"Well, I sat and stared at him; he stood and looked at me for a minute or two. Then he said: 'I did not send in my name because I thought you would very likely refuse to see me if I did.' I asked him what his business was now he had come, and he drew a packet out of his coat pocket and laid it on the table. 'These are letters which Gordon wrote from Khartoum,' he said. 'Gordon sent them by a messenger down the hill. The messenger travelled as far as Berber, which had already fallen. He hid them in a wall there and escaped. I have been into Berber and recovered them.' 'You,' I exclaimed, 'that's absurd,' and he answered quite quietly, 'No doubt. But it's true.' I asked him to sit down and tell me his yarn."

Feversham had told it without exaggeration and with few omissions. He had related how he had fallen in with Abou Fatma, how he had planned the recovery of the letters, how the two men had travelled together as far as Obak, and how he himself driving his grey donkey had gone on alone to Berber. He had not even concealed that access of panic which had loosened his joints when first he saw the low brown walls of the town and the towering date palms behind on the bank of the Nile; which had sent him running and leaping across the empty desert in the sunlight, a marrowless thing of fear. At this point, however, Feversham had made an omission. He had said nothing of the hours which he had spent crouching upon the hot sand, with his coat drawn over his head, nothing of the reasons which prevailed with him at the end.

"He went down into Berber at the setting of the sun," said Captain Willoughby, and it was all that he had to say. It was enough, however, for Ethne Eustace. She drew a deep breath of relief, her face softened, there came a light into her grey eyes, and a smile upon her lips.

"Go on," she said eagerly.

Willoughby told her how Feversham had gone at night into the old town and found it ruined and all its landmarks gone. "The roofs had been torn off, the houses dismantled, the front walls carried away. Narrow alleys of crumbling fives' courts—that was how Feversham described the place—crossing this way and that and gaping to the stars. Here and there perhaps a broken tower, rose up the remnant of a rich man's house. But of any sign which could tell a man where the hut of Yusef, who had once sold rock-salt in the market-place, had stood, there was no hope in those acres of crumbling mud. The foxes had already made their burrows there."

The smile faded from Ethne's face, she sat in suspense, as though dreading some word of failure might come next. But one of her hands lay tightly clenched upon her knee. She opened it and saw the white feather lying in her palm and she laughed with a great contentment as she saw it. It was a proof that in this story there was to be no word of failure.

"Go on," she said.

Willoughby related the despatch of the negro with the donkey to Abou Fatma at the walls of Obak, and while he spoke, Ethne lightly blew the feather into the air and caught it as it floated rocking down, just as she had done years ago in the hall at Lennon House. But now the feather was all soiled and yellow with desert sand. It was a thing as precious to her as it had been to Harry Feversham when he first spoke of his intention to Lieutenant Sutch in the grill room of the Criterion Restaurant.

CHAPTER XIV.—ETHNE GETS BACK ONE FEATHER

"FEVERSHAM stayed for a fortnight in Berber," Willoughby continued. "A week during which he came every morning to the well and waited for the return of his negro from Obak, and a week during which that negro searched for Yusef, who had once sold rock-salt in the market place. I doubt, Miss Eustace, if you can realize, however hard you try, what that fortnight must have meant to Feversham—the anxiety, the danger, the continued expectation that a voice would bid him halt and a hand fall upon his shoulder, the urgent knowledge that if the hand fell, death would be the least part of his penalty. I imagine the town—a town of low houses and broad streets of sand dug here and there into pits for mud wherewith to build the houses, and overhead a blistering sun and a hot, shadowless sky. In no corner was there any shadow or concealment. And all day a crowd jostled and shouted up and down these streets—for that is the Mahdist policy, to crowd the towns so that all may be watched, and every other man is his neighbour's spy. Feversham dared not seek the shelter of a roof at night, for he dared not trust his tongue. He could buy his food each day at the booths, but he was afraid of any conversation. He slept at night in some corner of the old deserted town, in the acres of the ruined fives' courts. For the same reason he must not slink in the by-ways by day lest any should question him, nor listen in the public places lest other loiterers should joke with him and draw him into their talk. Nor dare he prowl about those crumbled ruins. From sunrise to sunset he must go quickly up and down the streets of the town like a man bent upon urgent business which permits of no delay. And that continued for a fortnight, Miss Eustace! A weary life, don't you think? I wish I could tell you of it as vividly as he told me that night upon the balcony at Suakin. But no doubt he will tell it to you himself. He sat in an attitude which I well remembered, his elbows on the table, and his chin propped upon his fists."

"I remember too," said Ethne with a nod.

"In front of us was the quiet harbour and the Red Sea, above us the African stars. Feversham spoke in the quietest manner possible, but with a peculiar deliberation, and with his eyes fixed upon my face as though he was forcing me to feel with him and to understand. Well, after Feversham had lived for a fortnight in Berber, the negro discovered Yusef no longer selling salt but tending a small plantation of dhurra on the river's edge. From Yusef Feversham obtained particulars enough to guide him to the house where the letters were concealed in the inner wall. But Yusef was no longer to be trusted. Possibly Feversham's accent betrayed him. The more likely story is that Yusef took Feversham for a spy and thought it wise to confess to Mohammed el Khen, the Emir, his own share in the concealment of the letters. That, however, is a matter of conjecture. The important fact is this. On the same night Feversham went alone to Old Berber."

"Alone!" said Ethne, catching her breath. "Yes?"

"He found the house fronting a narrow alley and the sixth of the row. The front wall was destroyed, but the two side walls and the back wall still stood. Three feet from the floor and two feet from the right hand corner the letters were hidden in that inner wall. Feversham dug into the mud bricks, he made a hole wherein he could slip his hand. The wall was thick, he dug deep, stopping now and again to feel for the packet. At last his fingers clasped, he drew it out; as he hid it in the fold of his jibbeh, the light from a lantern shone upon him."

Ethne started as though she had been trapped herself. Those acres of roofless fives' courts with here and there a tower showing up against the sky, the solitary alleys, the dead sil-

ence beneath the stars to which the cries and the beating of drums and the glare of lights from the new town added no doubt a significance, Harry Feversham alone with the letters, with, in a word, some portion of his honour redeemed, and finally the lantern light flashing upon him in that solitary place —the scene itself, and the progress of the incidents were so visible to Ethne at that moment, that even with the feather in her open palm, she could hardly bring herself to believe that Harry Feversham had escaped.

"Well, well?" she asked breathlessly.

"He was standing with his face to the wall, the light came from the alley behind him. He did not turn, but out of the corner of his eye he could see a fold of a white robe. He carefully secured the packet, he had still his knife in his hand, he faced about suddenly and ran. There were two men waiting. Feversham ran at the man who held the lantern. He was aware of the point of a spear, he ducked and beat it aside with his left arm, he leaped forward and struck with his right. The Arab fell at his feet, the lantern was extinguished. Feversham sprang across the white-robed body and ran eastwards towards the open desert. He was followed by the second soldier. He had foreseen that he would be followed. If he was to escape it was indeed necessary that he should be. He crouched behind a wall and as the Arab came running by he leaped out upon his shoulders. And again as he leaped he struck. The strangest feature of those fierce short minutes to Feversham, was that he felt no fear. I don't understand that, do you?"

Ethne was silent for a little while. Then she said slowly, "When those feathers came, he told me why they were sent quite simply with his eyes on mine. When my father knew and came out into the hall, he waited quite steadily for my father. I think that I do understand and I might have understood five years ago."

In the little room off the hall at Ramelton Harry Feversham had told her of his upbringing, of the loss of his mother, of the impassable gulf between his father and himself, of the fear of disgrace which had haunted him day and night, marking him in his thoughts with that brand of the pariah which he was to bear afterwards to the knowledge of those who had been his friends. But Ethne had not understood, indeed she would not understand. She had added the fourth white feather to the other three.

"It was an illusion, his fear of cowardice," she cried. "If only one had been a little older, a little less sure about things, a little less narrow! One would have listened, one might have understood. At all events one would not have been cruel. The merest illusion!"

Captain Willoughby curled his moustache and rubbed the side of his nose in discomfort. He had not the key to Ethne's self-upbraidings. He had a suspicion that they were directed against himself and his companions.

"Yes," said he. "But these fine distinctions you know—they are all very well in their way—very comforting to think about and all that sort of thing. But they don't work really, you know. A man who sends in his papers just because he has heard his regiment is ordered on active service, well, there's only one word for him, he's a——"

He saw Ethne's face contract and checked himself. "I won't say the word. But he's a bit thick, isn't he, Miss Eustace. Own to that in justice to us. He is a wee bit thick. And upon my word, Miss Eustace, if the affair happened again, we should be everyone of us extremely sorry for you —soul and honour we should—but supposing poor old Trench thought the feathers were the right thing, I shouldn't wonder if we sent them again."

"Trench," exclaimed Ethne for the second time with a vicious spurt of anger. She turned to Willoughby severely, "You will please not mention his name to me again. I don't wish to hear it."

"Certainly," said Willoughby, who

was rather taken aback. "But it's just as well perhaps, although he isn't having such a very good time, that he's out of your reach. There's some consolation in that;" and he drew away from Ethne along the bench and spoke with so much alarm that she could not forbear laughing.

"You are safe at all events," she said.

"An illusion was the very word Feversham used," he resumed, "at Suakin. He took the knife which he had used, from its sheath and showed it to me. He had not cleaned it, on purpose. A thick clotted rust dulled the whole length of the blade. He sat whittling away the edge of the table with his head bent over the work and said over and over again in a bitter savage sort of voice, much as you speak of poor old—no!" he exclaimed in dismay and he raised a hand to shield himself. "I am not going to mention it—soul and honour I am not. He said over and over again 'An illusion, but an illusion which has wrecked my life and destroyed a woman's happiness.' He was thinking of you, you see, all the time," said Captain Willoughby in his slyest and most insinuating tones. Ethne distinctly flinched. Captain Willoughby was perplexed. He had gone out of his way to make the most agreeable remark he could think of to his companion and she shied from it like a horse from a sheet of newspaper. He might have been threatening to hit her.

"One never seems to say the right thing to you," he said somewhat resentfully, "though why in the world you should be hurt because—"

"O, please!" she interrupted quickly. Willoughby shrugged his shoulders and gave her up. She was a woman, one of the incomprehensibles, and he went on with his story.

"Feversham sat whittling away my table for a little time afterwards, and said nothing. I had nothing in particular to say either. So the silence promised to last for an uncomfortable time. I took up the letters he had brought and opened them. They were Gordon's letters, to be sure, no doubt of that, but they had no importance. They weren't worth the risk of a finger-nail, and I told him so. He answered 'Very likely, I did not give a great deal of thought as to whether they were of importance or not.' Why in the world then did you risk your life in Berber? I asked, and his answer fairly took me by surprise, 'Because I knew you were deputy-governor of Suakin,' he said. I thought for the moment that he was laughing at me, and believe me, Miss Eustace, I do not like to be laughed at. It offends me very much; it is not at all a pleasant thing." Captain Willoughby's voice was rising, his face flushed, he settled his collar. "Not at all a pleasant thing, and I have never allowed myself to grow used to it."

"But he was not laughing at you," said Ethne.

"No, no, to be sure," resumed Willoughby, recovering his composure, "but I had a notion that he was, and I found the notion distasteful, very distasteful, upon my word." His voice was rising again. It was evident that Captain Willoughby was singularly touchy upon the subject of ridicule. Ethne, at his side, made a movement of impatience.

"All right," he cried hastily and rather in alarm, "I am going on—soul and honour I am. He was not laughing at me. He took that feather out of his pocket and said, 'I went into Berber, I brought those letters out of Berber, with the hope that you would take that feather back.' And I did. I didn't own myself in the wrong, you understand, Miss Eustace."

"Oh no," said Ethne sympathetically, "you would not, of course, do that."

"No, but I took the feather back. I annulled my accusation of cowardice," said he, leaning back complacently in his seat, and Ethne was seized by a sudden anger against him. It swept through her, it tingled in her blood. Who was this man to bring any charges against anyone of his acquaintance? She sat waiting for him to speak, keeping him under watch from the corners

of her eyes, and ready to pounce the moment he opened his lips. But Willoughby was in no hurry to speak, and Ethne was compelled to ask "Is that all?"

"Nearly," returned Willoughby. "He asked me to go to Ramelton to seek you out, to show you the feather and to tell you the story which he told to me that night. I had some little difficulty in finding you, Miss Eustace. I traced you from Ramelton to Glenalla, from Glenalla to London, from London to Southpool—and my leave is not over long. But I thought it right." And Ethne was disarmed.

"It is very kind of you," she said remorsefully.

"No," he returned with a magnanimous wave of the hand, "you gave the feathers back to Feversham in order that he might redeem his honour. It is only right that you should know he has redeemed it, even if telling you places me in a false position."

Before he had finished his sentence Ethne had sprung to her feet. He could not see her face, for she stood a little in front of him, but it was evident that again words spoken with the kindest intention had somehow gone amiss. She stood so remarkably still.

"Your attitude," he said with some severity, "is a reflection upon my tact, don't you know."

Ethne answered him in a very low voice.

"Will you repeat what you said again—and ever so slowly, please?"

"You gave the feathers into Feversham's hand—" he began deliberately, and at once Ethne interrupted him.

"Did he tell you that?"

"Yes. In order that he might by his conduct compel the men who gave them him to take them back."

"And did he tell you that, too?"

"No, I don't suppose he did," said Willoughby, reflectively. "I guessed the reason why you told him to take them up that night at Lennon House. One may live in the Soudan but one knows something about women after all. Feversham's disgrace was upon the face of it, impossible to retrieve, but, granted that it was possible, the method he adopted was most unlikely to secure his end. The opportunity might never occur. As it is he waited three years in the bazaar of Suakin before it did occur. No, Miss Eustace, it needed a woman's faith to conceive that plan, a woman's encouragement, to keep the man who undertook it to his undertaking."

Ethne did not change from her attitude for a little while. She stood quite silent and still, looking straight in front of her across the creek to the dark, rising woods beyond. But when she did turn, she left Captain Willoughby in no doubt. This time his tact was not at fault, he had said what the occasion demanded. She was not merely pleased, she was proud. Her face was tender with pride and more than tender. Pride seemed in some strange way to hallow her, to give an unimagined benignance to her eyes, an unearthly brightness to the smile upon her lips and the colour upon her cheeks. So that Willoughby, looking at her, was carried out of himself.

"Yes," he cried. "You were the woman to plan this retrieval. And with you to cheer him on, it is not so wonderful that he stuck to it."

Ethne laughed very happily.

"Did he tell you of a fourth white feather?" she asked.

"No."

"I shall tell you the truth," she said, as she resumed her seat. "The plan was of his devising from first to last. Nor did I encourage him to its execution. For, until to-day I never heard a word of it. Since the night of that dance in Donegal, I have had no message from Mr. Feversham, and no news of him. I told him to take those three feathers, because they were his, and I wished to show him that I agreed with the accusations of which they were the symbols. That seems cruel? But I did more. I snapped a fourth white feather from my fan and gave him that to carry away too. It is only fair that you should know. I wanted to make an end for ever and

ever, not only of my acquaintanceship with him, but of every kindly thought he might keep of me, of every kindly thought I might keep of him. I wanted to be sure myself and I wanted him to be sure, that we should always be strangers now and—and afterwards ;" and the last words she spoke in a whisper. Captain Willoughby did not understand what she meant by it. It is possible that only Lieutenant Sutch and Harry Feversham himself would have understood.

"I was sad and sorry enough when I had done it," she resumed. "Indeed, indeed, I think I have always been sorry since. I think that I have never at any minute during those five years quite forgotten that fourth white feather, and the quiet air of dignity with which he took it. But to-day I am glad." And her voice, though low, rang rich with the fulness of her pride. "Oh, very glad! For this was his thought, his deed. They are both all his, as I would have them be. I had no share, and of that I am very proud. He needed no woman's faith, no woman's encouragement."

"Yet he sent this back to you," said Willoughby, pointing in some perplexity to the feather which Ethne held.

"Yes," she said, "Yes. He knew that I should be glad to know." And suddenly she held it close to her breast. Then she sat for a while with her eyes shining.

"And all this happened in the spring!" she said. "It is strange. I had no thought of it. What was I doing in the spring?"

"In the spring of last year," said Willoughby.

Ethne turned quickly towards him. "Last year! You don't mean that, Captain Willoughby," she cried, and then changed to a voice of pleading. "It was this spring. You have made a mistake. Say that you have made it. Please! please!"

Willoughby shook his head. He did not understand Ethne's agitation.

"I have made no mistake. It was last year."

"Then why did you not come to me last year?"

"My leave was not long enough. What difference would it have made?"

Ethne laughed rather bitterly, but she gave him no answer. Last year she herself had been free, this year she was not. "It is not worth while to say," she said.

"To tell the truth, I thought it very likely that I might find Feversham had come back before me," said Willoughby.

"Oh, no," returned Ethne. "There could be no possibility of that. There are the other two feathers you see."

"Ah, but he can never persuade the men who sent them to take them back, as he persuaded me."

"Why not?"

"Castleton was killed at Tamai. Poor old—I must repeat his name—poor old Trench is a prisoner at Omdurman."

"Trench!" she exclaimed, striking one hand into the other, and she actually smiled. She was pleased, it seemed, with the knowledge that Captain Trench, who had devised this message of the feathers, had found the world go hardly with him, too.

"I don't think you can have any idea," said Willoughby seriously, "of what captivity at Omdurman implies. If you did, however much you disliked the captive, believe me, you would not laugh."

Ethne remained stubbornly silent under this reproof; and Willoughby continued :—

"No. Feversham has done all that was reasonably possible. I told him so, and he accepted my advice. For he took the first steamer which touched at Suakin, on its way to Suez, and so left the Soudan."

He stopped abruptly, and his face took on an expression of surprise.

"Durrance, by Jove!" he cried.

"Hush," returned Ethne immediately, and her face grew white and her eyes closed for a moment as though she were in pain. She followed the direction of Willoughby's glance. In the very entrance to the enclosure

stood the one man who must not meet Willoughby, who must never know of his coming. She looked about her, though she knew very well that she would look in vain. There was no way of egress from this square of hedge and creek but that by which Durrance was entering.

"Keep still," she said in a whisper. "You know him?"

"Of course. He was three years at Suakin. I heard that he had gone blind. I am glad to know that it is not true." This he said noticing the freedom of Durrance's gait.

"Speak lower," returned Ethne. "It is true. He *is* blind."

"One would never have thought it. What can I say to him?"

"Say nothing!"

Durrance was still standing in the entrance of the enclosure, and as it seemed, looking straight towards the two people seated on the bench.

"Ethne," he said rather than called; and the quiet, unquestioning voice made the illusion that he saw extraordinarily complete.

"It's impossible that he is blind," said Willoughby; "he sees us."

"He sees nothing."

Again Durrance called "Ethne!" but now in a louder voice and a voice of doubt.

"He is not sure," whispered Ethne. "Keep very still."

"Why?"

"He must not know you are here," and lest Willoughby should move she caught his arm tight in her hand. Willoughby did not pursue his enquiries. Ethne's manner constrained him to silence. She sat very still, and in a queer huddled attitude, she was even holding her breath, she was staring at Durrance with a great fear in her eyes, her face was strained forward and not a muscle of it moved, so that Willoughby, as he looked at her, was conscious of a certain excitement which grew on him for no reason but her remarkable apprehension. He began unaccountably himself to fear lest he should be discovered.

"He is coming in," he whispered.

"Not a word, not a movement."

"Ethne!" Durrance again cried. He advanced firmly into the enclosure and towards the seat. Ethne and Captain Willoughby sat rigid watching him. He passed in front of the bench and stopped actually facing them. Surely, thought Willoughby, he sees. His eyes were upon them; he stood easily as though he were about to speak to them. Even Ethne, though she very well knew, began to doubt her knowledge.

"Ethne!" he said again, and this time in the quiet voice which he had just used. But since again no answer came, he shrugged his shoulders and turned towards the creek. His back was towards them now, but Ethne's experience had taught her to appreciate almost indefinable signs in his bearing, now that his face showed her so little. Something in his attitude, in the poise of his head, even in the carelessness with which he swung his stick, told her that he was listening. Her grasp tightened on Willoughby's arm. Thus they remained for the space of a minute and then Durrance turned suddenly and took a step towards the seat. He was going to sit down. But immediately he changed his mind.

"I wonder where in the world she can be," he said to himself aloud, and he walked back and out of the enclosure. Ethne did not free Captain Willoughby's arm until Durrance had disappeared from sight. Then she drew a breath of relief and leaned back in the seat with her hand to her forehead, like one who is overspent and tired. And Willoughby as he had shared in her suspense now shared in her release from it.

"That was a close shave," he said as he wiped his forehead. "Suppose that Durrance had sat down? You must have moved. How would you have explained your silence?"

"I had not thought of what I should do." Ethne answered in a weak voice and then she took her hand from her brow and turned to Willoughby. "Colonel Durrance must never know of your

visit here. He must never know that Mr. Feversham came to you in Suakin—"

"Oh, but I say," he interrupted. "Surely that's not quite playing the game, is it, Miss Eustace? Durrance was Feversham's great friend. He ought to be told that I have taken the feather back and withdrawn my accusation, oughtn't he?—even though it puts me in rather a ridiculous light."

"Colonel Durrance does not even know that the feathers were ever sent to Mr. Feversham. He does not know why my engagement was broken off, and there are reasons, great reasons now, why he must never know."

She stooped as she spoke and picked up the white feather which had fallen to the ground when she had clutched at Willoughby's arm. Willoughby was not satisfied.

"What reason?" he asked stubbornly. "I think I must know before I promise to keep silence."

"I am engaged to Colonel Durrance," said Ethne.

TO BE CONTINUED

LOVE'S LAW

A FAIR Maid had a heart and sought to sell it,
And many came to gaze, and some to buy,
And one poor lad (alack! I weep to tell it),
Who did but sigh and sob, and sob and sigh,
"Why do you sigh and sob, good lad?" I said.
"Alas, have you not heard? Sweet Cupid's dead."

And rich men came and flashed rare gems, and flaunted
Smooth silks to soften sleep; and great men came
And offered gilt renown; and princes vaunted
The tawdry splendour of a noble name.
But still the Maiden shook her lovely head,
"Your wares do shine, but so does glass," she said.

But one sweet Night that whispered like a lover,
The lad of sobs and sighs slipped thro' the crowd
And stole the heart. And when they did discover
The prize was gone, the Rich and Great and Proud
Denounced the thief; but she did turn soft eyes
Of liquid love on him, and spoke thus-wise:

"The law of love is good. Yet doth it punish
Not him who steals, but him who pays; and cries
Him but a foolish knave who doth diminish
By what he gives the worth of what he buys.
For lawful love is most unlawful trade,
And he who steals shall keep," the Maiden said.

Ralph M. Jones

IN THE SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Thirteen Distinct Episodes

By ROBERT BUCKLEY

EPISODE XII.—THE STRANGE CASE OF JOHN TIMBS

ANTHONY HALLAM is decidedly tantalizing at times. He will approach a story, nibble at it, throw out the most interesting hints, and, just as you think it is coming, he will fly off at a tangent on the subject of gardening. Three precious evenings were wasted in this way. On the fourth he drifted insensibly into the narrative of another complete reminiscence.

"The strange case of John Timbs," he said, "at first, and indeed for long afterwards, presented the appearance of an insoluble mystery. And this feature possessed so much charm for me, that I actually took up the affair during my hard-earned holidays! I had read the story from first to last, and had before me a complete report of the proceedings. The locale of the crime was suitable for holiday purposes; it was 'truly rural,' and was commonly spoken of as a 'lovely country with capital fishing.' Now, although I was not a disciple of Izaak Walton, I was willing to learn the gentle art he loved so well, and besides, the pretence of fishing would admirably cover my real business.

"So I went down with a complete fit-out of fishing tackle, and comfortably ensconced myself in a clean little tavern called the 'Coach and Horses,' a sign which dated from some prehistoric day when the place was a borough town, and before the railway which had chosen to pass six miles away had left the old borough high and dry. Looking at the village with modern eyes, it was hard to believe that it had once returned two members to Parliament. Yet so it was. A peaceful, wholesome, old-world little country-town rather than a village, though it had all the character of a village. All the inhabitants had gardens, and all were good gardeners. I could have lived at the 'Coach and Horses' Inn, Priors Broomfield,' for ever!

"Yet the trail of the serpent was there. A cruel murder had been committed, a cruel and mysterious murder, apparently without adequate motive, and by some person not only unknown but also entirely unsuspected. The seeming absence of motive was an inexplicable feature of the case, but this was only one puzzle of many. The facts were as follows:—

"John Timbs was an old and highly respected member of the county constabulary, who, owing to his advancing years, had been placed in this quiet district by way of providing him with a sinecure in which to serve the short time remaining between him and his pension.

"He was a tall, active man of fifty or thereabouts, and was noted for his genial good-temper and philanthropic habit of mind. Unruly drunkards were coaxed home. Trespassers were gently warned to desist. Disputing neighbours were brought together and helped to make it up without recourse to the law. John Timbs had been the Broomfield policeman for years without a single serious case. True, he had been compelled to execute a warrant which commanded him to arrest one Thomas Moss, of Beaconbank, a wild ne'er-do-well farmer, who had failed to comply with an order of the County Court. And the joke was that Tom had taken out his horse and trap

and had driven himself and Timbs to the market town and the wrathful judge. Timbs was a universal favourite, and the most popular man in the district, not excepting the squire. And yet John Timbs had been foully murdered in cold blood.

"Stated in the baldest form, the case stood thus: Timbs had left home for a 'meeting,' which is the local term for the intersection of patrol-points, concerning which few persons beyond the police know anything at all. But the fact remains that the rural police have regularly planned marches, and that at certain fixed hours they meet each other at certain points and exchange information, and so forth. On the occasion in question Timbs had started at midnight to walk to a spot called Blytheford, a distance of three miles, where, at a rural bridge, he was to meet the police officer of High Ridware, who on his part had to walk three miles from the opposite direction. Timbs lived in the middle of Broomfield, which consists of one long street. He had walked clear of the houses, and was descending a hill well within the first mile of his journey when he was stabbed from behind and fell dead. So terrible was the blow that the weapon had passed completely through the body and left a wound on the chest. The corpse of Timbs was found by a farm labourer named Talbot, when going to work at five on a summer morning.

"The poor fellow's watch and purse were untouched, but his Indian medal was gone. Timbs had been in the army, had served through the Indian Mutiny, and on high days and holidays was accustomed to wear his medal. On the eve of the fatal day he was present at the Yeomanry Drill, and did not remove the medal on returning home. Poor Timbs seemed to have an amiable weakness for his decoration, and would don it on the slightest excuse—even at the annual 'walk of the Oddfellows' and Foresters' Clubs.' It was his sign of festivity, and shone out conspicuously against the blue coat. There was something pathetic in the remark of his widow, a decent matronly body of forty-five, 'I would rather they had taken anything than his medal,' she said; 'John thought so much of it!'

"Was robbery the motive of the murder? Was John Timbs killed for his watch, purse and medal, and was the murderer disturbed, or did he lack courage to search his victim's pockets? If so, he had gained but little. To offer the medal for sale was to run the risk of immediate arrest—to reduce it to ore was to bring its value to next to nothing. The motive seemed inadequate, though murders have been committed in England for less than a silver medal, a silver watch, and the probable contents of a rural policeman's purse. And if the robbery motive were dismissed, why did the murderer take the medal?

"Timbs had no children, and the authorities were looking after the interests of his widow, who was inconsolable. I saw a good deal of Mrs. Timbs, and ascertained from her a number of points that had presented themselves to my mind. Timbs had risen at eleven—it was his week of night-patrols, and after a cup of coffee and a smoke had set forth cheerfully in the balmy air of a summer midnight in the country. She expected him to return at six, but instead of that a horrified neighbour had rushed to her door, and having awoke her, called from the street in the delicate manner of the rural English, "Your husband's been murdered!" Mrs. Timbs clearly knew no more than anyone else; had not—and here was my great point—had not any knowledge of any secret enemy; had never heard John express an unfavourable opinion of anyone in the place; was quite sure there was no one whom he disliked; was positive that no one had a grudge against him. Everbody liked her John, from the children at the infant school to old Daddy Green in the almshouses, who was ninety-three—all of which was true.

"Yet somebody had slain John Timbs! His popularity was undoubted; the excellence of his heart was

beyond question—but he was dead, and by a stab in the back! Who had killed him? What was the motive? Where was the medal? When I had talked to my heart's content with the widow, I contrived to become acquainted with the medical man of the district, a Dr. Houghton, who had been on particularly intimate terms with John Timbs. The policeman had fought in India; the doctor had served in the Army Medical Department, also in India, though neither had ever heard of the other till they met at Priors Broomfield. Dr. Houghton was an enthusiast in his profession, and willingly told me all he knew concerning the wound which had cost John Timbs his life. And here again was mystery.

"The blow was struck upwards as from the striker's right hip, the wound under the left shoulder-blade being lower than the small punctured wound on the chest where the point of the fatal instrument had protruded. The weapon was not flat, but triangular—Dr. Houghton was quite clear as to this remarkable feature; he had seen too many old-fashioned bayonet wounds to have any doubt whatever. Further, the weapon was probably about the length of a bayonet, for it had been driven to the hilt, and a slight semi-circular bruise had at once demonstrated this, and the fact that the hilt or handle had a circular guard which had struck the body at an angle. But the wound, though resembling the stab of a bayonet, was not a bayonet wound. It was too small, too fine; closely resembling the wound inflicted by an Italian stiletto of the triangular type. And, though the utmost inquiry had been made, no one in the village had been able to remember having seen such an instrument in the possession of any inhabitant—or anywhere else. And in a place like Priors Broomfield the neighbours knew each other's simple possessions to a nicety, while if anybody owns anything new or unique, the whole neighbourhood is acquainted with the fact at once.

"No strangers were staying in the village at the time of the murder, nor had any been seen in the vicinity; though it was said that during the previous week the whole country-side had flocked to the place to visit a circus which had for six consecutive days performed on the village green. I pricked up my ears at mention of the circus, but 'lay low,' knowing how the ordinary British intellect would scoff at the notion that a circus which had left the village a week before, could have anything to do with the murder. My first inquiries elicited nothing to help me. It was easy to surmise that the village policeman, dressed in a little brief authority, might have come into conflict with the circus folks. But John Timbs was not a meddlesome officer. On the contrary, he had made things easy all round, and had won over the proprietor to invite all the school children to a morning performance. John Timbs had begged a half-holiday for the children; had escorted them to the show; had stayed with them through the entertainment; had explained the clown's jokes; had told them all about the elephant; had, in short, been the life and soul of the affair, sitting up with military stiffness, a smile on his lip, the Lucknow medal on his breast.

"When the show was over the children sang 'God Save the Queen,' and John Timbs had called for three cheers for the proprietor, and three more for the performers, and the proprietor had made a neat speech, in which he said that in twenty-five years' travelling he had never met with a policeman like John Timbs, and called for three cheers for him. And when the children cheered more lustily than ever, John, who was fond of children, blew his nose hard, and said that cheerin' him was all nonsense, but he liked to see the kids enjoyin' theirselves. And when the circus struck its tent and trekked, John walked with the vans as far as Blytheford, the very place he was going to when he met his fate just six days afterwards.

"The circus idea was therefore a trifle frosty, yet somehow my mind

still dwelt upon it. I had ample opportunity for thought. My favourite spot for fishing, or pretending to fish, was worthy of a Shakespeare's description when in his best vein. A winding river, the Blythe, Izaak's Blythe, rippled sinuously through a lovely meadow brilliant with bright-hued wild-flowers through which you walked knee-deep. The Blythe at Prior's Broomfield is not a majestic river, but rather a big, clear, overgrown, saucy trout-brook, winding through rich meadows having much old timber. My favourite stretch was reached by a long, lonely lane, grass-grown and bordered with high hedgerows. Two fields from the lane ran the stream, meandering in the most eccentric and irregular way, with still, deep spots under immense tangles of dog-roses and shallow swirls at the curves. Here and there were fords with a few inches of water plashing over the pebbles, and as you lay down on the bank the blackbirds and throstles sang good-morning from the wild rose-bushes. You might sit there for a week and never see a soul. I sat and pondered, or let my mind lie fallow, awaiting inspiration and getting splendidly sunburnt. As for the fish—well, they bore me no malice. I didn't hurt 'em much!

"The circus haunted me. What should I do? It had stayed a week at High Ridware, and thither I went. The rural officer who had waited in vain for John Timbs on that fatal morning was an intelligent man—for a rural officer—and knew a lot about John Timbs. It seemed that John had been liked by his equals and also by his superiors, but—he had never been promoted, having in past days lost his chances through an inclination to drink. Twenty years before he had narrowly escaped dismissal, and though he had been an abstainer during the last ten years, amendment came too late, and moreover his earlier escapades had destroyed confidence in his reliability. In fact, it was whispered that but for some special service in India which had gained him the favour and support of the military authorities, he would have been dismissed from the force with disgrace. As it was, he was only moved into a quiet district where his slips were not known, and where he might have another chance. His wife was a splendid woman, and had been the making of him. Grand woman was Mary Timbs!

"As to the circus, it had gone on to Armitage, and then to Lichfield, but where it was now he did not know. Yes, he went to several performances, to keep order, and—to see the show. Yes, they were quiet, decent folks enough, were riders and mountebanks; circus-folks were a harmless class. He had met with them all, except one, a foreigner, a juggler. Very clever man at it, too, most remarkable! Rama, the Great Indian Magician, they called him; did all sorts of things with plates and peacocks' feathers and oranges; kept five plates in the air at once; balanced the feathers on his head and caught six oranges, thrown to him from the upper seats, on the point of a dagger; wonderful, it was, nothing like it had ever been seen in High Ridware. The Lichfield police would know where the circus was; it had stayed a fortnight in the cathedral city; a circus was easily traced.

"I re-examined Dr. Houghton, but obtained no further particulars. The performers were of the ordinary type, he thought. The 'Great Indian Magician,' he said, had only appeared once during the stay of the show at Priors Broomfield. John Timbs had tried to see him after the performance, having a desire to interview him as a native of India, where John had spent some of his best years. But Rama had declined on the plea of indisposition. He had felt unwell all the day, and after the first performance did not re-appear. And Dr. Houghton chuckled as he suggested that the 'Great Rama' was probably an East End Londoner who did not wish to be detected in his true character. His name was more likely to be Rogers than 'Rama,' laughed the doctor, 'and he didn't want to meet with a man who had been in India, and

who would therefore see through him and damage his prestige.'

"I held my peace, but continued to brood on the circus and its fortunes, my mind especially centring on 'Rama, the Great Indian Magician.' Why, I cannot tell, but I felt that I would like to see that show, wherever it might be. I soon located it, and in a few days found myself under its hospitable canvas. It was a good show, though not an enormous affair. The riders rode as they always ride, the tumblers were as aforetime; the clowns cracked the time-honoured jokes at which our grandfathers roared in their innocent youth; the ring-master cracked his whip in the olden manner; even the smell of sawdust and oranges was not wanting. And yet the thing was not complete. Rama, the Great Indian Magician, was not there. Rama, for whom my soul hankered exceedingly; Rama, whose juggling had elicited the warmest encomiums possible to the eloquence of the High Ridware policeman; Rama, whose illness at Priors Broomfield had deprived John Timbs of an introduction, and the villagers of five days' juggling turns; Rama, who was, to my mind, the most attractive feature of the show. Where, O where was Rama? Where was the Great Indian Magician?

"I saw the proprietor and complained that the bills promised more than they performed. He said the charge was true, but through no fault of his. The bills were printed in large quantities, and if a man dropped dead or absconded, or was taken ill, why, all he, the proprietor, had to look to was the indulgence of the public. Here was this Rama, under an engagement for three years, and with six months (and rather better) to run, pretending the climate didn't suit him, and backing off his turn on pretence of being out of form, until he might as well have been out of the show altogether. What could you do with a man that missed his tip and got the thing laughed at? By 'missing his tip' he meant that a skilled performer might fail to do what he was announced to do, and so bring discredit on the concern. You might take a horse to the water, but you couldn't make him drink. And in a like manner, you might compel a juggler to appear in the ring, but you couldn't make him catch his plates or his oranges, and to make apologies on the ground of illness after the performance was no good. Fact was, these Hindoos were unreliable and never ought to be allowed out of their own country. For his part he wouldn't announce another on the bills if he offered to perform for nothing.

"Where was he? Gone home, or at any rate, he had started for home. Never done any good since the Monday performance at Priors Broomfield, six weeks before. So here, at Derby, he, the proprietor, had agreed to break the contract, and Rama had packed his box and gone—yesterday. Southampton, he believed, was his port. And the proprietor intimated a hope that the Great Rama might shortly arrive in a much hotter region than his native Hindostan. He was a sly, sneaking hound, and though as mild as milk in manner, was a cut-throat at heart. A good juggler though; never saw a better.

"The proprietor unconsciously crystallized the vague suspicions — the ridiculous suspicions which I had scarcely dare to confess to myself, and, impelled by something which you may call either instinct or inspiration, according to taste, I actually followed the great Rama to Southampton. Was it not in appearance something of a wild-goose chase? Yet John Timbs had been in India; Rama came from that country; John Timbs had seen Rama at the show and desired an introduction; Rama had seen John Timbs and pleaded indisposition, nor did he again appear at Priors Broomfield. Did some occult motive prompt this indisposition? The show was located at High Ridware, six miles away, when the murder was committed on the road leading from Priors Broomfield to High Ridware. That was a suggestive fact. Had Rama recognized John while John had failed to

recognize Rama? Had Rama 'got level' for some ancient injury, and had he then taken the earliest opportunity of getting away, unmolested, to his native land? If he had absconded at once the proprietor of the circus could have arrested him under the contract, which would have brought him into the hands of the police. Such was the gist of my musings.

"I reached Southampton a few hours too late. Rama had timed his journey to the utmost nicety and England knew him no more. But the boat was to touch at Brindisi, and there the 'Great Rama' was captured neatly enough. I need not go minutely into details of what next transpired. The Lucknow medal was found in Rama's box, along with the three-cornered Indian stiletto which he had used in his orange-impaling feat, and a few documents which enabled us to establish his identity. He was the son of an Indian Rajah who had been imprisoned for shameless treachery during the Indian Mutiny, and who was further punished by the confiscation of his property, and consequent reduction to beggary. I suppose you know something of the Hindoo lust for revenge and how they cultivate the feeling and perpetuate the notion from one generation to another? John Timbs had discovered the Rajah's plot; John Timbs was the principal witness, the fatal witness in the court-martial held on the Rajah—whose son, a boy of ten or twelve, was present during the trial. And John Timbs, twenty-five years later, had paid the penalty with his life.

"Yet, so far as we could learn, the meeting was accidental. How Rama knew of John's nocturnal expeditions, or how he left his van and returned unobserved we never discovered. We might have made it out if the Great Rama had not given us the slip."

"You don't mean to say that he escaped unpunished?"

"We found him dead in his cell at Brindisi, a borrowed cell with which the Italian authorities obliged us until we had made arrangements for the return to England. Poison, the doctors said, a subtle something he had concealed about him. And when the medal was found, of course he knew the game was up."

"Why had he taken the medal?"

"Doubtless to exhibit it as a trophy, and as a sort of testimony that he had revenged the ruin of his house. The old Rajah was still living, and both he and his blood relations would have welcomed the assassin as a hero of the first water. You know that morality is merely a matter of climate and custom?"

I admitted that the philosophers had arrived at that painful conclusion.

"What the Englishwoman thinks shocking and unspeakable, the Mohammedan woman thinks very proper indeed. On the other hand, the Mohammedan woman holds it to be a sacred and indisputable fact that a woman who shows an uncovered face in the streets is dead to all sense of shame, and unworthy of a moment's consideration. In like manner what the Englishman would regard as a mean and cowardly murder, might be to the Hindoo, as in this case, a noble and honourable deed, and one that went far to rehabilitate his father and family in the eyes of all good men. We think our standard correct; they think it absurd, and would tell you that their civilization is three times as old as yours, and that their ancestors were highly civilized and building magnificent temples when yours were howling savages living on raw flesh and painting themselves blue—a coat of paint was their only garment."

"Nonsense," said I.

"Hard, unassailable fact," retorted Anthony, "but plain truth is always unwelcome."

He sometimes shows his biting cynical vein. But he means well. Still, I shall never see blue paint without remembering his remarks concerning our common ancestors.

EPISODE XIII. WILL APPEAR IN JULY

THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF

By R. Henry Mainer

JOSIAH JAMIESON was a self-made man, and it was the boast of his old age. Twenty years had elapsed since he had entered the limits of the little hamlet where lay buried the golden egg of his future successes, and which as time passed some railroad official had designated as Black Rock.

In making himself Josiah Jamieson had fathered the upbringing of the town, and with the instinct of a far-seeing speculator had possessed himself of the lion's share of it. He had also founded the business which had set him above the ordinary cares of living and comfort.

His stores were very cosmopolitan in their lines of merchandise, comprising mill supplies, mining outfits, groceries, and articles of wear for the inhabitants. He also dabbled somewhat in lumber, and the solitary saw-mill on the neighbouring river-bank was embodied in his deeds of ownership.

As his age crept upon him he realized that his interests needed the hand of one more skilled in the matter of books and figures. So it was that one bright morning found a stranger poring over the dusty ledgers, and Josiah standing idly by, puffing his pipe with the self-consciousness of a man who has known prosperity.

Besides this goodly share of worldly possessions, Josiah had an only child, a daughter, and his intentions regarding her were in accordance with what he considered his heir should require. To this end her home-training was all that a doting parent could devise. When she had turned seventeen he sent her east to Montreal, where, under the strict eye of a maiden aunt, she was to be schooled in the accomplishments necessary to a lady of culture.

The new bookkeeper had spent a half-year of work within the precincts of the little back office, and certainly he had brought remarkable order and system out of the chaos into which the affairs of the firm had drifted. This gave Josiah much satisfaction, and he had remarked to a friend in a burst of confidence, that "The fellow is a rare one at figures and very obliging to boot for an ordinary colleger."

A letter arrived at this time from his daughter bringing the announcement that she had completed her term of education, and also a trip across to the seats of fashion in the old world, and that she was returning home for a well-earned holiday and rest. As usual, the proud father made his morning call at his office, and with forced calmness proceeded to inspect the work of his secretary, adding a few words of condemnation or praise as the case demanded. Then he shifted to the main object of his visit.

"I want you to take the cart and go to the station to meet my daughter Jean, whom I am expecting on the ten o'clock train. I think the drive would do you good, and I will keep the desk until your return."

So it came about that Tom Burrows met Jean Jamieson.

Months later Tom Burrows reviewed his past with no small amount of displeasure as he sat in his room smoking his pipe of reflection. In some inexplicable manner the whole course of his life had gone wrong. He had already passed the age of twenty-five, when, according to his opinion, every man should have the channel, into which his talents might be directed, well grooved to the accomplishment. His early days had been spent in thoughtlessness and ease; these included three years at college where he had intended to graduate a full-fledged M.D. However, circumstances often ruin plans for the future. When he suddenly discovered that it was cramping his father's waning income and also seriously hindering the chance of his younger brothers and sisters, of which

he had a goodly number, he determined to utilize his abilities in a more practical and less expensive sphere. His decision had come as a sore blow to his mother, who held him, her oldest boy, as a cherished ideal, who should be a trifle better than the ordinary, no matter what the sacrifice. But so it was that he accepted the position under the worthy magnate of Black Rock.

Then to think that this sprig of a girl had well-nigh upset his whole career. Full well his memory pictured that morning four months before when he had driven the homely family cart to the depot to meet this daughter of his employer, and how she had treated him with striking *hauteur*. She had even mistaken him for her father's coachman, and yet her very prudishness seemed but to lend a glamour of romance to her, which had caught him in a veritable web! How often she had entered her father's store, accompanied by some of the youthful professionals of the place, and seemed to delight in airing her superiority to this common office man! True, her pettishness and affectations sat well upon her dainty figure, and a certain indefinable odour of perfume seemed to pervade the dinginess of the office when she entered. At times he seemed to see beyond her outward nature, and at these rare intervals he caught a momentary glance of a character which, if allowed to assert itself, might have endeared her to the coarsest mortal. He often noted how Old Josiah watched her every move, and how the staid, old-fashioned home of the Jamiesons became the centre of the fashionable house parties and afternoon teas. Then as a crowning tribute to the witcheries, young Dr. Ames, voted by all the mothers of marriageable daughters as the swellest match in the district, had quite lost his heart to this coquettish little heiress.

Since the day of their first meeting Tom had fought down his feelings by applying himself to his desk with redoubled vigour, endeavouring to convince himself that his opinion of her was much the reverse of favourable. On this night in question he had ceased to wrestle, and upon the eve of resignation to the hand of fate he had summed the whole matter up and voted himself one of the greatest fools that ever lived. A square pink envelope lay unopened upon his dresser, and after arriving at this fairly satisfactory conclusion he tore off the head and scanned the contents, although he could have guessed what it contained. It was an invitation which the youthful mistress of the Jamieson household had sent him, to spend the evening, no doubt prompted by the advice of her father. The weather had developed into one of those January blizzards which periodically sweep across the Northwest prairie, almost everwhelming the towns which lay within its circle, and Tom was loath to brave its fury for such a cause, and yet unconsciously he began to dress, and in time he had reached the home of his employer. To his surprise he found that but one guest besides himself had been bidden, none other than Dr. Ames, who of late had been almost a constant visitor.

Supper had been served. While Jean and the Doctor conversed in low tones at one end of the long drawing-room, Tom sat at the other with Mr. Jamieson and exchanged mutual confidences on the business aspect of the coming season. Yet he was not wholly indifferent to the scene before him. The little lady looked peculiarly bewitching and altogether disdainful, and to his eye she was playing her cards with the young medical with a tact and grace which apparently absorbed his entire attention. The hour was wearing slowly along, to Tom especially, and then a hurried summons at the door brought Mrs. Jamieson from the regions of the dining-room in answer. A sudden noise, as of people scurrying past, followed, and Tom realized that the call of fire had been raised. Mrs. Jamieson cried out in a frightened voice that it was the mill, and then Tom had passed her in the hallway, and was out on the street.

Already the flames, caught by the storm that howled without, were lighting up the town like a new sun.

The scene of indescribable confusion which ensued could never be forgotten by those more intimately concerned. The crude fire-fighting apparatus frozen solid, refused to work, and as the red streamers wrapt about the mill and swept across the roofs of the warehouse and stores adjoining, the people knew that Josiah Jamieson's worldly possessions were doomed.

Tom, looming out in the released mettle of a college athlete, made herculean efforts to stay the ruin. Followed by a number of men he thawed the hose, directed the streams of water, helped to throw out the goods from the store, cleared the office of its precious books and papers. In fact, storm or heat mattered little to him then, for a cowering female, wrapped in a mighty fur-lined cloak, had looked up into his grimy face through a mist of tears and had said something. He never tarried to hear what it was, but leapt again into the battle royal.

In the early morning a smouldering heap of ashes and half-burnt woodwork alone marked the spot where Jamieson's store and mill had stood, and around it in a jumbled-up mass was the merchandise which had been saved. Only one small building which had been used as an office had missed the fury of the flames, and that was only through the gigantic efforts of the men and a fortunate veering of the wind.

Josiah Jamieson had been seized with a paralytic stroke during the destruction of his property and lay at his home with two doctors in constant attendance, and to Tom fell the task of managing this almost inextricable condition of affairs. Suddenly from a quiet office-man he had assumed the air of general manager and gave his orders and went about his work as if it was his own. And how he strove. Two, three and four weeks passed and the insurance had been settled, a warehouse hastily erected, new goods bought, and plans for a much more pretentious store of brick considered and selected. As soon as possible business had been commenced and everything that could be done was done, and all this time Josiah Jamieson could not move hand or foot, but lay in his home and thanked heaven that such a man as Tom Burrows lived. In the office a new bookkeeper sat diligently fathoming the mysteries of the files of statements and sheets of figures, and when Tom came in after his day's work and examined the efforts of his junior, and oftentimes with studied severity corrected this or disentangled that, Jean Jamieson blushed and held her face the closer to the books. Thus they spent night after night.

Then a letter came to Tom from home, and it contained news of much import to him. His father, by some lucky disposal of property, had tided over the depression and was again in a financial position to assist his son, and even dictated what that son should at once do. All day he moodily pondered over the contents which, strange to say, had brought no joy to him, but in the evening he threw his whole mind into the office work with such fervour that Miss Jean had to stand idly by in wonder. At last the task was completed and he turned about and looked his helper squarely in the face. With a woman's perception she read trouble in his gaze and her cheeks blanched to a whiter hue. The deep traces of the unaccustomed worry and toil were painfully apparent.

"Miss Jean," he began, looking away into space, "I have news from home to-day, and perhaps it is bad news for somebody too. You can get Johnson from the store to take my place as he knows the affairs more clearly than any of the rest, and then as spring comes on and your father gains in strength you can vacate this hovel and enjoy a well-earned vacation."

Burrows could not repress a feeling of humiliation almost akin to shame, as he repeated this last sentence, and also discerned a tear slowly gathering in those saucy blue eyes out of which the fire had well-nigh burnt itself.

"Perhaps we can get along without

you, Tom—or Mr. Burrows I should say," she repeated absently. Then, with a sudden return of her old spirit, she stamped her pretty foot. "If I were only a man—just for one year; but I can't master those horrid books and my head aches and I'm sick, too."

A sob had broken in upon her speech and she laid her golden head upon her arm.

Tom felt as if he would appreciate a sound kicking. Instinctively he placed his hand upon her hair and in a fatherly way he stroked it soothingly.

A few minutes of silence passed and then she was herself again, and as she regained her composure her angry eyes shot dangerous glances. "You may go away if you like, and we can live without you. We did so before you came and we will do so again as long as I can see to write."

A smile crept into Tom's face at the defiance and he almost whispered, "Do you want me to stay, Jean?"

"No, you horrid beast of a man, a thousand times no." The words were strongly put, but the face belied the meaning, and Tom caught her in his strong arms and there, after a momentary struggle, she allowed herself to stay, while he asked her to repeat that again if she dared.

"Then you'll stay, Tom?" she asked in well-feigned surprise.

"Yes," he answered, and she kissed him then and there and that settled the bargain.

And so Tom Burrows had found himself.

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By

M. MacLean Helliwell

MEN may come and men may go, but there is one creature in this world who, like that boastful egotist the babbling brook of immortal fame, seems to have taken his place among us "forever." I refer to that distressing gentleman, the diligent microbe-hunter who resembles the poor not alone in the fact that he is always with us, but that he invariably insists upon flaunting his microbes in our faces, as beggars flaunt their rags, whenever we are feeling particularly gay and light-hearted.

As it never fails that in the moment in which we have succeeded in turning our thoughts quite away from the pain and poverty and misery of the world, our eyes are certain to fall immediately upon some unusually wretched Lazarus, so it as inevitably happens that whenever we have forgotten for the instant all about him and the horrible little menagerie in which he delights, this irrepressible disturber of the public peace is sure to rise up before us with a complete new set of shiver-producing statements as to the deadly microbe-perils with which we are hourly surrounded. It was only to be expected, therefore, that as the fruit season approaches and we begin to entertain tender thoughts of the delicious sequence of strawberries, cherries, peaches, and grapes which we are about to enjoy, this terrible individual should suddenly appear, armed with an array of startling figures and nauseating facts more than sufficient to destroy in five minutes the most ardent yearning for the fruits of the earth.

It seems that some enterprising scientist has been struck by the golden opportunities which the downy surface

of the peach or the tempting interstices of a close cluster of plump grapes must afford to any microbe at all on the alert for a suitable field for the development of his peculiar activities, particularly when such fruit is the stock-in-trade of a soft-voiced insistent Italian, who holds godliness as a thing quite apart from cleanliness—and this scientist has been making some experiments. Alas, these experiments have shown that the luscious banana, soft and juicy in its trig yellow jacket, in the hands of the unconscious son of Italy becomes changed from an innocent and appetizing morsel into a frightful "yellow terror," and that on the skin of one highly-polished apple, picked from a stall in the market place, a million murderous microbes may be holding high carnival!

The industrious scientist took various kinds of fruit—apples, bananas, peaches, etc., picked at random from fruit-vendors in the street, and after washing them thoroughly, inoculated with the poisoned water divers unfortunate guinea pigs and other helpless things usually sacrificed upon such occasions by man for the gratification of man's curiosity, scientific or otherwise. The result was disastrous to the animals thus used, and in a pint or so of water the bacilli of almost every known, and possibly a few unknown, diseases were found in overwhelming numbers, the smallpox representative being particularly lively and plentiful.

This is really too bad. What is to be done about it? There is nothing now left to us but to cling exclusively to health foods, and even these have their detractors. The scientist, after laying bare the danger, offers three avenues of escape. His first solution is to pick your fruit yourself. This sounds simple but has its difficulties, for to one whose fancy lightly turned from peaches to bananas, from bananas to grapes, then back perchance to strawberries, personal picking would entail some very rapid and extensive globe-trotting.

The second suggestion is to abstain from fruit-eating, but this scarcely seems to commend itself; it is too sweeping and uncompromising. His last and best advice is to wash all fruit very thoroughly in ice-water and peel everything peelable. This, like the other suggestions, possesses the charm of simplicity, but its value is enhanced by its practicability, and perhaps it would not be unwise to remember it.

It is announced that Mrs. Fiske will open her engagement at the Manhattan Theatre next year in a powerful play by the renowned German dramatist, Paul Heyse, entitled *Mary of Magdala*, in which, of course, Mrs. Fiske will appear in the title-role.

The principal *dramatis personæ* are Mary Magdalene and Judas Iscariot, who is represented as a passionate Jewish patriot in love with Mary. Could anything more revolting to the taste of a Christian people be imagined? Church scenes, fervent mock invocations and passionate "make-believe" prayers to the Creator, poured forth by "play-actors" for the entertainment of a theatreful of people, has always been rather offensive to those who *feel* their faith, and it is difficult to understand how any one actually convinced of the existence of an omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent *personal* God, can without hesitation lightly make a pretence of doing Him homage or pour forth a passionate appeal to His power and love for the mere purpose of making a "strong scene" and adding to the fame and fortune of the actor.

In such plays as *Quo Vadis*, *The Christian*, or *The Sign of the Cross*—which latter, one must confess, is more uplifting and impressive than many a sermon—dramatist and actor come as near to sacred and Biblical subjects as either should venture to approach.

Following the announcement of Mrs. Fiske's *Mary of Magdala* comes the information that that prolific young poet, Stephen Phillips, is at present at work upon a play for Mr. E. S. Willard, built around the story of King David's love for and marriage to Bath-

sheba, the beautiful wife of the unfortunate Hittite Uriah.

While David was, of course, but a mere man, and there is no special reason why the dramatist should be debarred from using personages of Jewish any more than those of Grecian, Roman or English history, still this particular incident in the life of David is not a very pleasant or desirable subject for theatrical representation, and one cannot help regretting that Mr. Willard, who is one of the princes of the modern stage, is not content to keep to such plays as those with which he has so long delighted his audiences everywhere—the charming *Tom Pinch*, *Professor's Love-Story*, *The Rogue's Comedy*, and similar delightful plays which compose his present repertoire.

But to return for a moment to Mrs. Fiske and *Mary of Magdala*. Feeling very strongly on the subject of this contemplated production, it was my intention to devote some space to an appeal to the women of Canada to show, as far as lay in their power, their sincere disapproval of such a drama, and to dwell upon some of the reasons for objecting to it. Having, however, just come across a little paragraph on this subject by the clever and discriminating dramatic writer of the *New York Times*, I find that he has expressed my sentiments so admirably that I cannot do better than quote him here:

"Such an exhibition," he says, "would be the latest manifestation of the tendency towards realistic sensationalism of all kinds which has been responsible of late for so much theatrical abomination. In a matter of this kind there can be no question of theatrical art, for the poignant simplicity and pathos of the Scripture narrative are hopelessly obscured and vulgarized by the modern dramatist. According to published report, Judas Iscariot is represented as Mary's lover, and his betrayal of his Master is ascribed to frustrated passion. The Saviour Himself does not appear, but His presence in the immediate background is perpetually suggested, and His actual words, by a manifest and contemptible subterfuge, are put into the mouth of another. It is difficult to imagine any other motive than that of mere sensationalism which could actuate an actress to impersonate a character of this sort, which, when bereft of its higher associations, is singularly devoid of fascination. One thing is certain, and that is that the ultimate result of such Biblical adaptations will be to bring the wretched theatre into still deeper discredit with that part of the community whose support is most vital to it as a reputable institution."

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Since the old "Woman's Hotel" failed, through mismanagement, of the object which its promoters had hoped to achieve, and was converted into the ill-fated Park Avenue Hotel, the Bachelor Girls of New York have had no clearly defined local habitation exclusively their own, but have been compelled to live "around promiscuous," forced to carry their camp-bed and chafing-dish from one apartment-house to another in a weary and vain search for some satisfactory spot in which to set up these humble but indispensable Lares and Penates.

Now, however, a glad day has dawned for the unattached female of the metropolis, and she will soon be able to take up her abode in comfort and security in the new hotel, which has been planned for her alone, the Martha Washington. Here she may bring not only her household gods, but her household pets as well, for dogs, cats and canaries will have the freedom of the establishment, and the Bachelor Maid may enjoy the solace of her piano, her sewing machine, and the visits of her Prince Charming undisturbed—comforts denied her in the old "Home," which for its rules and restrictions was more like an institution or boarding-school than an hotel. In the new Martha Washington there will be accommodation to suit all pocket-books, from luxurious suites to modest little "singles."

Women everywhere should be inter-

ested in the success of this enterprise, for only the girls themselves and a few of their intimate friends know what many of the courageous young women obliged to "fend for themselves" in the exhausting atmosphere of New York have had to suffer through the difficulty, almost impossibility, of being able to find any suitable, convenient and comfortable place of moderate price in which to lay their independent heads.

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In Chicago, which, long ago, some discerning individual termed "the proud home of the Bachelor Girl in her glory," there is an organization known as The Chicago Business Woman's Club, composed of some three hundred bright and progressive young women of widely varying types, ages and professions, and having for President Miss Mary M. Bartelme, Public Guardian of Cook County.

This club has long maintained handsome and commodious clubrooms, with restaurant, rest rooms and library, and now, finding itself forced by growth and popularity to larger quarters, the club contemplates either erecting or buying a large club building with hotel and other facilities, and containing in all probability a well-equipped gymnasium and swimming-pool.

All this is very delightful for the Chicago women, but the news of such achievements brings home to us with fresh force our own lamentable lack in this regard. When, oh when, are the women of Canada to have their clubhouses, their own exclusively and always, not theirs on sufferance once a week or once a month—which some men seem to think is as much club life as a woman should be permitted to enjoy!

It is deeply to be regretted that the project of erecting a general clubhouse for the use of all the women's associations in the city, which was brought forward last winter by some of Toronto's most representative clubwomen and was alluded to in these pages at the time, should through lack of substantial encouragement have had to be abandoned, at least for the present.

The idea, however, has been by no means relinquished, and some day, perhaps, the dream will come true, just as the long-hoped-for, almost despaired of, satisfactory Woman's Hotel in New York has at last, after many years, become an actual, established fact.

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Apropos the sudden and wide-spread rage for dabbling in stocks, a temptation to which the most conservative and cautious individuals have been yielding during the past few months, a young broker was recently holding forth on the subject of women speculators.

"Some brokers refuse to do business with them at all," he said, "but although we certainly do not crave for their patronage, gallantry forbids us to ostracise them so summarily, and oh," he added, with a sudden reminiscent twinkle of the eye, "don't we have some funny scenes in the office, though! You see, you can never convince a woman, if her pet stock happens to go down, that someone is not robbing her—her own private opinion being that the broker himself is at the bottom of the business, and is shamefully availing himself of her ignorance to line his pockets with her shekels. When she at last realizes that the little pile she had expected to clear has developed into a case of 'found wanting,' she then hotly demands the return at least of her original investment, insisting upon her claims and accusations until the wretched man who is wriggling in her grasp is almost out of his mind. Oh, no, they're not *all* like that, of course," he hastened to acknowledge under a storm of protest from his outraged listeners, "but—well, I'm really not exaggerating when I say that ninety-nine out of every hundred women know no more of the workings of stocks than they do of the working of an electric dynamo or wireless telegraphy. 'I think it's so funny,' you'll invariably hear them say whenever

they happen to converse upon the subject, 'all the buying and selling and fuss about something that doesn't exist at all.' You know they all say that. That's woman's universal and fixed idea of stocks—that, and that they afford a lovely and easy way of getting something for nothing."

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The first annual report of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire has been received, and I have great pleasure in drawing the attention of Canadian women everywhere to this interesting little pamphlet. British women throughout the Empire have long felt the need of just such an association as this, a bond of union which will keep them in touch with their fellow-countrywomen wherever they may wander; and so they have welcomed with enthusiasm this Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, to which every loyal British woman is eligible for membership.

At the first annual meeting of the Order the President, Mrs. Nordheimer, very clearly outlined the objects of the association in the following words: "The aim and object of the Order is to promote in the Motherland and Colonies the study of the history of the Empire and of current Imperial questions; to celebrate patriotic anniversaries; to cherish the memory of brave and patriotic deeds, and to care for the last resting places of our heroes and heroines, especially such as are in distant and solitary places; to erect memorial stones on spots that have become sacred to the nation; to care for the widows and dependents of British soldiers or sailors and heroes during war and in time of peace, under accident, sickness, or reverses of fortune, as far as in our power lies, and any other patriotic work that the Executive may approve of." The Order is affiliated with the Victoria League, a similar association in Great Britain, and is also in touch with the South African Guild of Loyal Women.

From the report of the Secretary we find that the work during the past year has been of the most varied and comprehensive nature, from the supplying of helmets and literature to the South African contingents, to the building of the beautiful Alexandra Gateway in Toronto in honour of the visit of Their Royal Highnesses the present Prince and Princess of Wales, the latter being one of the very few permanent memorials which remain in Canada to remind future generations of that pleasant event.

Particularly important was the stand taken by the Order against the outrage proposed by an American society in the contemplated erection in Quebec of a monument to General Montgomery, who, it will be remembered, met his death while leading an attack against that city in 1779. Owing to the pressure brought to bear by the patriotic societies of Canada this amazing project was, after much controversy, reluctantly abandoned by its promoters. Chapters of the Order are being formed everywhere, not only in Canada, but in His Majesty's Dominions beyond the seas, five chapters being already in existence in the Bahamas.

The officers directly concerned with the Junior Branch of the Order, known as the Children of the Empire, also report most encouragingly with regard to this important work. The growth and success of the children's chapters is a matter which the officers of the Order have greatly at heart, knowing that as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, and that it is the earnest little patriot of to-day who will be the country's tower of strength to-morrow.

The Junior Branch of the Order is in affiliation with the Children of the Empire in England, and a plan drawn up by the latter society by which the children of England, Canada, South Africa and Australia are put into correspondence with each other has been heartily entered into with the most satisfactory results.

The Order publishes a little quarterly called *Echoes*, the second number of which has just been issued.

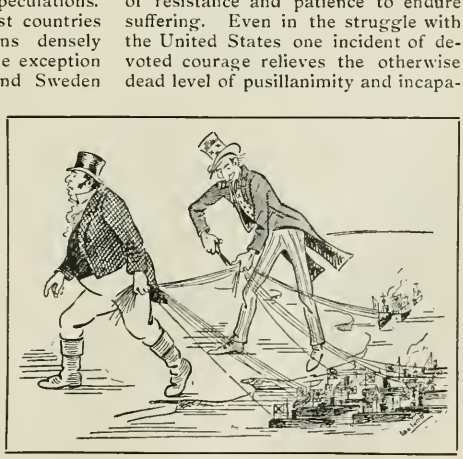
M. MacL. H.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

ON May 17th the young King of Spain reached his sixteenth birthday and, in accordance with Spanish precedent, attained his majority. On April 24, before the actual maturity of his right to be present, he attended a Cabinet Council and Senor Sagasta, the Prime Minister, took advantage of the occasion briefly to address the King. It is probably the general opinion of the world that Spain was never in lower estate than now, but Senor Sagasta was decidedly of opinion that the Spain of to-day was in a vastly better position than a Spain that he remembered. The Spain of his youth, he said, was isolated from the rest of the world, torn by internal dissensions, and a laggard in the march of civilization. What the outlook is for Spain and its monarch forms one of the most interesting of speculations. Here is one of the fairest countries of Europe, by no means densely populated, indeed with the exception of Russia and Norway and Sweden the least densely populated of the countries of the continent, which is yet, nevertheless, plunged in financial difficulties, its people backward and ill-educated and, it must be feared, cursed with unrelieved and unrelievable governmental corruption. Even changes of administration are said to be brought about by arrangement between the rival factions. When one set is considered to have been long enough at the flesh-pots they, by virtue of the rules of the game, give way for the other set who are naturally hungry and sorely desirous of addicting themselves to the good things of office. In an arrangement of this kind there is, of course, no hope for better things.

What likelihood is there that the young monarch will be able to effect any improvements? That there is a fair field for bold reforms will scarcely be denied. For many years before the outbreak of the Spanish-American war an average of $25,000,000 was annually expended on the army and navy. Events showed that this sum might about as well have been thrown in the fire, or, better still, left in the pockets of the people. The Spaniard is neither a bad worker, nor a bad soldier. He has shown on more than one occasion that he possesses great powers of resistance and patience to endure suffering. Even in the struggle with the United States one incident of devoted courage relieves the otherwise dead level of pusillanimity and incapa-



"THE SHIPPING GRAB"

—*Winnipeg Telegram*

THE STRONG MAN

PROFESSOR HACKS-B-CH *to the audience*—"Mr. Bull will now lift the enormous weight of nearly two hundred million pounds."
—*Punch*.

city. At the village of El Caney a body of 600 men, under the leadership of a De la Rey, by the way, held back from 5,000 to 6,000 Americans from six in the morning until nearly five in the afternoon. The little band was almost annihilated and its leader was killed at the post of duty. The incident would indicate that the offspring of the defenders of Saragossa are still worthy of their sires when properly officered.

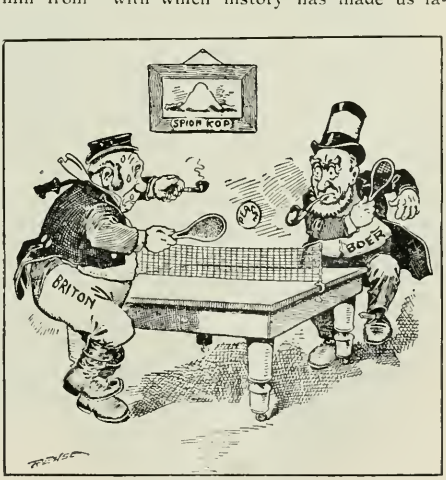
But Spain is more likely to flourish by hands than by arms. Eighty per cent. of her soil is said to be productive, and from her tangle of hills minerals to the value of $50,000,000 a year are extracted. The excellence of British iron and steel has been maintained time out of mind by a liberal infusion of the rich ores of Spain. If the young King had it in him to see the folly of a country like Spain keeping itself poor in order to support the empty pomp of an army and navy, he would make himself one of the most memorable men in her history. If $15,000,000 or more of the $25,000,000 that is wasted on armaments were devoted to improving the public finance, lightening the taxes, helping education, or promoting railways, there would soon be a rejuvenated Spain. The large armies are not required, or at least are worse than useless if required. Unless to maintain internal peace what need is there for a large army in Spain? The jealousies of other Powers make her quite secure from foreign aggression; and a generation devoted to development and industry would make her a more formidable foe and a more valuable ally without an army than she is now with an army.

It is altogether unlikely, however, that we will have any such enlightened ruler in Alphonso XIII. It is recorded of him that he is ambitious to restore the naval prowess of his country. If this be true we can see where both will wind up. Physically he is not strong, but so much of the work of the world has been done by invalids, that this might prove no bar to his usefulness. William III suffered from inter-

mittent ill-health during the whole time that he was directing the anti-Gallican forces of Europe against the ambitions of the French kings. If Alphonso proves to have a sound mind and a noble moral equipment, he may be able to accomplish a good deal, despite the limitations of an unsound body.

Another young ruler has been attracting the world's attention during the past month. Queen Wilhelmina's health through the earlier days of May gave occasion for much anxiety. The handsome young Queen at the time of her accession was commonly compared to Queen Victoria, ascending, as she did, a throne in the soft glory of girlhood. The parallel is not being carried out. The great Queen was nowhere more fortunate than in her choice of a mate to share her responsibilities. One only needs to think of the grave, humane, serious, dutiful prince whom Victoria set by her side and then of the Dutch Queen's consort whose chief regret appears to be that his wife's illness occasionally prevents him from going a-hunting. We may well wish for the Queen's speedy restoration to health, not only for her own sake, but perhaps for the peace of Europe. One can fancy how frequently Emperor William looks at the map of Europe and reflects what a handsome addition Holland with its numerous havens would make to the German Empire. All his plans of maritime aggrandizement would be victoriously forwarded by swallowing the Low Countries and its possessions whole. The Dutch colonies are by no means inconsiderable, and the addition of so fine a sea-coast to the little strip that at present serves as the ocean outlet for the expanding energies and ambitions of the German people would be an event to make the reign of the third Kaiser a noted one forever in the history of the recreated empire. While the succession to the Dutch throne remains clear and undisputed there is not much fear of an attempt to realize such dreams. The death of the Queen without issue would, however, precipitate in all probability a dynastic dispute the end of which no man could foresee.

The result of the French elections is to seat M. Waldeck-Rousseau in power more firmly than before. It can be said that the Republic has triumphed over all its foes, and that Paris is no longer France. The voice of the whole country is now heard in the Legislature, and the day has passed when the whims of the frequenters of the cafés of the boulevards can embarrass a government. The election shows us the France of the peasant-proprietors—safe, conservative, practical—not the hysterical France thirsting for *la gloire* with which history has made us fa-



PING-PONG

—The St. Paul Pioneer Press

M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU—RECENTLY RE-ELECTED PREMIER OF FRANCE

miliar. We may be sure that the triumph of M. Waldeck-Rousseau is hailed with satisfaction in every foreign office in Europe. The foreign policy of M. Delcassé, while not lacking in spirit and in results, has nevertheless been temperate and rational. The Republic has at last reached a position where the prophecies so frequently made, foretelling its downfall, seem utterly discredited and falsified. Royalism and Bonapartism may as well be decently buried out of sight.

It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when it will not be possible to deal with Newfoundland concerns under the heading of Events Abroad, if it be even appropriate now. The latest news from that island was that Mr. Justice Morrison had resigned his position on the bench for the purpose of devoting himself to bringing about the union of Canada and Newfoundland. Since that time Mr. Morrison has paid visits to Montreal, Ottawa and other cities. The newspaper paragraphs were probably somewhat exaggerated in representing that Mr. Morrison's visit here had for its purpose an agitation for a union. The centre of agitation must be Newfoundland. No agitation is needed here. Canada's position, I should say, is sympathetic towards the general idea of union, but our belief is that the movement would only be checked by too great eagerness on our part to promote it The natural place for the birth of the sentiment is Newfoundland. Before we take any active steps the public men of Newfoundland should be authorized, at a general election, specially fought out on the question of union, to negotiate with the Dominion. Perhaps a better way would be for terms to be made and then submitted for the approval of the electors at a general election. Union has been so long deferred now that when it is accomplished we should not leave it possible for anyone to say that the people had been deceived in the bargain.

CECIL RHODES—THE EMPIRE-BUILDER WHO FORGOT TO MENTION CANADA IN HIS WILL

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

CANADA has lost a great man by the death of George Monro Grant, Principal of Queen's University. He was a man of large heart and huge sympathies, and because of these qualities he endeared himself to twenty-five generations of students. No man or woman ever passed through his university without coming in contact with him, and no man or woman who came before him ever forgot him. That was the quality which made him the creator of a university, the greatest university president Canada ever possessed. There have been men with mightier intellect, men with greater erudition, but there have been none with greater power over the human heart.

PRINCIPAL GRANT.

And while his students never forgot him, he never forgot his students. His influence followed them wherever they went and his advice and assistance was at their command. But though he gave much to them, he demanded much in return, not for himself but for his university. He kept them enthusiastic concerning the work of their Alma Mater and taught them that university life for each individual does not end with graduation. The "Queen's feeling," so often spoken about as a virtuous quality in Queen's graduates was the result of the ideals and work of Principal Grant. He continually radiated enthusiasm. Had he been a soldier, his reputation might have equalled Napoleon's. Had he been a politician, it might have surpassed Sir John Macdonald's. His worshippers were to be found everywhere and in this lies the secret of the growth and the success of Queen's.

And he was more than a university principal. He was a theologian, a litterateur and a publicist. Church assemblies rested upon his judgment

THE LATE PRINCIPAL GRANT

and his knowledge. The literary world acknowledged the beauty of his style and the forcefulness of his argument. The leading publicists and several premiers went to him for advice. His many-sided nature was strong from whatever point it was viewed.

Above all, Principal Grant was an optimistic Canadian. His faith in his country never wavered, from the time he refused a position in Great Britain to return from Glasgow University to his native county as a missionary. As one of the leading pastors in Halifax, and a notable figure in the Presbyterian Church, he was an ardent supporter of Confederation, though nearly all Nova Scotians opposed that movement. He was one of the first to write of the possibilities of the great Northwest. He was always convinced that there were great days ahead and that too in years when pessimism smiled her sardonic smile in every part of the country.

Had he lived a few months longer he would have completed twenty-five years in the educational service of his church and country. His work was unfinished, though he accomplished more than most men with ability and opportunity. What he has done will live, and from the memory of him many will continue to draw inspiration, for his was a noble and unselfish life spent in the service of his Creator and his fellow-man.

MR. STEAD ON CANADA.

It is fitting that William T. Stead's sermon on Canada should have appeared in *Collier's Weekly*, a journal which is decidedly anti-British, though circulating considerably in Canada. Mr. Stead is spectacular; so is the journal in which he wrote "The Annexation of Canada." Mr. Stead would rather do something bad than do nothing at all. He would rather be notorious than be unknown, since he lacks the true elements of greatness. Mr. Stead is unpatriotic and unreliable. Yet even *Collier's Weekly* has not all these vices.

Mr. Stead makes one or two ludicrous statements. Here is an example: "The industrial annexation of the Dominion is in full swing." By this he means that United States capitalists are coming in here and developing our resources in such a way and to such an extent that they will soon own the country. Perhaps it would surprise Mr. Stead to know that there is almost as much Canadian capital invested in the United States to-day, as there is United States capital invested in Canada. Besides, both classes of investments are temporary. When money is tight in New York and the rate of interest jumps up to 10 or 15 per cent., as it did a few weeks ago, the Canadian banks send their money to New York for the sake of a high profit. When an occasional United Stateser comes over here and finds a "good thing" requiring only capital and development, as Mr. Clergue did, he brings over the capital and proceeds to develop it. But he soon sells out and looks about for something else to boom. The average Yankee capitalist is a boomer, with a little of the grasshopper in his methods of life.

In continuation of this line of argument, Mr. Stead says that the Vanderbilt railway combination is developing the coal and iron district of Nova Scotia. This is another silly remark. Some Americans did take a hand in that movement, but the whole business is now in the hands of Canadians where it is likely to remain. In fact, the influence of American capital in Canada is practically of little account. It does not control five per cent. of our undertakings, and is likely to control less and less, since Canadian capital and Canadian capitalists are increasing at a very rapid rate.

There is an American colonization which Mr. Stead knows nothing of, apparently, and that is the influx of United States farmers into the Canadian Northwest. They are coming in by the tens of thousands, and in a generation they will be good Canadians. The wheat and the cattle which they grow will be as Canadian as the

product of any other farmer and rancher. There is no danger from this kind of colonization.

Mr. Stead sees other difficulties in Canada's path, and other signs that "the inevitable union" will soon take place. He thinks the preferential tariff is a failure; he finds that Canadian purchases of American goods are increasing; he finds that in the last decade of the nineteenth century, a large number of Canadians went into the United States; he thinks the fishery question and the Alaskan boundary question can never be settled satisfactorily by international arrangement; and of the Americans he says, "one and all regard absorption as her inevitable destiny."

Apparently, Mr. Stead has read Professor Goldwin Smith's books, or the speeches made by Sir Richard Cartwright in the early nineties. He has also steeped himself in the vaporings of the sensational American press. From these he has drawn the conclusion that Canadians are not able to hold out against their "manifest destiny." In this view he has no doubt been abetted by those connected with him in the publication of the American *Review of Reviews*, and especially by Dr. Shaw, the editor of that anti-Canadian periodical. But if Mr. Stead would make one of his spectacular journeys through Canada, calling at all the leading cities, he would find abundant evidences of a new Canadianism, of immense industrial activity, of noteworthy agricultural and mining progress, and of increasing national prosperity. He would see neither need nor desire for annexation to the United States.

If Mr. Stead lives until 1903, he will see some happenings which will convince him that Canada has decided to have less commercial intercourse with the United States except on a reciprocal basis. He will witness as bold a stroke of commercial policy emanating from Ottawa as was ever conceived and enunciated at Washington. He will then, if he is frank, declare that he was wrong when he took commercial testimonies from which to make political and economic deductions.

Canada is farther away from annexation to-day than she ever was. The corruptness of American politics, the gross materialism in American ideals,

LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAMS, COMMANDING FIRST REGIMENT THIRD MOUNTED RIFLES, WHICH SAILED LAST MONTH FOR SOUTH AFRICA

the slavery problems of the South, the child-labour of South Carolina, the reckless disregard of law and authority in some of the Western States, the

grave problems introduced by the conquest of the Philippines—these and a dozen other things warn Canada to beware of United States connection. Commercial prosperity is not everything; in fact, it is only a small part of the national life. Canada sees that with patience and confidence she can hew out a destiny more profitable, more glorious than anything which annexation can offer.

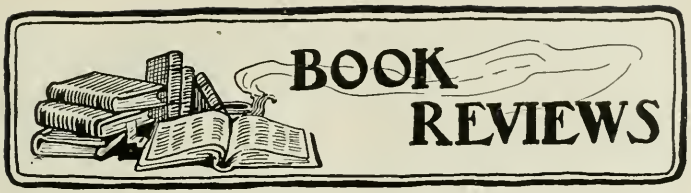
CANADIAN IMPERIALISM.

There has been quite a fluttering in the dove-cotes of the progressive Imperialists, both here and in London, owing to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's attitude. As was pointed out in this department in the April issue, Sir Wilfrid thinks the time inopportune for a discussion of anything except commercial relations. In this attitude Sir Wilfrid has the approbation of both the anti-Imperialists and the moderate Imperialists. Professor Goldwin Smith, the most active of the former class, has no criticism to make and says that Sir Wilfrid "has studied Canadian sentiment." The moderate Imperialists, those who are in favour of maintaining the connection with the Empire and at the same time preserving colonial autonomy, also approve of Sir Wilfrid's attitude, and this class includes the great bulk of the Canadian people. Even Principal Grant, who during the months preceding his death, seemed to have considerably modified his Imperial views, felt that Sir Wilfrid's attitude was advisable. He was certainly an ardent Imperialist, but he had no desire to see the direction of our commerce, our military and naval defences, handed over to the control of Downing Street. He was too sturdy an independant for that. The only persons who disapprove of Sir Wilfrid's position are Colonel Denison and Principal Parkin, neither of whom can claim any considerable following. These gentlemen have done splendid work in their continuous exhortations concerning our duties to the Empire, but they must not expect that Canada will prefer their leadership to that of Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues. The latter represent Canada in a broader and more significant sense than do Colonel Denison and Principal Parkin. These two gentlemen have done their work and should gracefully retire on their laurels, leaving the remainder of the task to practical statesmen.

The editor of the *British Empire Review*, who has considered that these two Imperial Federationists represented Canada and Canadian sentiment, is apparently taken aback by the discovering that his assumption was untrue. Apparently he thought Canada was governed from Toronto instead of from Ottawa, although he should not have made such a simple blunder. His leading editorial in May is entitled "Stands Canada where She Did?" and it indicates the disturbed feelings which he has experienced ever since he read Professor Shortt's note of warning in the February CANADIAN MAGAZINE. No doubt, this perturbation is shared by Mr. Chamberlain and the leaders of the British Empire League. These honourable gentlemen need not worry. Canada is loyal to the core, and when her services are required she will be found ready, as she was during the war, to do her fair share in bearing the Empire's burden.

What makes it harder for the Imperialists of Great Britain to understand their discovery, is the fact that Australia takes practically the same position as Canada, and Mr. Barton's utterances show him to be in practical unanimity with Sir Wilfrid Laurier. No doubt, the forthcoming conference will help clear the air and show us all more exactly where we stand.

John A. Cooper



HERALDS OF EMPIRE

AN authority on the public taste in books asserts that the historical novel is not dead yet, but is good for a continued season of popularity. The new effort from the pen of Miss Laut, therefore, apart from its own merits as a lively tale,* ought to meet with the same success that attended her previous book, "Lords of the North." Miss Laut has qualities as a writer of narrative which are distinctly attractive. There is a certain dramatic force about her style. In scenes which call for rapid and strong descriptive power she is thoroughly at home, and "Heralds of Empire" calls for a talent of this kind. The hero is an English lad, brought up in uncongenial surroundings in Puritan New England. Radisson, the noted pioneer of Hudson's Bay trading and voyaging, takes the hero with a party of Quebec seekers after fortune on a voyage into Hudson's Bay. They encounter all sorts of adventures, go through the various vicissitudes which beset traders in the north at the close of the seventeenth century; and there is a final "assembling" of the chief characters of the tale at the court of the "Merry Monarch," where all outstanding difficulties are adjusted, and the curtain rings down upon a happy pair. The ending, like the beginning, is rather conventional, and it must be confessed that Miss Laut is at her best in the historic battle-ground of rival traders and adventurers, where hair-breadth escapes and thrilling feats of strength are freely scattered throughout each chapter. The author's workmanship shows decided improvement, although the book is perhaps a shade less ambitious in treatment than its predecessor.

* Heralds of Empire. By Agnes C. Laut. Toronto: William Briggs.

SIR WALTER BESANT

In recording his experiences of life† Besant betrays himself as the genial, kindly, well-satisfied Englishman of cultivated tastes and active brain. After knocking about the world a bit, as many of his countrymen have a fondness for doing, he settled down at 30

MISS AGNES C. LAUT

† Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant. Edited by S. Squire Sprigge. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

years of age to the literary life in London. His experiences are instructive and amusing. Now and again he interlards his narrative with a simple and sound philosophy. "The great thing in literary work is always the same—to be independent: not to worry about money and not to be compelled to go pot-boiling." A very fine policy if you can only carry it out. Besant had a regular occupation which gave him a yearly salary, so he was able for years to practise what he preached, and when he, at 50 years of age, adopted literature as a profession, a steady income was already coming in from that source. The whole story of the collaboration with James Rice is told and evidently in frank terms. In fact, Sir Walter's autobiography is a mine of wealth to the literary aspirant and also to the curious who want to know how it is done by peeping behind the scenes. Those who are interested in the self-portrayal of a man of ideas, of sturdy principles, of philanthropic sympathies, of decided ability, and yet removed a considerable distance of being either great or distinguished, will read the Besant reminiscences.

UNIVERSITY PERIODICALS

The absence in Canada of monthly reviews similar to the *Contemporary* and the *Nineteenth Century* has led to the issue from our chief universities of publications which, in a measure, supply the place of those referred to, and which are creditable expressions of the intellectual life of our higher institutions of learning. From Toronto, from Queen's and from Victoria, have come, during recent years, quarterlies or monthlies with well-written articles on the current issues of the day, indicating serious and original work. McGill has now followed the example of her sister institutions, and the new periodical,* two numbers of which have appeared, may be compared without hesitation to the best periodicals of the day. The table of contents in the May number contains a number of timely articles in which scholarship, insight and breadth of view are conspicuous. There is variety, too, in the selection, showing that the editor, Prof. Moyse, thoroughly understands his duties, and has been fortunate in having an adequate supply of literary material to select from. For example, Dr. Parkin writes upon Imperial Federation; Prof. Flux discusses the need and the nature of Commercial Education; Prof. MacBride contributes an exceedingly frank paper on Evolution; Prof. Cox writes wittily upon the Humour of Examinations; Miss Cameron deals with the latest drama by Stephen Phillips, and Prof. Moyse's paper on a Cicero manuscript is interesting and informing. There are also contributions on travel, on the work of the various undergraduate bodies and some excellent original poetry. There is promise in a review of this class, which appeals to a wider constituency than the alumni and students of a single university. A word of praise is due for its typographical appearance, which is really noble.

* McGill University Magazine. Edited by Prof. Charles E. Moyse. Montreal: A. T. Chapman.

MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS

Municipal Affairs in its current issue (Vol. v., No. 4), preserves its reputation as a most serviceable magazine for those interested in local affairs. Canadian readers will peruse with profit, particularly at the present time, the symposium on "Sunday Opening of Saloons in New York City," by Lyman Abbott and five other able writers. Professor Plehn of the Philippine Commission, contributes an article on "Municipal Government in the Philippines." The city of Manila is to be given a charter and to be administered by an officially appointed board. For the country parts a system of local government has been prepared to be fitted on in due time. Professor Plehn reminds us that it is not safe to assume that office-seekers are numerous among a people who are not of Teutonic stock, that the office must

often seek long for its Aguinaldo and when it has found him threaten him with imprisonment if it is not accepted. The efforts of the United States to train semi-barbarians to western methods of government will be followed with interest at home and elsewhere. In this connection it may be well to bear in mind the warning thrown out by Professor Bücher in his recent "Industrial Evolution" that European nations have so often failed in their colonizing policy where they have not heeded the traditional ways of thinking and customs of the natives, and have tried to break the people too swiftly to the cumbersome yoke of civilized institutions. (New York).

NOTES

In the April *Queen's Quarterly*, E. R. Peacock writes of Rudyard Kipling and his interpretation of life. "Chinese Education" is the subject of an article by Cephas Guillet, who seems to think the Canadian Public Schools as unsuited to modern conditions as are the Chinese schools. Prof. John Watson writes of Thomas Aquinas, and James H. Turnbull of Jewish Literature. W. L. Goodwin gives some history of the art of dyeing, and A. T. Drummond explains the need in Canada of forest engineers.

Acadiensis for April reflects great credit on the industry of its editor. H. R. Bailey writes of the Relations of Acadia and New England, one hundred and fifty years ago. Montagu Chamberlain describes the Primitive Life of the Wapanaki Women. The number is profusely and artistically illustrated. (Quarterly. St. John, N.B.)

H. M. Ami, of the Geological Survey, issued some time ago a biographical sketch of the late George Mercer Dawson, C.M.G. This is a handsome and valuable monograph which every Canadian bibliographer should possess. (Ottawa Printing Co., Ottawa.)

The Droit de Banalité, or the privileges enjoyed by the Seigniors under the old regime in Canada, and, in fact, up to 1854, are well treated by W. Bennett Munro in a paper in the Annual Report of the American Historical Association. Mr. Munro is a Queen's graduate.

In "The University of Toronto Studies" there has been issued a work on City Government containing: City Government in Canada, by S. Morley Wickett, an article which has already appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE; Westmount: a Municipal Illustration, by W. D. Lighthall; and Municipal Government in Toronto, by S. Morley Wickett. Every person interested in this subject will find this an invaluable work, the first of its kind in this country.

In the same series is issued "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada for the year 1901," edited by Prof. Wrong and H. H. Langton. As usual, this volume is comprehensive and critical. The reviews by Mr. Carstairs and Captain Cruikshank are equal to anything which has yet been done in this country in the way of historical criticism. In its 225 pages are much food for thought and valuable information not elsewhere obtainable. The editors are to be congratulated upon the result of their year's work and the judicial standard maintained throughout. The criticisms of Mr. Hopkins and Dr. Hannay are severe, but no one may say that they are unfounded or unjust.

Mr. Morang is issuing a "Canadian Annual Register," which is a work of great use, and the want of which has been felt since Morgan's "Dominion Annual Register" ceased publication in 1886. The book contains about 500 pages, and deals with all the current events of the past year in which Canada is concerned. It is edited by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins.

The Historiographer of the Education Department of Ontario, Mr. J. George Hodgins, M.A., LL.D., has been at work for years on a Documentary History of Education in Upper Canada from 1791 to 1876. This

has now reached its eighth volume. When the History of Ontario is written the historian will bless Mr. Hodgins for his admirable collection, through which may be traced the educational progress and development of the Province. The Education Departments of the other Provinces might learn the lesson and make arrangement for similar undertakings.

A new book in the French language which possesses considerable interest just now, is "Les Milices Francaises et Anglaises au Canada" (The French and English Militia in Canada, 1627-1900), by George Tricoche, with 13 plans, maps or illustrations. The book deals with the history of early French-Canadian military organization, and secondly with the military strength of the Dominion since 1867. The author has really produced an elaborate and useful work of over 300 pages. He has consulted all the Canadian authorities, especially those in the English language. The publisher is Henri Charles Lavauzelle, Boulevard Saint Germain, Paris.

Mr. R. L. Richardson, ex-M.P. for Lisgar, is bringing out a novel, which is understood to be now in the hands of Morang for publication. The title and drift of the book are not known. Mr. Richardson has for many years been editor-in-chief of the Winnipeg *Tribune*.

William Briggs has issued in Canada a new edition of Lord Durham's famous Report. This report on affairs in British North America was made to the Home Government in 1838, after Lord Durham's brief term of six months as Governor-General. It showed a breadth of view, sagacity and insight such as no British statesman before him had brought to bear on colonial questions, and it formed the basis of the Act of Union between Upper and Lower Canada in 1841, and aided the establishment of responsible government.

The noted Canadian writer, Charles G. D. Roberts, has written a new book. It is entitled "The Kindred of the Wild," and will be illustrated with 51 full-page drawings of animal life by Charles Livingstone Bull. This makes a most interesting addition to the slender stock of nature classics. Mr. Roberts has studied with close and unwearied attention the lives of the great Eagle, lord of the air; Hushwing, the owl; Kehonka, the wild goose, and all the furred and feathered creatures of the wilderness and the hunted trails. In view of the great and growing interest in the study of nature through the eyes of close observers and trained recorders like Mr. Roberts, this will be a book of great popular interest.

Robert Barr's newest book is called "A Prince of Good Fellows," and relates sundry adventures of King James V. of Scotland, who was fond of prowling about incognito as Scott pictured him in "The Lady of the Lake." The stories, which have been appearing serially, are in Barr's gayest vein and very entertaining.

"In Search of Mademoiselle," just published by the Copp, Clark Co., is an American romance of the old British colonial days and is a good story. It deals with the romantic and highly picturesque episode in American history of the struggle between the French and Spanish for the possession of Florida. This furnishes the background for a charming story of the love of an Englishman for Diane de la Notte, a French Huguenot of noble family, who has been exiled from her native land.

Tibet is almost the only "forbidden" land and as such is interesting. A well illustrated description by two missionaries is just issued under the title, "Adventures in Tibet," by William Carey. (Toronto: Briggs.)

The Hon. James Young, of Galt, is preparing a work to be called "Public Men and Public Life in Canada." As journalist and publicist, Mr. Young's experience should bear fruit in a valuable work. The book will be illustrated.

IDLE MOMENTS

A COMPLEX QUESTION OF LAW AND A DOG

A MAN called on a lawyer the other day and said:

"My name is Tomkins. I called to see you about a dog difficulty that bewilders me, and I thought maybe you might throw some light on it. Might give me law points, so's I'd know whether it was worth while suing or not.

"Well, you see, me and Potts went into partnership on a dog; we bought him. He was a setter, and Potts and I went shares in him, so's to take him out shooting. It was never exactly settled which half of him I owned, or which half belonged to Potts, but I formed an idea in my own mind that the hind end was mine and the front end Potts'. Consequence was, that when the dog barked I always said:

" 'There goes Potts' half exercising himself.'

"When the dog's tail wagged I always considered that my end was being agitated and, of course, when one of my hind legs scratched one of Potts' ears or one of his shoulders, I was perfectly satisfied; first, because that sort of thing was good for the whole dog, and, second, because the thing would get about even when Potts' head would reach round and snap at a fly on my hind legs.

"Well, things went along smoothly enough for a while, until one day that dog began to get into the habit of running round after his tail. He was the most foolish dog I ever saw. Used to chase his tail round and round until he'd get so giddy he couldn't bark, and you know I was frightened lest it might hurt the dog's health, and as Potts didn't seem to be willing to keep his end from circulating in pursuit of my end, I made up my mind to chop the dog's tail off, so's to make him reform and behave.

"So last Saturday I caused the dog to back up against a log, and then I suddenly dropped the axe on his tail pretty close up, and the next minute he was running round the yard howling like a boatload of wild cats. Just then Potts came up, and he made remarks because I'd cut off that tail.

"One word brought another, and pretty soon Potts set the dog on me—half mine, too, mind you—and the dog bit me in the leg. See that. Look at that leg. About half a pound gone—eaten up by that dog.

"Now, what I want to see you about is this—can't I recover damages for assault and battery from Potts? What I chopped off belonged to me, recollect. I owned an individual half of that setter pup, from the tip of his tail right up to the third rib, and I had a right to cut away as much of it as I had a mind to; while Potts, being sole owner of the dog's head, is responsible when he bites any one or when he barks at night."

"I don't know," replied the lawyer, musingly, "there haven't been any decisions on cases exactly like this, but what does Mr. Potts say on the subject?"

"Why, Potts' view is that I divided the dog the wrong way. When he wants to map out his half he draws a line from the head to the tail. That gives me one hind leg and one foreleg, and makes him joint proprietor in the tail. And he says that if I wanted to cut off my half of the tail I might have done it, and he wouldn't have cared; but what made him angry was that I wasted his property without consulting him.

"But that theory seems to me a little strained, and if it's legal, why, I'm going to sell my half of the dog at a sacrifice sooner than hold any interest in him on those principles. Now, what do you think about it? Don't sue Potts, you say?"

"I think not."

"Can't get damages for the piece that's been bitten out of me?

"I hardly think you can."

"Well, well! And yet you talk about civilization, and temples of justice, and such things. All right. Let it go. I can stand it; and don't ever anybody undertake to tell me that the law protects human beings in their rights. Good-morning."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Tomkins, you've forgotten my fee."

"F-f-fee! Why, you don't charge anything when I don't sue, do you?

"Certainly, for my advice. My fee is five dollars."

"Five dollars! Why, that's just what I paid for my half of that dog. I haven't got a dollar to my name. But I'll tell you what'll I'll do. I'll make over all my rights in that setter pup to you and you can go round and fight it out with Potts. If that dog bites me again I'll sue you and Potts as sure as my name's Tomkins."

DESPERATE RESOLUTION

Rivers (exhibiting it): "This is a necktie my wife gave me."

Brooks: "What are you going to do with it?"

Rivers (heroically putting it on): "I am going to try to live it down."

WIRELESS TELEPHONES

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Is that Dr. Rybold?"

"No. Do you want Dr. Rybold?"

"Yes."

"All right. Hold the—hold the air a minute. I'll call him."

ANECDOTES OF GREAT MEN

The late historian, Samuel Rawson Gardiner, used to say of Froude: "Whenever I find myself particularly perplexed on any point, I look to see what Froude has to say about it. I always find his help invaluable, for I can trust implicitly in his unfailing instinct for arriving at false conclusions; and the more positive he becomes, the safer I feel in adopting a diametrically opposite view."

Gladstone told Lord Ronald Gower, that once when he visited Rome he accidentally met Macaulay, who introduced himself to the statesman. On Macaulay's telling him that he took a daily walk in St. Peter's, Gladstone asked him what most attracted him in that place. "The temperature," was the answer.

THE ANTIDOTE

In one of the Philadelphia colleges, a professor of chemistry asked a student the other day:

"Now, suppose you were called to a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?"

"I would administer the sacrament," replied the student, who, by the way, is said to be studying for the ministry, and takes chemistry because it is obligatory.

SO SUDDEN

He was talking through the telephone.

"Is that Mrs. Smith?" he asked.

"No; it's her sister," was the answer.

"Well, it's the sister I want."

"Oh! this is so sudden," he heard her say.

And then he rang off.

NOT MISSED

He (returning from a long journey): "And, pray, how did you feel during my absence? You will have missed me very much."

She: "Oh, no! Every night I took some of your old clothes, and scattered them about the floor, then I burnt a few cheap cigars in your study, trampled the mud out of the street all over the stairs, then it felt just as if my sweet, darling husband were at home."

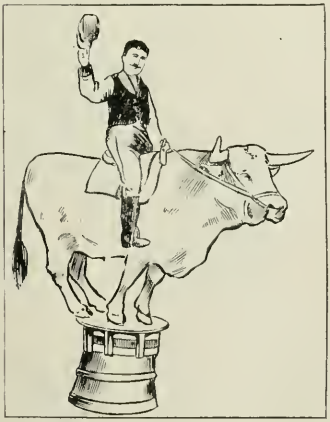
ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES

TRAINED ANIMALS

THERE seems to be no limit to the performances to be secured from animals, given the necessary training. Talking seems to be their one failure, although the parrot has managed to learn a few words by ear. Dogs and horses are most easily trained, and they furnish the chief features for the travelling animal show. Seals, bears, cats, monkeys and other animals have been taught clever tricks and are occasionally met with in the shows. Some particular instances of unusual animal intelligence are recorded here.

The most intelligent bull on record is one owned by Senor Fesi, a Spaniard. When he informed his friends a few years ago that he had just bought a young bull, with the intention of training him to dance and to perform various military evolutions in the same manner as a war-horse, they laughed and assured him that he would never be able to accomplish such a task. Senor Fesi, however, persevered, and the result is that he is now exhibiting his bull, and is proving to the satisfaction of everyone that the great, clumsy-looking animal is able to dance with much agility, and that he can go through all the military evolutions quite as well as any horse.

A TRAINED OSTRICH



A TRAINED BULL

This intelligent animal was born in Andalusia, and is of the finest Spanish breed. A beautiful creature he is in appearance, and his trappings are elegant and costly.

A TRAINED FOX TERRIER

An ostrich on a farm in Florida has been trained to carry a man. Once mounted, the man has to grasp the wings as shown in the accompanying drawing. This ostrich stands eight feet high and weighs 220 pounds. Ostriches are not usually very tractable, as they do not seem to have as acute reasoning powers as some of the other animals.

Dog acrobats are being trained to do wonderful feats of balancing and muscular sleight. One of the most interesting of these dog acrobats is Folette, owned by Mr. Reichen, a well-known London, Eng , entertainer. Folette is a cross between a fox terrier and a greyhound, and has a marvelous capacity for balancing herself on her forepaws. The illustration shows one of her feats, which recently was nightly delighting the theater-going Londoners. Folette has been in training since she was a puppy, six months of age. She is now 3 years old, and her owner says her education is not yet complete.

A little girl in New York State had trained a young rooster to do some tricks. A young lad visited the town and persuaded his father to buy it. This boy, Fred by name, had a little cart and a harness made for the rooster, and he now spends most of his spare time driving the bird up and down the street near his home.

Fred's rooster is the envy of his less fortunate playmates. He has no trouble in driving him in the street unless a trolley car comes along, and then the rooster stops to look at it. He won't take a step until after the car has passed. When Fred considers that the bird has drawn the waggon far enough at a time he feeds him with a piece of an apple. That makes the bird willing for a new start.

The rooster is kept in a box stall in Mr. Perry's barn, and has shown no inclination to leave his new quarters.

A TRAINED ROOSTER

He crows when you ask him to, and will do lots of tricks, such as "playing dead" and standing on one foot, at least that is the story as told by the New York *Herald*.

PHOTO BY FREDERICK LYONDE, TORONTO

TAKING THE WATER-JUMP

A FEATURE OF STEEPLECHASE RACES IN THE ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB'S MEETS

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX TORONTO, JULY, 1902 No. 3

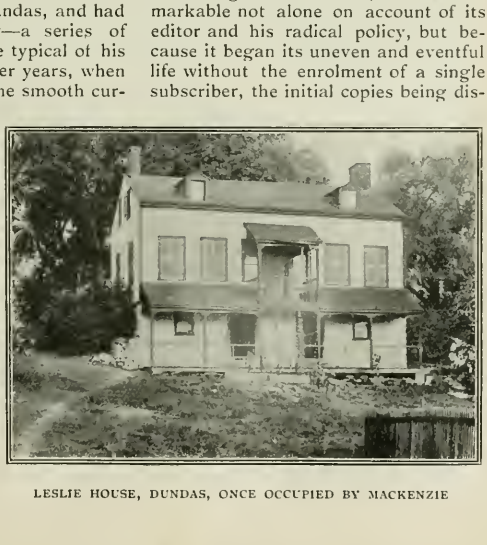
SOME REMINDERS OF WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE

By Frank Yeigh

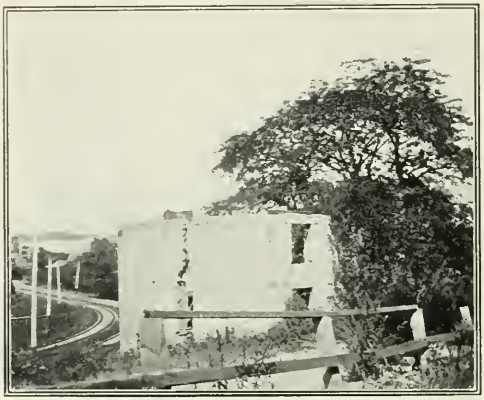
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

MANY reminders still exist, in Toronto and elsewhere in Ontario, of William Lyon Mackenzie, one of the prominent figures of Upper-Canadian life for three decades. When the Scottish lad set sail for Canada in 1820, it was little thought that he would play such a stirring part in the life of his adopted Province. Within a few years after his arrival, young Mackenzie had been employed on a survey of the Lachine canal, had opened a drug and book business in Toronto, had entered into a similar business in Dundas, and had produced a newspaper—a series of rapid changes that were typical of his restless activities in later years, when he radically disturbed the smooth currents of his day. The store in which the young man opened business in York (Toronto) in 1821 is not in existence, but part of the Dundas building still stands, though now used as a dwelling. His residence in the same town is still good for many years of use.

In 1823 Mackenzie moved to the village of Queenston, on the Niagara River, where he established a general store, but the trend of his mind was in the direction of journalism and politics. On May 18, 1824, the first number of the famous *Colonial Advocate* was issued from an old stone structure, the roofless walls and glassless windows of which still stand at the base of Queenston Heights. With the birth of this journal was born the agitation that led to the uprising thirteen years later, known as the Upper-Canadian Rebellion. This first edition of several hundred copies was issued on the eve of a general election, and was remarkable not alone on account of its editor and his radical policy, but because it began its uneven and eventful life without the enrolment of a single subscriber, the initial copies being dis-



LESLIE HOUSE, DUNDAS, ONCE OCCUPIED BY MACKENZIE



THE ROOFLESS WALLS AND GLASSLESS WINDOWS OF MACKENZIE'S FIRST PRINTING OFFICE, AT THE FOOT OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

tributed free at the expense of the publisher. It was probably the only journal ever printed in two countries: the outside pages being struck off in Lewiston, in the United States, and the inside pages being set up and printed in the Queenston structure.

From the windows of the *Advocate* office, now fast crumbling to ruin, its editor could view the summit of Queenston Heights, where Brock had lost his life but a few years before, and where the first monument to his memory was in process of erection. When the Masonic ceremonies in connection with the laying of the corner-stone took place in 1824, the usual collection of coins and papers were placed in a fissure of the rock on which the monument stood. One of the publications thus honored was the *Colonial Advocate*. When this became known to Sir Peregrine Maitland, the indignation of the Lieutenant-Governor was intense, for already he was smarting under the attacks and jibes of the free-lance editor. At least one method of revenge was open, and this was taken advantage of. The receptacle was ordered to be reopened, and the obnoxious sheet taken therefrom and ruthlessly destroyed. This was done with no little dramatic effect, the offending publisher being present at the curious ceremony of disinterment!

It was during his residence in Queenston that Mackenzie became involved in a libel suit for his criticisms in connection with the building of the Welland canal. The old court-house in Niagara, which is still intact, was the scene of the trial. An eye-witness was Mr. Thomas Vrooman, of Queenston, who recalls that the defendant pleaded his own cause, and spoke in his defence at a rapid rate for seven hours. "It was a splendid speech," Mr. Vrooman tells. "Occasionally the speaker would declare with great emphasis: 'You'll get no jury here to bring in a verdict against me!' It was practically true, as they simply fined him a nominal shilling. He needed no lawyer; he was enough for them all."

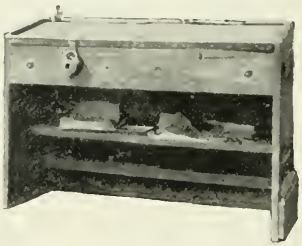
Mackenzie removed to York in 1824, establishing a printing office at the south-east corner of Front (then Palace) and Frederick Streets, where he lived for a short time. The two years that followed were signalized by severe criticisms of the governmental powers of the day, to such an extent that the attacked parties were furious in their hatred of the troublesome printer. On June 8th, 1826, his press and type were seized by a band of young men, who threw the material into the bay at the foot of Frederick Street. The building connected with this episode has long since disappeared, as well as a house occupied at a later date by Mr. Mackenzie on the west side of York Street, midway between Richmond and Queen Streets. But the theatre in which he played his leading part was

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. W. L. FORSTER

the grim old red-brick Parliament Buildings on Front Street, for sixty years the seat of government and the fountain of authority of the Province, now a deserted pile left to the dust and cobwebs and the ghosts of men.

In the cabin of the York pioneers, hidden away in a corner of Exhibition Park, Toronto, is the desk used by Mackenzie in the Upper Canadian Legislature, first as member for York from 1829 until 1835, and afterward as the member for Haldimand in the United Parliament from 1851 until 1858. What a tale the old ink-stained piece of furniture could tell of its master through those stormy and strenuous years! It stood on the immediate left of the Speaker's chair, and to it the editor-legislator brought his exchanges, his scissors and his pastepot, and here, according to a chronicler of his day, "he clipped, and snipped and scribbled with the utmost industry." What a tale it could tell of the wordy conflicts, and physical ones, too, that raged before the "flare-up" of 1837—the vigorous thumpings on its unoffending surface, the curious mass of papers stowed away in its recesses, the struggles to evict the recalcitrant member by physical force. Stirring battle scenes they must have been when the honourable member suffered five expulsions from the historic Chamber in succession, followed by as many re-elections. The first expulsion was on account of his having printed reports of the Legislative Assembly in his paper without parliamentary authority. Other causes were alleged: such as libellous statements in his journal that "the House was an assembly of sycophants," and that his opponents in power were "a band of public robbers." Then it was that the unconquerable little radical earned his title of the "stormy petrel." Other titles were given him from time to time, and if half of them were true they would have made the man a marvellous zoological and human specimen. He was not only, according to his enemies, a reptile and a spaniel dog, not only a seditious little liar and a firebrand, but a political mountebank, a squib scribbler, a notorious mountebank indeed, who, according to an esteemed contemporary, "began to feel his consequence among small people and to swell, like the frog in the fable, with pomp and vanity. This emporium of political villainy, this heavy curse upon the public, little Mackenzie, has been raised from a prostrate baboon posture to assume the attitude of a man!" He was also a political mountebank in the eyes of Sir Francis Bond-Head — one "who spoke, stamped, foamed, wiped his seditious little mouth and then spoke again!" Sir Francis did not confine himself to this one expression, however: "Mackenzie is, without exception, the most notorious liar in all Canada. He lies out of every pore in his skin. Whether he be sleeping or waking, on foot or on horseback, talking with his neighbours or writing for a newspaper, a multitudinous swarm of lies, visible, palpable, tangible, are buzzing and settling about him like flies around a horse in August!" Such were the amenities of journalism and public life in the good old days of our grandfathers. The press and parliamentarians are alarmingly polite in these degenerate days, in contrast with the freedom of speech of seventy-five years ago. It was possibly only a passing pleasantry of the time when Robert Gourlay spoke of Dr. Strachan as "a lying little fool of a renegade Presby-

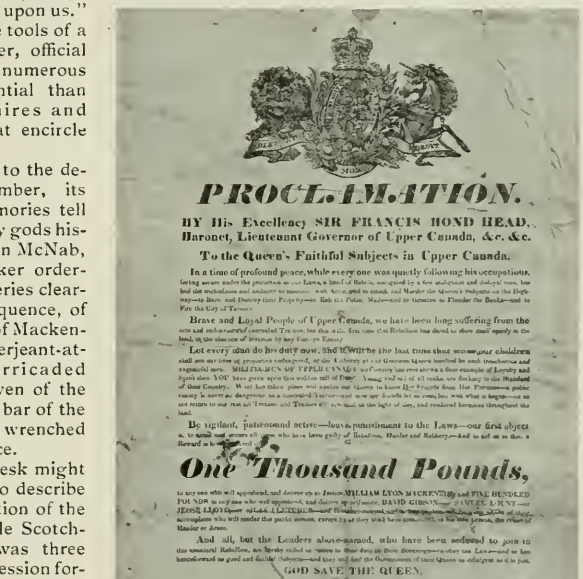


THE DESK USED BY MACKENZIE IN THE U.C. LEGISLATURE, NOW IN THE CABIN OF THE YORK PIONEERS IN EXHIBITION PARK, TORONTO

terian." And it was but a mild expression for Mackenzie, who was a past-master in the art of vituperation, when he wrote that "if a government emanating from England can cherish such a corrupt, such a star-chamber crew (as the Family Compact), then the days of the infamous Scroggs and Jeffreys are returned upon us." "They were tools of a servile power, official fungi more numerous and pestilential than the quagmires and marshes that encircle Toronto!"

To return to the deserted Chamber, its ghostly memories tell of the gallery gods hissing Sir Allan McNab, of the Speaker ordering the galleries cleared in consequence, of the seizure of Mackenzie by the serjeant-at-arms, of barricaded doors and even of the sacred brass bar of the House being wrenched from its place.

The old desk might then go on to describe the last eviction of the imperturbable Scotchman, who was three times in succession forcibly removed from his seat while a crowd of sympathizers without gave vent to their anger. No wonder Sir John Colborne ordered the articles of war read to the regiment, and a member of the Legislature gave notice of an address to the King praying him "to remove the seat of Government to a point where they would not be daily liable to be annoyed, insulted, overawed by a mob so ignorant or infatuated as to become the ready tools for executing every species of violence and outrage to which any political demagogue may choose to incite them!" Matters must have been in a parlous condition to have given birth to such a ponderous and wordy complaint. And one ventures to imagine that the "little Mannikin from York"—another pet name given Mackenzie by his oppon-



PROCLAMATION.

BY His Excellency SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD, Baronet, Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, &c. &c.

To the Queen's Faithful Subjects in Upper Canada.

In a time of profound peace, while every one was quietly following his occupations, having secure under the protection of our Laws a blessing of Rebellion, was excited by a few unprincipled and disloyal men, who had the wickedness and audacity to associate with Arms, and to attack and Murder the Queen's Subjects on the Highway—to Burn and Destroy their Property—and like the Felon Mob—used to threaten to Murder the Banks—and to Fire the City of Toronto.

Brave and Loyal People of Upper Canada, we have been long suffering from the acts and misconduct of a few, but the acts first time that Rebellion has dared to show itself openly in the land, in the absence of treason in any Part of Europe.

Let every man do his duty now, and it will be the last time that we see our children shall ever see any thing of proscription embittered, or the Country as the Governor Queen hereafter be such treasonable and ungrateful men. MILITIA-MEN OF UPPER CANADA, no Country has ever shewn a finer example of Loyalty and Spirit than YOU have given upon this sudden call of Duty. Young and old of all ranks, are flocking to the Standard of that Country. We all have taken your noble and spontaneous Queen to know Her Property from that Persecution, public enemy is never so dangerous as a concealed Traitor—and now are thankful to see those who want a hearty—and we are resolved to our rest to Treason and Traitors are revealed to the light of day, and rendered harmless throughout the land.

Be vigilant, patient and active—look as punishment to the Laws—our first object is, to arrest and secure all those who have been guilty of Rebellion, Murder and Robbery—And to aid us in this, I forward as before stated, [illegible]

One Thousand Pounds,

to any one who will apprehend, and deliver up to Justice WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE and FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS to any one who will apprehend, and deliver up to Justice, DAVID GIBSON, SAMUEL LUNT and JESSE ELLIOT, Esquires, late of LACOLLE. Should the Leaders named, and the Incendiaries, who are [illegible] accomplices who will render the public service, expect [illegible] they shall have committed, in the most serious, the crime of Murder or Arson.

And all, but the Leaders above-named, who have been seduced to join in this unnatural Rebellion, are hereby called on [illegible] to their duty to their Sovereign—to obey the Laws—and to live henceforward as good and faithful Subjects—and they and [illegible] the Government of their Queen to detain [illegible] as it is just.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Thursday, 3 o'clock, P. M.
7th Dec.

☞ The Party of Rebels, and their Chief Leaders, is wholly dispersed, and flying before the Loyal Militia. The only thing that remains to be done, is to find them, and arrest them.

R. STANTON, Printer to the QUEEN's Most Excellent Majesty

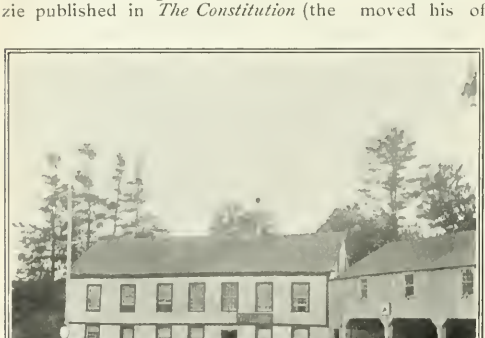
THE PROCLAMATION OFFERING £1,000 FOR THE CAPTURE OF MACKENZIE

ents — heartily enjoyed the excitement, of which he was indirectly the instigator.

The Doel house, standing on the northwest corner of Adelaide and Bay streets in Toronto, is another reminder of rebellion days. John Doel became associated with the leaders of the Party

THE GRANGE, TORONTO, ONE OF THE SOCIAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE FAMILY COMPACT. NOW THE HOME OF PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

of Reform, and during the exciting days immediately preceding the outbreak of the Rebellion, his house and brewery (which stood in the rear of the dwelling) were the principal headquarters of the new organization. Many important meetings were there held—committee meetings in the house and larger gatherings in the brewery. As a result of these gatherings, Mackenzie published in *The Constitution* (the successor to *The Colonial Advocate*) on August 2, 1837, "a declaration of the Reformers of Toronto to their fellow-Reformers of Upper Canada," in which a long list of grievances were set forth. Subsequently a plan was concocted for the consolidation of the Reformers of the Province into a political union. In his capacity as agent and secretary of what was known as "The Canadian Alliance Society," Mackenzie addressed more than two hundred meetings, and organized one hundred and fifty branch associations. Many of these had secret drillings for their members, and the making of pikes and the resurrection of old flint-locks indicated the unsettled state of affairs. The news that reached the Lieutenant-Governor of these secret gatherings so alarmed Sir Francis that he removed his office to the Legislative Buildings on Front Street, which were placed in a state of barricade, and the challenge of the sentry and the march of the picket was heard along the water front of the provincial capital—and all because a radical Scotchman set up a printing press in Canada thirteen years before!



BOND'S HOTEL, NEAR TORONTO, ONCE KNOWN AS THE BOND-HEAD INN

An illustration of "The Grange" is a fitting accompaniment to that of the Doel residence, inasmuch as the former was popularly known as the place where the members of the Family Compact foregathered

in social reunions and planned their campaigns against "the Patriots." As the home of the Boultons — the Chief Justice and his son, D'Arcy—the followers of Mackenzie regarded the old red brick home as the chief centre of their official enemies. "'The Family Compact' could not have been a very formidable body," Goldwin Smith has said, "at least numerically, judging by the limited dimensions of the dining-room in the Grange."

GRAVE OF MACKENZIE AND HIS FAMILY IN THE NECROPOLIS, TORONTO

The historical student will find an additional reminder of rebellion days in the old tavern, on upper Yonge Street, once known as the Bond-Head Inn, named, as it is alleged, after Sir Francis Bond-Head by an ardent admirer of the Governor. The creaking sign once bore a crude portrait of Sir Francis, but whether he ever tested the hospitality of the place is not known.

There are many relics of a documentary nature in the Toronto Public Library, and in the hands of private individuals, that throw some light on Mackenzie. A few have to do with his tenure of office as the first Mayor of Toronto in 1834, and as such, being the first Mayor ever elected in Upper Canada. His Honour—to give him one of the few titles that came his way—seems to have made a fairly successful civic chief, and to have done good work for the little town. It was during his year of office that the cholera plague swept over the town, and the heroism of the Mayor during those trying days, in caring for the dying and assisting in burying the dead, at the risk of his own life, should cover a multitude of errors

LOUNT AND MATTHEWS' MONUMENT IN THE NECROPOLIS, TORONTO

in his wider public career. Indeed, he was himself stricken with the disease, but his wiry constitution and his indomitable pluck saved him.

Among the relics in the Toronto Public Library are some of the military orders issued in connection with the secret society organized by Mackenzie and the rebel army. One reads in this grandiloquent style :

Liberty or death!

Headquarters,
Windsor, U.C.

SIR—By authority of the Grand Council, the Western Canadian Association. The Great Grand Eagle Chapter of Upper Canada on Patriot Executive Duty: You are hereby commissioned to the rank in line of a————of the ————Regiment of the———— Brigade of the————Division on Patriot Service in Upper Canada. (Signed), Commander-in-Chief of the North-Western Army on Patriot Service in Upper Canada.

E. J. ROBERTS,
Adjt. General N.W.A.T.

Reverting to the rebellion narrative, the time came when the fiasco of Montgomery's Farm took place on Dec. 7, 1837. Mackenzie made his escape. A proclamation offered a reward of £1,000 for the capture of the declared rebel, but the fugitive had at his command an underground railway, by means of which he was enabled to reach the American frontier on the following Monday. During his flight he hid, according to local legend, in a cave on the mountain side near Dundas, the mouth of the cavern being still pointed out. Mackenzie was also sheltered at St. David's, and at several other points, and in due time made his way to Navy Island. Here he organized his "Provisional Government," from whence he issued his well-known proclamation of December 13, 1837, promising three hundred acres of Crown Lands to every volunteer who would join his forces, and adding a reward of £500, by way of exchange of compliments, for the head of Sir Francis Bond-Head! In response several hundred gathered at Navy Island, but the Provisional Government was shortlived, the evacuation taking place in January of 1838. An old barn on the Slater Farm, opposite Navy Island, still shows the holes made by the cannon shot fired during the chase of the rebel leader by Col. (afterward Sir Allan) McNab.

One of the curios in the Provincial Museum, in the Toronto Normal School buildings, is a substantial cane, apparently given to Mackenzie by some political enemies in a spirit of irony. The inscription reads : "This vine was cut on Navy Island, C.W., after the Lion (Mackenzie) and his pirate followers fled to their boats on the 16th January, 1838, finding the grape of Canada too potent for their relish." Signed, "HEMP."

The literary remains of Mackenzie are an evidence of his tireless industry. They are now in possession of Mr. Charles Lindsay, of Toronto, a son-in-law of the deceased, and the author of "The Life and Times of William Lyon Mackenzie." Scores of portly volumes are scrap books, containing clippings on every conceivable subject and fully indexed, apparently used by the gatherer in his journalistic work. Others, again, have to do with the subjects that came up for discussion in Parliament, while masses of letters reveal the extensive correspondence carried on by the old-time member for York with people in Canada, the United States and Europe. Notes of speeches and memoranda of all kinds abound. Even a cursory glance through this treasure-trove indicates a rich storehouse of material from which the history of Upper Canada yet remains to be fully written. Mr. Lindsay is engaged in writing a book dealing with the Navy Island episode of the Rebellion, based on the documentary evidence in his possession.

I will pass over the next decade to a time when William Lyon Mackenzie again lived in Toronto, in his declining days. His friends, moved by sympathy for their old leader's condition, contributed funds sufficient to buy a

home for him, although he strenuously opposed the movement at one time. Sufficient was raised, however, to buy a house, a three-story building yet standing in good preservation at No. 82 Bond Street. The closing years of his life were years of gloom and despair. In 1860 he ceased the intermittent publication of his last paper, *The Message*, and on August 28, 1861, the stormy petrel was at peace. His sixty-six years of strenuous struggle and abnormal activity were at an end; his page of history was closed. The dust of the rebel or patriot — choose which title you will—rests beneath the low-spread branches of a mountain ash in the Toronto Necropolis. Within a hedge-bordered square, four small marble slabs, each but a few inches in height, mark a row of graves. One bears the word "FATHER," and below it "William Lyon Mackenzie." Adjoining is a stone marked: "William Lyon and George Mackenzie," and the fourth, "Barbara and Helen." Thus they form a tale that is told in a place where human harvests grow. Here, in the same God's acre where a granite shaft marks the graves of Lount and Matthews, lie the remains of the Man of '37, freed from the storm and stress of his span of life. And though a later generation recognizes the benefits that flowed from the agitations of the Scotch lad from Forfarshire, yet no stately monument marks his grave —naught but a few inches of granite hidden at the base of a green hedge. Lie lightly on his ashes, Mother Earth!

MACKENZIE'S RESIDENCE, BOND ST., TORONTO. IT WAS HERE HE DIED

MUSIC

O GLORIOUS spirit, bringing joy and freedom
To Care's sad captives, pent by prison bars!
Thou callest us; and—to thy voice responding,
We soar beyond the stars!

O'er space triumphant, our glad spirits traverse
The starlit paths by angel footsteps trod;
Till we behold, at last, in light and splendour,
The Paradise of God!

Helen Holton

SCENES AT HALIFAX—MAJ.-GEN. O'GRADY-HALY CONSULTING WITH LIEUT.-COLS. IRVING, BOULANGER AND MACDONALD

THE WAR AND CANADA

By Norman Patterson

THE Boer War is over, and Canada is thankful. This is our first Imperial war—the first for the generations now living—and for that reason it was interesting while it lasted. Since the Boers rode across the borders of the two Republics and invaded British territory on October 12th, 1899, Canadians have watched the progress of the struggle with mixed emotions. They shuddered when the news of Maagersfontein flashed across the cable, because it was a battle which came home to them. It was more real to them than any battle since the heavy engagements in Egypt. They trembled with fear and joy when the name of Paardeberg burned in red letters upon the record, for their brothers and their sons were there. Paardeberg will always be a holy name. They did not rejoice because Cronje was defeated, but because their sons had become men in the eyes of the world. It was not a question of whether the Boers were in the wrong or in the right, whether Lord Roberts was a greater general than Piet Cronje, but "How do we look in the eyes of the world?"

So their sons went to fight for the Empire, for the old flag, and for Canada. The first Contingent, the Second Contingent, the Canadian Quota to the South African Constabulary, the Third Contingent and the Fourth. The last instalment of our Imperial contribution had scarce cleared the dock

at Halifax when the word came, "It is enough. The war is ended." The whistles blew, the bells rang, the rectors led in thanksgivings, the unthinking youngsters lighted their firecrackers, and the rest of us heaved a sigh of relief. Canada was glad. Because of the triumph over the Boers? No, for there was no hate. The Boer is and was a colonial—a man who went out into the edges of the world to lead the way for following civilization. He fought as Canadians would have fought —perhaps not so honourably, but just as sturdily. This feeling of brotherhood removed our hate, and yet we were glad he was beaten, very glad. He had to learn that ignorance and prejudice are not virtues and that the Empire is something too big for him to dismember.

Canada sent seven thousand of her sons. Two hundred and fifty of them will never come back, for they have been laid away in the sandy veldt. Nearly four thousand are still there, struggling against disease, accident and fate, and some of them may not return. These are part of the price we pay for our nationhood. Canada gave them willingly and will keep their memory green.

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS

Because the terms of peace were not signed until one hour before midnight on the last day of May, 1902, it must not be supposed that the British were unwilling to grant peace before that date. As a matter of fact, from the time Lord Roberts entered Pretoria, the British were willing to grant terms to the Boers. If peace did not come until twenty-two months later, it was entirely due to the attitude of the Federals. They were implacable. They would have nothing to do with a peace which did not give them their inde-

SCENES AT HALIFAX—LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAMS INSPECTING HORSES

pendence. Independence was the one thing which the British would not give.

On September 13th, 1900, Lord Roberts issued a proclamation asking the Boers to surrender. Had they done so then they would have received as good terms as they eventually secured, and there would have been many more of them to participate in the results of those peace terms. Three days later the unyielding Kruger replied to Lord Roberts' proclamation, and declared it null and void. He asserted that the tions were again initiated through Mrs. Botha, who arranged a meeting between her husband and Lord Kitchener. This took place at Middelburg on February 28th. General Botha said he did not think peace could be arranged without independence, but asked for information concerning the future government proposed for the two colonies and on other points. Lord Kitchener, after consultation with Lord Milner and the British Government, sent Botha a letter offering amnesty for all bona-

SCENES AT HALIFAX—AN OFFICER INSPECTING HIS MOUNT

Republics were unconquered. Soon afterwards he fled to Europe.

On December 20th of the same year, Lord Kitchener issued a proclamation from Pretoria notifying all burghers that if, after that date, they voluntarily surrendered, they would be allowed to live with their families in Government laagers until such time as the guerilla warfare was ended. All stock and property brought in would be respected and would be paid for if appropriated. Only a few took advantage of this offer.

In February, 1901, peace negotiafide acts of war committed during the recent hostilities, except that the Cape Colony rebels must suffer disenfranchisement. All prisoners of war would be brought back from St. Helena, Ceylon and other places as quickly as arrangements could be made for their transport. At the earliest possible date military administration was to cease and be replaced by civil administration in the form of crown colony government. The colonies would thus be governed by a Governor and nominated council, but, as soon as circum-

stances permitted, a representative element would be introduced, to be followed later by the privilege of self-government. On the cessation of hostilities, a High Court was to be established in each of the new colonies, to administer the law of the land, and this court was to be independent of the Executive. Church property, public trusts, and orphan funds were to be respected. Both the English and Dutch languages were to be used and taught in public schools when desired, and allowed in courts of law. The British would not assume the debts of the late Republican Governments, but were prepared as an act of grace to set aside a sum not exceeding £1,000,000, to repay the burghers for goods taken from them by the late Republican Governments, or subsequently by commandants. Such claims would have to be established to the satisfaction of a Judge or Commission appointed for the purpose. The British were also willing to consider the possibility of assisting by loan, all farmers who took the oath of allegiance, to repair injury or loss during the war, and no special war tax would be imposed on farmers. Burghers requiring the protection of firearms were to be allowed them by license and on due registration, provided they took the oath of allegiance. The just predominance of the white races was to be maintained.

No person can read these terms without feeling that they were generous. Nevertheless General Botha replied that he could not recommend the terms to his Government. Apparently the Boers were not yet willing to accept anything short of independence.

SCENES AT HALIFAX—A TRANSPORT LEAVING FOR SOUTH AFRICA

Nothing more was done until June when the Boer leaders held a conference at which they decided that a peace which relinquished independence and amnesty for colonial rebels would be worthless and vain. In August Lord Kitchener issued his proclamation giving burghers until the 15th of September to surrender. On September 29th he issued another proclamation providing for the sale of the properties of Boers still in the field.

During this time Mr. Kruger was in Europe trying to secure intervention.

SCENES AT HALIFAX—GEN. O'GRADY-HALY AND OFFICERS THIRD CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES

He tried all the various courts of Europe, but could get no assistance. The United States Government also declined to interfere. Several of the Governments were willing to act as mediators in order to bring about a peace if Great Britain would consent. This the British Government steadily refused. They maintained that Britain held suzerainty over the two Republics, that they could not accept mediation.

A TYPE OF C.M.R.

On January 20th, 1902, speaking in the House of Commons to the charge that the attitude of the Ministers had not conduced to the early termination of the war and the establishment of a durable peace, Mr. Chamberlain said that no punctilio would be allowed to stand in the way of a settlement. The Government proposed no general confiscation and they intended to grant full political rights. They would listen to any reasonable overtures from a responsible authority, and they would grant the largest possible amnesty.

A few days later the Netherlands Government sent a note to the British Government stating that the Boer delegates in Europe desired to go to South Africa to obtain power to conclude a treaty of peace. To this note Lord Lansdowne replied that, while appreciating the motives of the Netherlands Government, they could not accept the intervention of any foreign Power. He added that it was not clear that the delegates retained any influence with the Boers in South Africa, where all

powers were understood to be vested in Steyn and Schalkburger. From the tenor of this note it was quite evident that the British Government would not open negotiations with the Boer delegates in Europe, and were determined to make peace only with those who remained in the field. As events proceeded, this impression was deepened and, henceforth, Mr. Kruger and his associates ceased to be a factor in the struggle.

Nothing more was heard of peace until March, when it was reported that Messrs. Schalkburger, Reitz, and other Transvaalers had arrived in Pretoria from Middelburg under a flag of truce. They remained in Pretoria for a short time, and then went on by train to Kroonstadt. President Steyn and Generals De Wet and De la Rey were located and a conference held. Subsequently the leaders collected at Klerksdorp, and on April 11th they were again in Pretoria. For a week they held conferences there with Lords Kitchener and Milner, and on the 18th left for their respective commandoes to lay before the burghers the proposed terms of surrender. Later it was announced that a peace conference would be held at Vereeniging on May 15th.

The Boer leaders duly met their commandoes, took their views, and repaired to Vereeniging for a final conference before going to Pretoria to present their answer. This lasted only a few days, and then the leaders left for Pretoria, where the final terms were settled. These were practically the same as those offered in the previous year except that £3,000,000 was appropriated for restocking the farms, and it was agreed that the Cape rebels might be tried and punished with disenfranchisement, but that they could not be sentenced to death.

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

The full list of all officers, noncommissioned officers and men who have been mentioned in despatches from South Africa has been published, together with all honours of special promotions, etc., gazetted up to May of the present year. The number and names of the Canadians who have been so distinguished will be interesting reading, and is here published as a matter of record.

Lord Roberts' Despatch, March 31st, 1900.

SPECIAL—Major S. Denison, R.-C.R.I. Capt. E. Girouard, (Brevet-Major and local Lieut.-Col.) D.S.O., R.E., Director of Railways, has carried out his duties in a highly creditable manner; the concentration of troops prior to my advance was carried out by him without a hitch, and he has recently performed valuable services in restoring through railway communication between the Orange Free State and Cape Colony.

ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT OF INFANTRY—Lieut.-Col. W. D. Otter, Canadian Staff A.D.C. to Governor-General of Canada; Majors L. Buchan, O. Pelletier (Lieut.-Cols.); Capt. H. Stairs (Capt. 6th Princess Louise's Fusiliers); Lieut. and Adjt. A. Macdonnell (Capt.); Sgt. Utton; Ptes. J. Kennedy, H. Andrews, J. H. Dixon, C. Duncafe and F. Page.

FABER'S PUT, MAY 30TH, 1900.

Lieut.-Col. Hughes, Intelligence Officer; Major Ogilvie, E. Battery, R.C.A.; Capt. Mackie, R.C.A.; Surgeon-Major Worthington, C.A.

General Buller's Despatch, March 30th, 1901.

LORD STRATHCONA'S HORSE—Lieut.-Col. S. B. Steele, commanding, has great influence with all ranks; having a thorough knowledge of frontier work, his services have been most valuable. Majors A. Jarvis, R. Belcher, Capt. and Adjt. E. Mackie, and Lieut. R. Magee, have done excellent service throughout, and proved themselves most useful soldiers in every duty they were called upon to perform. Warrant and non-commissioned officers and men who have specially distinguished themselves:—Regtl.-Sgt.-Major J.

Hynes, Sgt. H. Nelles, Armr.-Sgt. J. Brigham, Cpl. A. McLellan; Ptes. C. Rooke, G. Gamsby, W. Graham, A. Garner. The remark about the South African Light Horse applies equally in this case, and I subjoin a list of names:—Major A. Snyder; Capts. G. Cameron, F. Cartwright; Lieuts. F. Harper, J. Benyon, P. Fall, J. Macdonald, J. Leckie, T. Pooley, A. Christie, W. Parker (quartermaster), J. Snider (transport officer), E. Steele (paymaster), A. McMillan (veterinary officer), A. Kyle (attached); Surg.-Lieut. C. Keenan; Civil Surg. A. Houseman; Sq.-Sgt.-Major Richards; Sgt. Trmpr. J. Farmer; Farrier-Sgt. A. Gillies; Sgts. R. Moir, J. S. Lambert, G. Clarke, C. Whitehead, S. Kelly, P. Routh; Cpls. E. Clarke, Alex. Norquay, W. Lafferty, F. Mulligan, C. McDonald, R. Grogan, Read; Ptes. J. Carpenter, C. Kindrew, R. Hammond, H. Saxby, A. Stewart, J. Waite, J. Devine, S. White, R. Dearing, T. Pym.

Lord Roberts' Despatch, April 2nd, 1901.

DIRECTORS OF RAILWAYS DEPT.—The difficult and arduous work performed by this department reflects the greatest credit upon all concerned. Brevet-Major E. P. C. Girouard, D.S.O., held the important position of Director, and to his able administration, power of organization and unflagging energy, the success of his department is mainly due. I am much indebted to him for his valuable services.

CANADIAN A.D.C.'s.—Major Denison, R.C.R.I.

CANADA—ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS—Lieut.-Cols. T. D. B. Evans, F. L. Lessard; Lieut. R. E. W. Turner; Pte. L. W. R. Molloy. STRATHCONA'S HORSE—Lieut.-Col. S. B. Steele; Majors A. Belcher, A. M. Jarvis; Capts. G. W. Cameron, F. L. Cartwright, G. F. Mackie (adjutant); Lieuts. A. E. Christie, J. E. Leckie; Surg.-Lieut. C. B. Keenan, M.D.; Regt'l.-Sgt.-Major J. Hynes; Sq.-Sgt.-Major J. Richards; Sgts. W. H. Nelles, J. M. B. Skirving. ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY—Col. C. W. Drury; Majors Houdon, G. Ogilvie; Surg-Major A. N. Worthington (attached); Capt. H. A. Panet; Lieut. L. E. W. Irving; Batt. Sgt.-Major W. H. Grimlett, Gunner Laidlaw. ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT—Col. W. D. Otter; Lieut.-Col. L. Buchan; Capt. A. H. Macdonnell; Lieut. J. H. J. Ogilvie (adjutant); Ptes. J. Kennedy, J. Landen, M. Crooke, R. R. Thompson. MOUNTED INFANTRY—Trpr. Waite. MOUNTED RIFLES—Capt. A. C. Macdonald (2nd); Lieuts. H. Davidson, A. L. Howard, W. M. Inglis, F. Young; Regt'l.-Sgt.-Major Church; Sgt. R. H. Ryan; Cpls. T. Gallaghan, T. R. Miles, F. W. Whitlow; Trpr. Crawley; Ptes. T. Kerr (killed), S. E. Morrison, Hammond, Miles.

Lord Roberts' Despatch, Sept. 4th, 1901.

CANADA—Majors R. Cartwright, Capt. H. B. Stairs, Lieut. J. C. Mason, Royal Canadian Regiment; Majors V. A. S. Williams, W. Forester, Royal Canadian Dragoons; Major G. E. Sanders, Lieut. H. L. Bowen (killed), Canadian Mounted Rifles; Lieut E. W. B. Morrison, Royal Canadian Artillery.

CIVIL HOSPITALS — Lieut.-Col. G. S. Ryerson, Commissioner Canadian Red Cross Society.

Lord Kitchener's Despatch, March 8th, 1901.

STRATHCONA'S HORSE—Lieut. I. R. Snider.

Lord Kitchener's Despatch, May 8th, 1901.

STRATHCONA'S HORSE—Major A. L. Howard (killed) has been repeatedly brought to my notice for acts of gallantry.

CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES—Lieuts. Borden and Chalmers (both killed) brought to notice for gallantry in action and for stubborn fighting.

CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES —Corpl. Morden, killed on outpost duty whilst with five men holding off a large body of enemy. Sergt. Builder, killed whilst bringing in guns near Belfast.

Lord Kitchener's Despatch, March 8th, 1902.

CANADIAN SCOUTS—Pvte. D. McIntyre (promoted Corpl.), for conspicuous dash on several occasions.

CANADIAN SCOUTS—Capt. T. H. A. Williams, for conspicuous good service in December and January.

VICTORIA CROSS.

COCKBURN, LIEUT., H. Z. C., Royal Canadian Dragoons. At Kemati River, Nov. 7th, 1900, Lieut. Cockburn, with a handful of men, at a most critical moment held off the Boers to allow the guns to get away; to do so he had to sacrifice himself and his party, all of whom were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, he himself being slightly wounded. Later in the day, when the Boers again seriously threatened to capture the guns, Lieut. R. E. W. Turner, Royal Canadian Dragoons, although twice previously wounded, dismounted and deployed his men at close quarters, and drove off the Boers, thus saving the guns. Sergt. E. Holland, Royal Canadian Dragoons, did splendid work with his Colt gun and kept the Boers off the two 12-prs. by its fire at close range. When he saw the enemy were too near for him to escape with the carriage, as the horse was blown, he calmly lifted the gun off and galloped away with it under his arm.

SERGT. E. HOLLAND, Royal Canadian Dragoons, see above.

SERGT. A. H. L. RICHARDSON, Lord Strathcona's Corps. On July 5th at Wolve Spruit, about fifteen miles north of Standerton, a party of Lord Strathcona's Corps, only thirty-eight in number, came into contact and was engaged at close quarters with a force of eighty of the enemy. When the order to retire had been given, Sergt. Richardson rode back under a heavy cross-fire and picked up a trooper whose horse had been shot and who was wounded in two places, and rode with him out of fire. At the time when this act of gallantry was performed Sergt. Richardson was within 300 yards of the enemy, and was himself riding a wounded horse.

LIEUT. R. E. W. TURNER, Royal Canadian Dragoons, see above.

ARMY HONOURS AND PROMOTIONS.

Companions (C.B.)

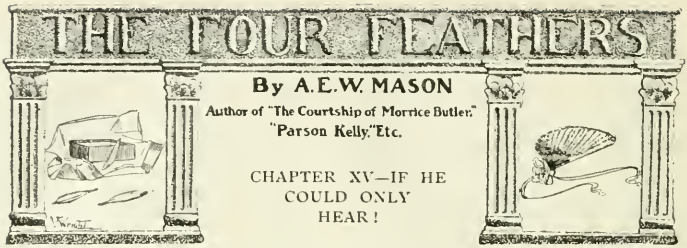
CANADIAN CONTINGENT—Col. C. W. Drury, Royal Canadian Arty.; Col. W. D. Otter, Royal Canadian Regiment; Lieut.-Cols. T. D. B. Evans, F. L. Lessard, Royal Canadian Dragoons; Lieut.-Col. S. B. Steele, M.V.O., Strathcona's Horse.

Order St. Michael and St. George (C.M.G.)

CANADIAN CONTINGENT—Lt.-Cols. L. Buchan, R. Cartwright; Capt. and Brevet-Major S. J. A. Denison, Royal Canadian Regiment; Majors R. Belcher, A. M. Jarvis, Lord Strathcona's Corps.

Distinguished Service Order (D.S.O.)

CANADIAN CONTINGENT — Lt. R. E. W. Turner, Royal Canadian Dragoons; Capt. H. A. Panet, Lieut. L. E. W. Irving, Royal Canadian Arty.; Lieut. J. H. J. Ogilvie, Royal Canadian Regt.; Capt. (now Major) A. C. Macdonnell, Canadian Mounted Rifles; Capts. G. W. Cameron, F. L. Cartwright, E. F. Mackie, Lieuts. A. E. Christie, J. E. Leckie, Surg.-Lieut. (temp. Capt.) C. B. Keenan, Lord Strathcona's Corps; Majors A. L. Howard (since killed in action), C. E. Sanders; Capts. H. B. Stairs, A. H. Macdonnell, Lieuts. E. W. B. Morrison, J. C. Mason.



CHAPTER XV—IF HE COULD ONLY HEAR!

RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermod Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland, where there is to be a ball to celebrate the engagement. On the evening of this great event, Feversham receives by post a box containing three white feathers and three visiting cards bearing names of brother officers. They had deemed him a coward who would resign his commission on the eve of war. Feversham talks of the affair with Ethne, explaining that all his life he had been afraid that some day he should play the coward. For that reason, and because of his engagement, he had resigned. She returns the little box of feathers to him, and lo! he finds she has added a *fourth* from her fan. The engagement is ended and Harry Feversham disappears, but not before communicating to his mother's friend, Lieutenant Sutch, that some day he hopes to win back his honour.

After three years' service in Egypt, Durrance returns to London and is surprised to hear of the broken engagement and of Harry Feversham's disappearance. Under the circumstances, he feels free to visit Ethne Eustace at her home in Donegal. He does so, and presses his suit unsuccessfully. He returns to his post at Wadi Halfa. In the meantime Harry Feversham is learning Arabic in Upper Egypt.

Another June comes round; Durrance returns to England for another furlough, but makes no progress with his suit. He goes back to Egypt.

Still another June comes round; and two letters cross in the Mediterranean. One is from Ethne to Col. Durrance, saying that she has reconsidered the matter and will marry him upon his return to England. The other is from Col. Durrance to Ethne, in which he tells her that a sunstroke has deprived him of his eye-sight. Ethne had learned of Durrance's misfortune by cablegram from a friend of his and immediately sent her letter, thinking Durrance would not know of the cablegram.

The self-sacrificing fiancée meets her lover, on his return to England, at the home of their mutual friend, Mrs. Adair. Shortly afterwards Capt. Willoughby brings Ethne one of the four feathers with a strange story of how Harry Feversham has redeemed it by a gallant deed in Egypt. Her old affection and regard for Harry is thus awakened, and even her blind lover notices the change in her. His blindness makes him all the more susceptible to changes in tone and spirit.

CAPTAIN WILLOUGHBY opened his eyes and stared at Ethne.

"Engaged to Jack Durrance!" he exclaimed. "Then I seem to have wasted my time in bringing you that feather," and he pointed towards it.

Ethne drew her hand away with a quick instinctive movement.

"I am most grateful for it," she returned "you have taken a great deal of trouble to bring very good news to a stranger."

Captain Willoughby tilted his hat, scratched his forehead and ruminated.

"It's a bit of a muddle, isn't it?" he remarked. Seems a little rough on Feversham perhaps, what? It's a little rough on Jack Durrance too, when you come to think of it." Then he looked at Ethne. He noticed her careful handling of the feather, he remembered something of the glowing look with which she had listened to his story, something of the eager tones in which she had put her questions; and with an unusual sense of sense, he added: "I

shouldn't wonder if it was rather rough on you too, Miss Eustace."

Ethne did not answer him, and they walked together out of the enclosure towards the spot where Willoughby had moored his boat.

"Those old codgers who wrote verses knew a thing or two after all—Homer and his lot, don't you know?" said Willoughby.

"What in the world do you mean?" asked Ethne.

"Why, here you are, sort of tangled up, as far as I can see," he said, "whereas the Penelope racket would have saved a deal of embarrassment."

Ethne stopped and turned to him with a flush of anger.

"There is no parallel whatever, and I am not 'tangled up' Captain Willoughby. I wish you to understand that distinctly."

Captain Willoughby bowed.

"Of course," said he, "since you wish it, by all means."

They descended the bank to the water's edge. Captain Willoughby stooped down and lowered the painter of the boat. As he rose erect again, Mrs. Adair came down the bank and joined them.

"I saw you cross the lawn from the drawing-room window. I thought Colonel Durrance was with you," she said, and after she had spoken she waited.

"No," answered Ethne, and she said no more. Mrs. Adair, however, did not move away, and there followed an awkward pause. Ethne was forced to give in.

"I was talking to Captain Willoughby," and she turned to him. "You do not know Mrs. Adair, I think?"

"We have not met," he replied. "But I know Mrs. Adair very well by name. You see I am aquainted with Durrance and of course I knew—" A glance from Ethne brought him to a stop. He began vigorously to punch the nose of his boat from the sand.

"Of course, what?" asked Mrs. Adair with a smile.

"Of course I knew of you, Mrs. Adair."

Mrs. Adair was quite clear that this was not what Willoughby had been on the point of saying when Ethne turned her eyes quietly upon him and cut him short. "Captain Willoughby," she repeated to herself. Then she said:

"You belong to Col. Durrance's regiment perhaps?"

"No, I belong to the North Surrey," he answered.

"Ah! Mr. Feversham's old regiment," said Mrs. Adair pleasantly. Captain Willoughby had fallen into her little trap with a guilelessness which provoked in her a desire for a close acquaintanceship. Ethne, however, had disconcerting ways which at times left Mrs. Adair at a loss. She looked now straight into Mrs. Adair's eyes and said calmly:

"Captain Willoughby and I have been talking of Mr. Feversham." At the same time she held out her hand to the Captain. "Good-bye," she said.

Mrs. Adair hastily interrupted.

"Colonel Durrance has gone home, but he dines with us to-night. I came out to tell you that, but I am glad that I came. For I can ask your friend to lunch with us if he will."

Captain Willoughby who already had one leg over the bows of his boat, withdrew it with alacrity.

"It's awfully good of you Mrs. Adair," he began.

"It is very kind indeed," Ethne continued. "But Captain Willoughby has reminded me that his leave is very short and we have no right to detain him. Good-bye."

Captain Willoughby gazed with a vain appeal upon Miss Eustace. He had travelled all night from London, he had made the scantiest breakfast at Kingsbridge and the notion of lunch particularly appealed to him at that moment. But her eyes rested on his with a quiet and inexorable command. He bowed, got ruefully into his boat and pushed off from the shore.

"It's a little bit rough on me too, perhaps Miss Eustace," he said. Ethne laughed and returned to the terrace with Mrs. Adair. Once or twice she opened the palm of her hand and dis-

closed to her companion's view a small white feather, at which she laughed again and with a clear and rather low laugh. But she gave no explanation of Captain Willoughby's errand, since, had she been in Mrs. Adair's place, she would not have expected one.

Mrs. Adair's point of view was not hers, however. Here was Ethne, afraid of Durrance, shrinking from him, and now Captain Willoughby had come with news of Harry Feversham, good news if that low, clear laugh of Ethne's could be trusted. And it could, Laura Adair had no doubt of that. It might even be that Willoughby had brought a message. Perhaps that white feather which Ethne so tenaciously held, was in some way a message. And if the message was innocent, why were there these concealments? Laura Adair got hot and indignant over what was plainly an underhand proceeding, as she sat in the shade of the house after lunch. But she did not ask for an explanation. She was by nature, behind her pale and placid countenance, a tortuous woman; and she preferred to look through a keyhole even when she could get in at the door. She sat and wondered what in the world had occurred at that hall at Ramelton so many years ago; she perplexed herself with questions as to the character of Captain Willoughby's visit; she became actually suspicious because Ethne had left her to herself that afternoon.

Ethne was, however, at that moment merely sitting by her window looking out between the great trees across the estuary. She told herself again the story which Captain Willoughby had related and her heart thrilled to it as to music divinely played. She was conscious of a new exhilaration in the air and a quickened pulsation in her blood. Once she rose and unlocking a drawer in her dressing-case drew out a portrait—a portrait which at some near time must be destroyed. She had barely glanced at it, however, when a feeling of disloyalty brought the blood to her cheeks, and she laid the palm of her hand flat upon the face. She replaced it in the drawer without looking at it again and laid the white feather with it. But the good news was not so easily to be thrust aside. Her own pride, which had never quite recovered from the blow which Harry Feversham had dealt to her, was now restored and by the man who had dealt the blow. For the heart of her great content was the one thought that Harry Feversham had needed no word of faith or encouragement from her. The muddle might be rough on her, as Willoughby had phrased it, but she was not conscious of that; and she sat in a golden mist until the lights began to change upon the still water of the creek and the rooks wheeled noisily out from the branches, circled about the treetops, settled again amongst the leaves and warned her of evening. She brought to the dinner-table that night a buoyancy of spirit which surprised her companions. Mrs. Adair had to admit that seldom had her eyes shone so starrily, or the colour so freshly graced her cheeks. She was more than ever certain that Captain Willoughby had brought stirring news; she was more than ever tortured by her vain efforts to guess its nature.

It therefore escaped her notice that Durrance's spirits rose to match Ethne's, that he seemed to be throwing off a burden of restraint. He answered laugh with laugh, and from his face that habitual look of tension, the look of a man listening that his ears might make good the loss of his eyes, passed altogether away. It escaped Ethne's notice; for upon this night she was off her guard.

"You will play your violin to-night, I think," he said with a smile, as she rose from the table.

"Yes," she answered, "I will;" and when he joined her in the drawing room she was already tightening the strings. She was seated in the window and Durrance took a chair behind her.

"What shall I play to you?" she asked.

"The Musoline Overture," he answered. "You played it on that first evening when I came to Ramelton. I

remember so well how you played it then. Play it again to-night. I want to compare."

"I have played it since."

"Never to me."

"You wish to hear whether I improve?"

"Improve? I won't use that word. There's another."

"Well?"

"Perhaps I will tell you after I have compared."

Ethne was off her guard. She did not speculate as to that other word. She laughed lightly and drew her bow across the strings.

They were alone in the room; the windows stood open; it was a night of moonlight. Ethne suddenly crossed to the lamp and put it out. She resumed her seat, while Durrance remained in the shadow leaning forward with his hands upon his knees, listening—but with an intentness of which he had given no sign that evening. He was applying, as he thought, a trial test upon which his life and hers should be decided. He sat so motionless that he seemed a figure of wax posed there as a jest.

Ethne played the overture, and as she played she forgot that Durrance was in the room behind her. In the garden the air was still and summer-warm and fragrant; on the creek the moonlight lay like a solid film of silver; the trees stood dreaming to the stars; and as the music floated loud out across the silent lawn, Ethne had a sudden fancy that it might perhaps travel down the creek and over Salcombe Bar and across the moonlit seas, and strike small, yet wonderfully clear, like fairy music, upon the ears of a man sleeping somewhere far away beneath the brightness of the Southern stars with the cool night-wind of the desert blowing upon his face.

"If he could only hear!" she thought. "If he could only wake and know that what he heard was a message of friendship!"

And with this fancy in her mind, she played with such skill as she had never used before, she made of her violin a voice of sympathy. The fancy grew and changed as she played. The music became a bridge swung in mid-air across the world, upon which just for these few minutes she and Harry Feversham might meet and shake hands. They would separate, of course, forthwith, and each one go upon the allotted way. But these few minutes would be a help to both along the separate ways. The chords rang upon silence. It seemed to Ethne that they declaimed the pride which had come to her that day. Her fancy grew into a belief. It was no longer "If he should hear," but "He *must* hear!" And so carried away was she from the discretion of thought that a strange hope suddenly sprung up and enthralled her.

"If he could answer!"

She lingered upon the last bars waiting for the answer; and when the music had died down to silence she sat with her violin upon her knees, looking eagerly out across the moonlit garden.

And an answer did come, but it was not carried up the creek and across the lawn. It came from the dark shadows of the room behind her, and it was spoken through the voice of Durrance.

"Ethne, where do you think I heard that overture last played?"

Ethne was roused with a start to the consciousness that Durrance was in the room, and she answered like one shaken suddenly out of sleep.

"Why, you told me. At Ramelton, when you first came to Lennon House."

"I have heard it since, though it was not played by you. It was not really played at all. But a melody of it, and not even that really, but a suggestion of a melody I heard stumbled out upon a zither with many false notes by a Greek in a bare little whitewashed café lit by one glaring lamp at Wadi Halfa."

"This overture?" she said, "how strange!"

"Not so strange after all. For the Greek was Harry Feversham."

So the answer had come. Ethne had no doubt that it was an answer.

She sat very still in the moonlight; only had anyone bent over her with eyes to see, he would have discovered that her eyelids were closed. There followed a long silence. She did not consider why Durrance, having kept this knowledge secret so long, should speak of it. She did not ask what Harry Feversham was doing that he must play the zither in a mean café at Wadi Halfa. But it seemed to her that he had spoken to her as she to him. The music had, after all, been a bridge. It was not even strange that he had used Durrance's voice wherewith to speak to her.

"When was this?" she asked at length.

"In February of this year. I will tell you about it."

"If you please," said she.

And Durrance spoke out of the shadows of the room.

CHAPTER XVI—DURRANCE'S STORY

"IT was on the night before I started eastwards into the desert for the last time," he said and the final words and the voice of yearning with which he lingered upon them for once left Ethne quite untouched.

"Well," she said, "go on," and there was something of impatience in the way she spoke. Durrance construed that impatience according to his inclinations. Since he wished to tell her of this meeting with Harry Feversham, let him tell her and have done with it.

"I had been busy all that day. I turned the key in my office door thinking with relief that for six weeks I should not open it, and I strolled out of Wadi Halfa along the Nile Bank into the town of Tewfikieh. As I entered the main street I saw a small crowd—Arabs, negroes, a Greek or two and some soldiers, standing outside the café, and lit up by the gleam of light from within. As I came nearer I heard the sound of a violin and a zither, both most vilely played, jingling out a waltz. I stood at the back of the crowd and looked over its shoulders into the room. A troop of itinerant musicians were playing to that crowd of negroes and Arabs and Egyptians for the price of a night's lodging. There were four of them; two were evidently man and wife. They were both old, both slatternly and almost in rags, the man a thin, sallow-faced fellow with grey hair and a black moustache, the woman fat and unwieldy. Of the other two, one it seemed must be their daughter, a girl of seventeen, not good-looking really, but dressed with a scrupulous care which in those sordid, mean surroundings lent her good looks. The care indeed with which she was dressed, assured me she was their daughter, and to tell the truth, I was rather touched by the thought that the father and the mother would go in rags so that she at all costs might be neat. A clean ribbon bound back her hair, an untorn frock of some white stuff clothed her. The fourth was a young man; he was seated in the window with his back towards me bending over his zither. But I could see that he wore a beard. When I came up the old man was playing the violin, though playing is not indeed the word. The noise he made was more like the squeaking of a pencil on a slate; it set one's teeth on edge; the violin itself seemed to squeal with pain. And while he fiddled and the young man hammered at his zither, the old woman and the girl slowly revolved in a waltz. It may sound comic to hear about, but if you could have seen! . . . It fairly plucked at one's heart. I do not think that I have ever in my life witnessed anything quite so sad. The little crowd outside, negroes, mind you, laughing at the troupe, passing from one to the other any sort of low jest at their expense, and inside the four white people—the old woman, clumsy, heavy-

footed, shining with heat, lumbering round slowly, panting with her exertions, the girl, lissome and young, the two men with their discordant, torturing music and just above you the great African sky and just about you the great silent and spacious dignity of the moon-lit desert. Imagine it! The very ineptness of the entertainment actually hurt me."

He paused for a moment, while Ethne pictured to herself the scene which he had described. She saw Harry Feversham bending over his zither and at once she asked herself "what was he doing with that troupe?" It was intelligible enough that he would not care to return to England. It was certain he would not come back to her, unless she sent for him. And she knew from what Captain Willoughby had said that he expected no message from her. He had not left with Willoughby the name of any place where a letter could reach him. But what was he doing at Wadi Halfa, masquerading with this itinerant troupe?

"You spoke to him?" she asked suddenly.

"To whom? Oh, to Harry?" returned Durrance. "Yes, afterwards when I knew."

"I beg your pardon. I interrupted you. Tell me all!"

And she listened with that question growing more and more urgent in her mind. There came a dread with it, an increasing dread. She did not move, she did not even turn her head towards Durrance. Through the open window the moon threw a broad panel of silver light upon the floor of the room at her feet. She sat gazing into it as she listened and wondered, as though it was itself a window through which if she looked but hard enough, she might see very small and far away that lighted café blazing upon the street of the little town upon the frontiers of the Soudan, and pluck her answer from the vision. Durrance continued from the dark shadow behind her:

"The waltz came to an end. The old woman sank upon the bench against the wall; the young man raised his head from his zither; the old man scraped a chord upon his violin and the girl stood forward to sing. Her voice had youth and freshness but no other quality of music. Her singing was as inept as the rest of the entertainment. Yet the old man smiled, the mother beat time with her heavy foot and nodded at her husband with pride in their daughter's accomplishment. And again in the throng the ill-conditioned talk, the untranslatable jests of the Arabs and the negroes went their round. It was pretty horrible, don't you think?"

"Yes," answered Ethne, but slowly in an absent voice. She was too absorbed by her one pressing thought to have sympathy to spare for those three outcasts of fortune. "Yes, go on."

"I was wondering by what stroke of ill-luck that troupe could have been flung so far in their quest for a living—though, upon my word, if one had considered the value of what they did, one could not have found it strange. When the song ceased, the young man with his back towards me began to fumble out a solo upon the zither. He strück so many false notes, no tune was to be apprehended at the first. The laughter and noise grew amongst the crowd, and I was just turning away, rather sick at heart, when some notes, a succession of notes, played correctly by chance, suddenly arrested me. I listened again, and a sort of haunting melody began to emerge—a weak, thin thing with no soul in it, and yet familiar. I stood listening in the street of sand, between the hovels fringed by a row of stunted trees, and I was carried away out of the East to Ramelton and to a summer night beneath a melting sky of Donegal, when a girl had sat by the open window as you sit now, and had played the Musoline Overture—not as you played it now."

The last words and a rather happy note of laughter in which they were uttered struck upon Ethne's mind for a moment.

"Not as I played it?" she asked, with some wondering; and then she remembered vaguely something which

Durrance had said before, when he first asked her to play; something which she had barely noticed at the time, and which his subsequent story had driven from her mind. "Ah, I understand; you spoke of a comparison. I play it better now, then? I improve?"

She spoke as lightly as she could, recalling a little of that caution which she had worn before her as a shield.

"Improve!" said Durrance. "I said that there was another word."

But Ethne was not on her guard that night. She was held too completely in suspense; she was looking through that white panel of moonlight again to the village on the Nile. She did not speculate upon what word Durrance would substitute for "Improve."

"Well," she said, "the man who strummed upon the zither? It was"—the Christian name was upon her lips, but she had the wit to catch it back unuttered—"it was Mr. Feversham? But he knew no music," she cried in a sudden alarm, lest Durrance should have been mistaken. "I remember so much very well. He would thump out any jangle of notes with his ten fingers on a piano and think it as good a chord as another." She laughed as she spoke with a momentary recollection of his inability to appreciate any music except that which she herself produced, and checked the laugh. For even to her ears it told too much. But now she was not the only one off her guard. Since she had played the overture, Durrance himself was no longer the attentive listener.

"No, he knew nothing of music. He could never have remembered any melody of the overture," she said.

"Yet it was Harry Feversham," he answered. Somehow he had remembered. I can understand it. He would have so little he cared to remember, and that little he would have striven with all his might to bring clearly back to mind. Somehow, too, by much practice I suppose, he had managed to elicit from his zither some sort of resemblance to what he remembered. Can't you imagine him working the scrap of music out in his brain, humming it over, whistling it uncounted times with perpetual errors and confusions, until some fine day he got it safe and sure and fixed it in his thoughts? I can. Can't you imagine him then picking it out and sedulously and laboriously on the strings? I can. Indeed I can."

He spoke with that pitying sympathy for a rival which comes when jealousy is dead and the rival has been ousted from the field; and his comprehension of Feversham's plight came with a shock upon Ethne. She waked up to Durrance's presence, to the recognition that he was more than Harry Feversham's mouthpiece. He understood, he could imagine Feversham's gradual mastery of the forgotten melody, because in Feversham's place he would have done the like. She had Durrance to think of, and to think for—she must not forget it. And again the sense of disloyalty came home to her. But she must hear this story to the end; even at the cost of disloyalty.

"It was then Mr. Feversham?"

"Yes. I did not guess it at once. I was not very quick in those days."

"But you are now?" asked Ethne.

"Quicker at all events. I should have guessed it now. Then, however, I was only curious. I wondered how it was that an itinerant Greek came to pick up the tune. At all events I determined to reward him for his diligence. I thought that you would like me to."

"Yes," said Ethne in a whisper.

"So, when he came out from the café and with his hat in his hand passed through the jeering crowd, I threw a sovereign into the hat."

"Ah!" cried Ethne clenching her hands. It hurt her, though why she did not attempt to explain even to herself, it actually hurt her that Durrance should have tossed a sovereign to Harry Feversham as to any beggar. Ethne had her defects. She could not understand that a man could accept the gift, even in the pursuit of a definite end, even if the money went

to those three others in the café, without some loss of dignity.

"But why should he collect money?" she exclaimed. "And from a crowd like that?"

Durrance shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose that he had had rough times."

Ethne for the first time turned about in her chair and stared towards that dark corner where Durrance sat.

"You fancy that he was brought to *that?*" she said, with some anger in her voice. "Never! Had there been need he would not have fallen to it, and there was no need. His father continued his allowance and he accepted it."

"You know that?"

"I know it. I heard it only to-d—" she began. For in her heat she was carried out of her prudence. "I know it I mean," she said hastily.

Durrance however was content with the statement; in his own perplexity he overlooked the interruption.

"Then what in the world was he doing at Wadi Halfa, herding with that troupe, playing for his lodging and a meal before those natives and a few Greek clerks?" he asked. "What did it mean?"

It was the very question which had been torturing Ethne, and of which she had all this time looked to Durrance for the answer.

"You did not ask him?" she cried, rising to her feet. And the cry was one of exasperation and almost one of scorn.

"There was no opportunity. Do you think I would have missed it had there been one? Harry Feversham was my friend, for many years my one great friend. He turned to thank me as I threw the sovereign, and he cried 'Jack!' just once, the next moment he was gabbling Greek and edging backwards through the crowd. But he had called out my name. Do you think I thought of anything at that moment except that he and I had rowed in the same boat and bathed in Sandford Lasher years before? I forgot you Ethne, I caught him by the arm, and the crowd fell back and made a ring."

"Well!" said she breathlessly. "And yet you did not ask him what he was doing there? Oh why? Why?" and clasping her hands she resumed her seat. The bitterness of her disappointment was too strong for her. She made no effort to repress the passion of her cry. Here was the last news of Harry Feversham, and it was brought to her incomplete, like the half sheet of a letter. The omission might never be repaired. Besides there was the great dread growing in her heart. "Oh why did you not force an answer?" she exclaimed.

"I was a fool," said Durrance. There was almost as much regret in his voice now as there had been in hers; and because of that regret he did not remark the passion with which she had spoken. "I shall not easily forgive myself. He was my friend, you see. I had him by the arm and I let him go. I was a fool," and he beat upon his forehead with his palms.

"He tried Arabic," Durrance resumed, "pleading that he and his companions were just poor peaceable people, that if I had given him too much money I should take it back, and all the while he dragged away from me. But I held him fast. I said, 'Harry Feversham, that won't do,' and upon that he spoke in English, whispering it, 'Let me go, Jack; let me go. I will come up to your quarters in Halfa within an hour. Let me go now.' There was the crowd about us. It was evident that Harry had some reason for secrecy, it might have been shame for all I knew. I let him go and returned to my quarters. All that night I waited up for him on the verandah, but he did not come. In the morning I had to start across the desert. I almost spoke of him to a friend who came to see me start. At the very last moment, when my camel had risen from the ground, I stooped down to speak to him, to tell him to see to Feversham. But I did not. You see I knew nothing about his allowance. I merely thought that he had fallen rather low. It did not seem

fair to him that another should know of it. So I rode on and kept silence."

Ethne nodded her head. She could not but approve, however poignant her regret for the lost news.

"So you never knew why he came to Halfa?"

"I was away nine weeks. I came back blind," he answered simply, and the very simplicity of his words went to Ethne's heart. He was apologizing for the blindness which had hindered him from his enquiry.

"But there is always the chance, the hope, you will recover," she said gently.

"No, there is no hope, as you know well, Ethne," he answered. "I know it too. I have known it this long while."

Ethna was fairly startled. Durrance for the first time admitted there was no hope of a cure. She had suspected that he knew, now he admitted it, and a sharp fear clove her. Why had he spoken of Harry Feversham? Why did he acknowledge that he was blind for life? Had he guessed the truth, she asked herself, and dared not answer. He was so quick now to guess. That, too, he had admitted for the first time to-night. Ethne turned again towards that dark corner where Durrance sat, and half rose from her chair. She stared into the shadows, her heart throbbed so that she pressed her hand fast upon it. Was all this story of his a preliminary to a renunciation? Did he know of the four feathers? Of Harry Feversham's redemption of his honour? She dreaded the moment when he would speak again, but he still spoke of Feversham.

"There's one more thing. I am troubled by it, very much troubled. Of course I knew Harry did you a great wrong, though what the wrong was I do not know. But even when I thought that I had forgotten him at Halfa, I found that I had not. He was my friend, and I am much troubled. When I returned to Halfa blind, I made some enquiries. I learned that on the very day of my departure into the desert, three of the troupe had gone on a steamer north towards Assouan. One man had remained, and the one man was undoubtedly Feversham."

"But he was not in Halfa when you returned?" she asked.

"No."

"You are sure, quite sure?"

"Quite. I had the place searched."

For a little while there was silence, and then Ethne asked indistinctly and in a low voice·

"And which way do you think he went?"

"I heard—it seemed incredible—no, it must be incredible — that a man dressed as he was, slipped past Halfa in the morning and went south."

"Into the desert?"

"Yes, but the desert to the South. You know what that means?"

Again there was a silence, and once more Ethne indistinctly asked, "Capture? Death?"

"Capture, yes for a sure thing," answered Durrance. "Once out of reach of our patrols, there could be no doubt. But death? Not of necessity. Believe that, Ethne! I believe it. You see, he was white. They might think him a spy. They would be sure he had knowledge of our plans. He would be taken to Omdurman first at all events."

"And Colonel Trench is a prisoner in Omdurman?" said Ethne.

The fear which had been growing upon her all that evening was a true fear, soundly based. She sat and clung to the arms of her chair, feeling the room whirl. But she must utter no cry, she must not swoon, she must keep very still and quiet, and speak when needed with a quiet voice; even though she knew that Harry Feversham had gone southwards to Omdurman to join Colonel Trench. For Durrance, the blind man to whom she was betrothed, was in the room.

CHAPTER XVII—CAN THE BLIND SEE?

ETHNE began to calculate. In the middle of February Harry Feversham went southwards from Wadi Halfa—five months ago. He was already, therefore, in the saier of Omdurman, he had already joined Trench.

"I suppose that escape is possible from Omdurman," she said, constraining her voice to an accent of indifference.

"Perhaps," answered Durrance. "Attempts were made to get Trench out, and others, but they have not succeeded."

"Why?"

"The trouble is the go-between, the Mahdist merchant who undertakes the work. For one thing his risk is great, and at the last moment he shirks the danger. For another, he is more often than not a rogue. You make your arrangements with him at Suakin or at Assouan, and you hand him over the necessary money. In six months or a year he comes back alone, with a story of excuses. It was summer and the season unfavourable for an escape. Or the prisoners were more strictly guarded. Or he himself was suspected. And he needs more money. His tale may be true and you give him more money, and he comes back again, and again he comes back alone."

"Exactly," said Ethne.

Durrance's words explained to her the one point she did not understand. She had not been able to realize the actual aim which Harry must have in view. She realized it now. Harry was to be his own go-between.

"With money, then, and a go-between who could be trusted, it is possible that Colonel Trench might be rescued?" she said, and Durrance replied with some astonishment,

"Trench? I was thinking of Harry Feversham. I did not know you were even acquainted with Colonel Trench."

"Nor am I. I was wondering about the lot of any man shut up amongst the Dervishes, and how he would long for release. Life would not be easy in the prison of Omdurman."

"Easy! A hovel crowded with Arabs, without light or air, and the roof perhaps two feet above your head, into which you were locked up from sundown to morning; very likely the prisoners would have to stand all night in that foul den, so closely packed would they be. Imagine it even here in England on a night like this! Think what it would be on a July night in the Soudan! Especially if you had memories, say of a place like this, to make the torture worse."

Ethne looked out across that cool, moon-lit garden of broad lawns and tall trees. At this very moment Harry Feversham might be struggling for breath in that dark and noisome hovel, dry of throat and fevered with the heat, with a vision before his eyes of the grass slopes of Ramelton, and with the music of the Lennon river liquid in his ears.

"One would pray for death," she said slowly, "unless—"; she meant, "unless one went there deliberately with a fixed thing to do," but she cut the sentence short. Durrance filled it up in his own way.

"Unless there was a chance of escape," he said.

Ethne made no reply, and Durrance wondered a little at the utter indifference which she displayed to the destiny of a man who, whatever he since had done, was at one time the closest in her thoughts. It was opposed entirely to a theory of his which he had expounded in Hyde Park to Mrs. Adair; that women gather up their experiences and dwell upon them, and make them part of their very selves. It was incongruous, too, to his view of Ethne, who was not lacking in imagination, and who of all people whom he knew, was the last lightly to forget. But while he wondered, Ethne suddenly broke in.

"Major Castleton is dead!" she said abruptly.

"Castleton?" he exclaimed. "There was a Castleton in Feversham's regiment. Is that the man?"

"Yes. He is dead?"

"He was killed at Tamai."

"You are sure—quite sure?"

"He was within the square of the Second Brigade on the edge of the great gully when Osman Digna's men sprang out of the earth and broke through. I was in that square too. I saw Castleton speared;" and Durrance was startled, for when he had spoken Ethne drew a breath of relief.

"You disliked Major Castleton so much?" said he.

"I never knew him."

"Yet I thought you were actually glad to hear of his death."

Ethne was silent for a moment. Then she said slowly and distinctly,

"I am not sorry."

She could not help it. The first feather had been brought back by Captain Willoughby. It was just possible that Colonel Trench might bring back the second. Harry Feversham had succeeded once under great difficulties, in the face of great peril. The peril was greater now, the difficulties more arduous to overcome; that she clearly understood. But she took the one success as an augury that another would follow it. Feversham would have laid his plans with care, he had money wherewith to carry them out; and besides she was a woman of strong faith. But she could not but feel relief that the sender of the third feather could never be approached. Moreover she hated him.

"I made arrangements before I left Wadi Halfa," Durrance resumed. "Spies you know come at times with news. If Feversham is at Omdurman, sooner or later I shall hear of it. Calder will send me news. You remember him."

"I do?" exclaimed Ethne.

"Yes," said Durrance with a laugh. "He sent you the telegram from Halfa telling you that I was blind—the telegram which you received before you wrote to me."

Ethne was brought with a shock from her thoughts of Harry Feversham.

"You guessed that?" she asked, and she turned and stared into the darkness.

"At Cairo. When I came to England I learned that I had guessed the truth. One has grown quicker, as I have admitted to you to-night. From the first I watched and listened, I tried to interpret your movements, to understand from the way in which you spoke, the expression upon your face. It was because I had lost the sight of you. There was no other reason at the beginning. I wanted to make up for that loss. But gradually I began to find out. I discovered that there was something lacking which I very much desired. Your words, the voice in which you spoke them, and—may I say it?—a reluctance on your part to be alone with me showed me unmistakably that friendship and pity were the feelings which prompted you to write to me at Halfa. For you felt nothing more."

So he knew! Ethne sat stunned by his words. She had no answer ready, and indeed she understood that no answer would be of any use. She turned again to the window and sat gazing out into the garden with hands gripped upon the arms of her chair. A sense of despair came over her; she felt powerless under the scrutiny of her blind lover. The natural defences of her sex were not for her. She had thought it would be so easy to keep the blind man in the delusion that she loved him; his very blindness made it impossible; and immediately Durrance put her own thought into speech.

"The strange thing is," he explained, "that if I could have seen you I should never have found out. With your face and your eyes in view I should have been content to believe just what you wished me to believe. I only began to see clearly after I was blind."

Again he laughed light-heartedly as he spoke. The laugh puzzled Ethne, for there was no affectation in it, and she knew that he now cared for her no less than on that morning when he had spoken by the mountain-torrent at Glenalla. And then he suddenly rose from his corner and coming close to her chair stood behind her.

"Do you remember the first time we met after I had gone blind, one afternoon a couple of months ago?"

"Yes," she answered, "at Hill Street."

"I said then that no marriage was possible between a man crippled like myself and a woman." He threw up his head with a laugh of pride, and made the laugh his epithet for her—"a woman like you, unless upon both sides there was love. I have never changed from that belief."

"I did not accept it," she cried.

"You did not oppose it."

"I kept silence—"

"Because to have contradicted would have shown me at once that upon only one side was there love."

"I do not accept it now," said Ethne stubbornly. She must keep faith with Durrance. She had written to Wadi Halfa because she knew how much he of all men had lost when he lost his sight; and that knowledge was present with her now.

"Now?" said Durrance with a quiet sort of exultation which perplexed her no less than had his laughter. He resumed:

"Even after I was quite sure that there was only friendship upon your side I did not change from my belief. It is true I said no word of breaking our engagement, but I waited and deferred the time of marriage. I made excuses. I led you to believe that there was a chance of recovery when I knew there was none."

"Why?"

"Because I hoped, as a man will, that with time your friendship might grow into more than friendship. So long as there was a chance of that I—Ethne, I could not let you go. It was selfish, no doubt, but selfishness is the blind man's particular fault. So, I waited, listening for some new softness in your voice, some new buoyancy in your laughter, some new deep thrill of the heart in the music which you played, longing for it—how much! Well, to-night I have burnt my boats, I have admitted to you that I knew friendship limited your thoughts of me. I have owned to you there is no hope my sight will be restored. I have even dared to-night to tell you what I have kept secret for so long, my meeting with Harry Feversham and the peril which he has run."

"Yes," said Ethne slowly. "Why have you told me these things to-night?"

"Because for the first time, I have heard to-night just those signs for which I waited. The new softness, the new pride in your voice, the buoyancy in your laughter—they have been audible to me all this evening. The restraint and the tension were gone from your manner. I asked you to play the Musoline Overture, so that I might compare. It was not to see whether you had improved. I told you there was another word. Perhaps you can guess it now. And when you played, it was as though someone with just your skill and knowledge played, but someone who let her heart speak resonantly through the music as until to-night you have never done. Ethne, Ethne!"

Ethne did not answer, for in this revulsion of her feelings she dared not trust her voice. The conclusion to which he had come was so unexpected by her that for the moment she was not even aware that of her fear, at all events, she was relieved. The new pride, the new happiness which had shown in her that Durrance took to himself. Captain Willoughby's message, the tidings of Harry Feversham, the possession of a little soiled white feather locked up in a drawer upstairs, had begotten that pride and that happiness, and Durrance took them both to himself, was grateful for them and recognized them as signs of love. So, indeed, they were, but of love for him—no. His very penetration had led him astray.

At one moment pity for Durrance overwhelmed her; at another the bitter irony of his mistake pressed upon her so that she could barely keep from laughter as bitter. Some great, grim jest of the ancient gods it seemed wantonly played upon these ineffectual mor-

tals. And again a fierce loathing for the concealments she must practise and still practise suddenly sprang up in her; so that she had much ado not to spring from her chair and speak the whole truth out and have done with it.

But she sat very still, she gave way to no laughter, and she expressed no pity.

"So you see," Durrance continued, "I could not speak of Harry Fevershame until to-night. For I was afraid that what I had to tell you would hurt you very much. I was afraid that you still remembered him, in spite of those five years. I knew, of course, that you were my friend. But I doubted whether in your heart you were not more than that to him. To-night, however, I could tell you without fear."

He bent forward over the back of her chair.

"Ethne!" he said.

She was now leaning forward with her face dropped upon her hands.

"Ethne," he whispered, and taking gently hold of her wrists, he drew her back towards him. She still kept her palms pressed upon her face.

"Ethne," he said a third time in a whisper, and this time he was answered. But it was only with a sob.

It had been a day of emotion and surprise for Ethne Eustace, and at the end of it she was overwrought. Some relief she needs must have, and it took the rare form of tears.

"I am sorry," she said in a broken voice, "But I am very tired. I don't think that I have ever behaved like this since I was a child, and did it to get what I wanted from my father when other means of persuasion had failed."

She made an attempt at laughter and drew herself away from Durrance and stood up. He moved towards her again, and she said rather hurriedly:

"Of course I have seen for some time that you suspected something was amiss. I am very glad that to-night your suspicions are at an end."

"Yes, to-night," he said, and he came yet nearer. She looked round that dark room with rather a hunted gaze, and took up the match-box. At once she struck a match and lighted the lamp. It took some few moments to light, and she kept it between Durrance and herself. When she had finished she went to the open window.

"What a night!" she said, "won't you come out?"

She appeared not to notice his outstretched hand, and stepped across the threshold on to the terrace. Durrance followed her, and as they stood together outside, she said:

"Laura is here," and she crossed to her friend.

Mrs. Adair looked up at Ethne and saw that her cheeks glistened. There was a smile upon Durrance's face which forbade her, however, to cheer herself with the hope that a quarrel had taken place. Besides Ethne was not of the kind which quarrels; nor if she did quarrel would she have tears to show for it.

"I am tired," said Ethne. "I shall go to bed. I shall see you to-morrow, Jack." And she just took and clasped the hand of his which hung nearest.

Tired as she was, however, she did not go to bed. She sat without a light for a long while by her window. The moonlight slept in silver upon the creek; the tall trees stood dreaming to the stars; the lapping of the tide against the banks was no louder than the music of a river. She thought of another summer night, now five years past, which she had watched out till dawn. Well, two lives should not be spoilt because of her. She made that vow afresh. But Harry Fevershame was in the prison of Omdurman, and almost beneath her window Mrs. Adair was talking low and earnestly to Colonel Durrance. Ethne heard the murmur of their voices as she went back from the window to her room.

TO BE CONTINUED

Maskinonge and Bass Fishing

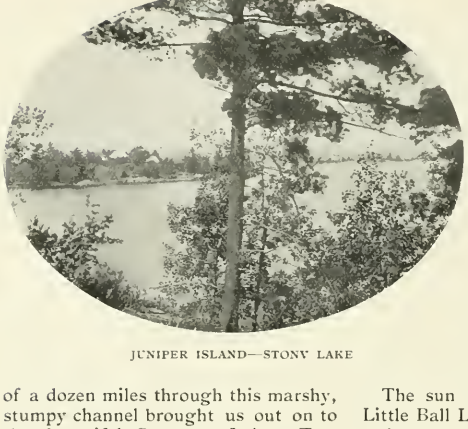
By

Fred M. Ivis

IT is more than a dozen years since I first fished at Bobcaygeon, a quaint little Canadian village on Pigeon Lake, and, notwithstanding I have since been there repeatedly, have cast a fly in many other Canadian waters, the episodes of that first summer recall the most delightful memories. My friend the "Dr." invited me to join him for a short trip down to "Bob," and in less than an hour after I had landed from the Lewiston boat he had filled me so full of fish stories, his marvellous catches, and what we were going to do on our arrival at the grounds, that I passed a sleepless night wondering what disposition we could make of so many Maskinonge and the hundreds of Black Bass. It was July time then, too late for fly casting, but as I never indulged in that kind of sport, it made but little difference. However, we were obliged to have a supply of bait, and, as worms are not indigenous to the soil of Bobcaygeon, we were obliged to secure them in Toronto. To my query as to where we were to obtain them, the "Dr." laughingly remarked: "I'll show you when it gets dark enough." And so, as the night shades were falling, we repaired to a neighbouring lawn and gave it a thorough sprinkling.

An hour later we advanced out cautiously and stealthily with lamps in hand, and there lay our bait in countless hundreds, stretched out to their greatest capacity, evidently enjoying themselves in the cool, damp grass. Did you ever try to catch a dew-worm? They are just a little bit quicker than chain lightning, and my inexperienced hands did a great deal of ploughing with little result. Nevertheless, we succeeded in getting a basketful. We boarded an early train for Lindsay, and very soon after our arrival were speeding along at a moderate pace down through the zigzag, tortuous channel of the Scugog River. A ride

HOUSEBOATING ON THE KAWARTHA LAKES, WHICH COMPRISE BALSAM LAKE, PIGEON LAKE, STURGEON LAKE, STONY LAKE, ETC.



JUNIPER ISLAND—STONY LAKE

of a dozen miles through this marshy, stumpy channel brought us out on to the beautiful Sturgeon Lake. Two hours later our little steamer reached its destination, Bobcaygeon.

It is a fascinating place, this scattered little village, with its numerous bridges and innumerable boulders, the dam, and the locks, and the people. Were it not for a sightly hotel, one could easily imagine himself a long way from civilization. From the cordial greeting which the "Dr." received from the diversified group at the landing, it was apparent he was no stranger in those parts, and it did not take me long to familiarize myself with the names of the guides. There was "Jack," and "Scotty," and "Frenchy," "Class," and "Big John." Fabulous stories, and entertaining, too, they all could tell of what had been done "on these shores." I really felt that the "Dr." had been withholding a great deal from me, in order that the realities might prove his incomparable truthfulness and modesty.

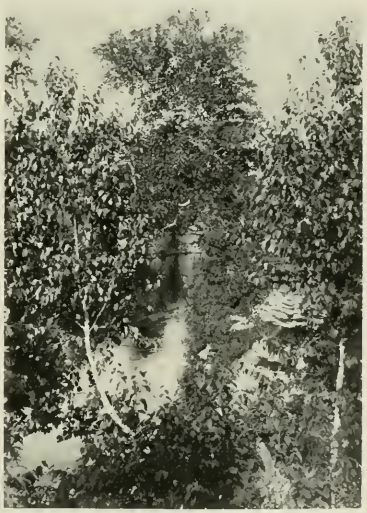
The sun was just rising from out Little Ball Lake, when "Scotty" rapped at our door and assured us that "the day was half gone." A hurried breakfast, a helping hand to carry the "dinner" and the traps to the boat, and we were soon gliding down the half-mile of river to the lake. A beautiful little stream is this, with its massive boulders and lovely foliage lining either shore, and, as we row so silently by the old, deserted lime-kiln, I should have felt inclined to be a trifle melancholy, had not the "Dr." been so decidedly hilarious.

SCENE NEAR BOBCAYGEON

A vision of loveliness was in store for me as we emerged from the river out onto the lake. Off to the left was "Hurricane Point" and "Sandy Point," "The Reefs," and "Bigelow's Mills." Directly in front was "Big Island" and "Red Rock," while off to the right, a half-dozen miles away, a little group of islands helped to make a fairy-like picture. Still on beyond was "Montgomery Bay," with a low line of reefs, extending out for fully half a mile.

The good fishing grounds on Pigeon Lake are numberless. There are miles and miles of rocky shores, no end of reefs and weed-beds, and, while I have fished many times in other Canadian waters, my subsequent years at Bobcaygeon fly-casting and trolling, lead me to assert that there is more good, all-round fishing for Bass and 'Lunge in Pigeon Lake than any place I know. As the "Dr." could only remain a couple of days, and didn't care to "fool away any time" trolling, we headed for the reefs in Montgomery Bay. A lone fisherman was anchored at the point, and, as we approached, I well remember how I was thrilled with excitement as we saw him land a beautiful three-pound Bass. "We are up against the real thing now," exclaimed the "Dr." as we modestly pulled alongside, just to see what luck the native was having. A dozen or more beauties lay in the boat, and, when we suggested that "this must be a good spot," the generous old native remarked, "You bet it is. You boys anchor right here, for I'm going home," and what cared we if he did reduce the contents of our proffered flask fully one-half, without a murmur, for it so warmed the old man's heart that he insisted upon our accepting half his catch.

We stayed right there till noon, and got a lot of them, big fellows too, and then the question arose, "Where shall we cook dinner?" "Over at yon point," says Scotty, "is a grand spot, with a fine spring for drinking," and so we hied away and soon had our boat pulled up among the rocks, against a bit of grassy, shady ground. A rushing torrent of clear, cold spring water emptied at our feet, making it indeed an ideal camping spot. There were some things we could do to expedite the dinner. We could bring flat stones on which to rest the kettles; we could find dry wood to make the fire; we could watch the potatoes and the eggs, and see that the coffee was not boiling over, but, we *couldn't* dress a fish. "Scotty" could do it, however, to the "Queen's taste," and very soon a couple of the gamey denizens of the reefs were ignominiously browning themselves amidst the sputtering, juicy slices of bacon. And so we sat about in the most primitive fashion and ate and ate till all was gone, and then lay down to smoke and doze and indulge in pleasant reveries.



A SECLUDED POOL

The day was well advanced when we left that lovely spot, and as we were miles from home, the many "other good spots" that "Scotty" knew, had no temptation for us.

As we spread out our catch on the hotel steps that evening, it looked as if the lake had become depopulated. However, they were soon packed away in the ice-house, awaiting our departure. The "Dr." remained but one more day, and then left me alone with "Scotty." Dear old fellow! He is

old, fat, greasy Indian squatted on his knees, paddling an old "dug-out." He was just lifting in a splendid fellow. We rowed alongside and found he had a pair of eight-pound beauties, and must I confess, that in spite of "Scotty's" protestations, the Indian paddled off sixty cents richer. It was my first and last offence. How I hated myself that night as we rowed towards home, as I feasted my eyes on the dozen big, fine fellows that "Scotty" and I had killed! It was down toward "Hurricane Point" that I struck my

dead now. How well I recall the many happy days we have spent together, for "Scotty" was a typical guide. He could sing fairly well and tell a good story, and the days were never too long for him. It was always "Just another turn about yon pint," for "Scotty" had a lot of Scotch pride in fetching in the largest catch.

It was a bright and lovely morning that found us skimming along towards "Hurricane" to try for 'Lunge. Not another boat was in sight till we rounded out from a little bay and spied an

first one. It came so unexpectedly that I was entirely unprepared, and a half dozen yards of line whizzed through my fingers. Then there was a yank, yank, and the fellow leaped the water at least four feet. My inexperience inclined me to hand him right in, but "Scotty" knew too well that the chances were two to one we'd lose him, and so, under his directions, I gave him plenty of line when he was inclined to pull — always

LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM EAGLE MOUNT, STONY LAKE

keeping a taut line. How he did pull and haul and make the spoons rattle! But two minutes of this kind of exercise tired him out, and then he rose to the surface and commenced rolling. It took but a minute to "skitter" him alongside the boat, when "Scotty," with the aid of his gaff, lifted him in. He weighed just 14 pounds, and notwithstanding I have since caught many a larger one, the memories of my *first* 'Lunge, the joy, the thrill of excitement, pervade me always. It is a lasting sensation.

ANOTHER VIEW ON STONY LAKE

And so one day succeeded another, each filled with the rarest kind of sport. But the time for my outing had come to an end, and as I said good-bye to "Scotty" and the other guides, the cordial "Come back next year," and the assurances that I *would*, helped to alleviate the many regrets I had at leaving so delightful a spot.

We have been to Bobcaygeon many a time since, the "Dr." and I, and right royal fun we've had fly-casting for Bass, and so I reiterate that for general, all-round fishing, Pigeon Lake cannot be excelled.

MASKINONGE

PHOTO BY MR. SLOAN

LYDDITE—THE FIRST WINNER OF THE KING'S PLATE, 1902, WITH HER TRAINER AND THE OWNER, MR. WILLIAM HENDRIE OF HAMILTON. THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE RACE. DISTANCE: ONE AND ONE-QUARTER MILES. TIME: 2 M. 15 SEC.

HORSE RACING IN CANADA

By Francis Nelson, M.A., Sporting Editor, Toronto Globe

QUAINT old Sir Thomas Browne, pointing out the inability of man to command an enduring fame, reminds us that the destroyer Time, which obliterated the epitaph of the Emperor Adrian, nevertheless preserved that of Adrian's horse. History has not neglected man's most useful servant, and it bears repetition that after the lapse of more than two thousand years we know as much of Bucephalus as of the young Macedonian who galloped him over the ruins of empires and the destinies of nations. The purview of this article does not include the war-horse, but rather the source of all his desirable qualities of speed, endurance, courage and beauty of form. The thoroughbred horse of the racecourse may be considered in two aspects, though they are practically inseparable, as the necessary factor in the improvement of his breed and as furnishing in his trials of speed the attraction in the most popular sport in the world, the sport of the turf. To a large portion of our community it has never occurred that horse-racing has any practical or intrinsic value. They have been able to see some undesirable attachment, and from the excrescence have condemned the whole tree. To them it is not my intention to address any argument other than to point out that in England, where it is longer and more firmly established than in any other country, the turf has long attracted the favourable interest of men of the most brilliant intellect and the most scrupulous character. The practical authorities on the horse in all civilized countries are agreed on the value of the test of the course, as the vicissitudes

of training and racing mean the survival of the fittest, and Count Lehndorff, the representative of the German Government, puts the case thus :

"The last struggle for victory, in which culminates the exertion of the race, results from the co-operation of the intellectual, the physical and the mechanical qualities of the horse, the development of which combined power is higher and more reliable than any that can be obtained in the same animal by other means. The combination of these three qualities forms the value of the horse destined for fast work, the mechanical, in respect to the outward shape and construction ; the physical, as regards the soundness and normal development of the digestive organs and motive power ; the intellectual, or the will and the energy to put the other two into motion and persevere to the utmost. The attained speed is not the aim but only the gauge of the performance. The grand ideal principle which places this test so incomparably higher than any other, based upon the individual opinion of one or more judges, is the absolute and blind justice personified in the inflexible winning post, which alone decides on the racecourse as recorded in the racing calendar for the space of 170 years. This it is that gives to the thoroughbred racehorse a value for breeding purposes unequalled and looked for in vain in any other species of the animal creation."

Racing in Canada has always had a strong hold

ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB MEET, WOODBINE, TORONTO, 1902—FINISH OF THE KING'S PLATE. LYDDITE WINS PHOTO BY MR. MICKLETHWAITE

on the affections of the people, and there was once a time when, vast as now are the proportions of racing about New York, the most important gatherings in the Northern States would have been of little account but for the Canadian contingent; and those gatherings were not at New York, but at Paterson, N.J. In these earlier days the sport flourished at Halifax, Three Rivers, Sherbrooke and other eastern points which now see little of it, while it has grown enormously in the Province of Ontario, where the Ontario Jockey Club holds

M.P., of Waterloo, and Mr. N. Dyment, of Barrie, annually contribute to the ranks of racing horses bred and developed on their own places. The sound judgment and careful management of the premier club, the encouragement of breeding by the giving of races exclusively for Canadian breds and the cherishing and gradual increase in value of the King's Plate are some of the important factors in bringing about the present state of affairs in Ontario. The King's Plate* is the oldest racing fixture on the continent of America, first run in 1860 and continued without

PHOTO BY MR. MICKLETHWAITE

STEEPLECHASING—TAKING THE WATER-JUMP SUCCESSFULLY

annually over the Woodbine course a nine days' meeting which is not alone a keenly interesting racing event but the most brilliant outdoor social event in all Canada. The people who go to Woodbine include the most eminent and successful men of the country in finance, politics, commerce, the professions and quite frequently you may see a pulpit leader who finds a rational recreation in what is attractive to so many of his flock. In Ontario are located the chief thoroughbred farms and such breeders as Mr. Wm. Hendrie of Hamilton, Mr. Jos. E. Seagram,

a break. Except the Plate for the province of Quebec, the value of which as a popular attraction has never been realized by the Turf authorities there, I believe there is no other event, not even in England, to which the cash is contributed by the Sovereign, so that

* A full history of this race up to 1900 will be found in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Vol. xv., pp. 270-272. The race is open to three-year-olds, owned, foaled, raised and trained in Ontario, have never been out of the country, and have never won a race. The value in 1902 was about $2,150. During the last twelve years it has been won ten times by Mr. Joseph Seagram, and twice by Mr. Hendrie.

PHOTO BY MR. MICKLETHWAITE

THE WOODBINE, TORONTO—A DRIVING FINISH

we are particularly favoured and are only wise if we make everything possible of the favour.

The Hamilton Jockey Club has a fine racing property with a dirt track a little over a mile and a sixteenth in circumference, while inside of that is a turf track a full mile, which was built for trotters but was seeded down, and will now be used for the thoroughbreds. At Fort Erie is established the finest racing property in Canada, though its patronage is very largely drawn from Buffalo, which is only a mile away across the Niagara River. Here since the first year, meetings of considerable length have been conducted by the Highland Park Club, which also leased Bel-Air and Windsor for several seasons, besides holding a meeting at Highland Park, Detroit. In one season alone this club has distributed among winners on its Canadian courses as much as $148,150, or,

PHOTO BY MR. MICKLETHWAITE

THE WOODBINE, TORONTO—A VIEW OF THE LAWNS TAKEN FROM THE MEMBERS' STAND

if Highland Park is included, the enormous sum of $175,000.

I do not know the exact age of the Quebec Turf Club in its present form, but this organization, which, under the guidance of Lieut.-Col. Sewell, Mr. Vesey Boswell, M. Victor Chateauvert and other enthusiasts, conducts every year a thoroughly sporting meeting on the Plains of Abraham, is the lineal successor of a body that gave racing and steeplechase meetings as long ago as there was racing in the country. The field on which was decided the flag of the country makes a capital galloping ground, and the course is quite and prosperous, and as fond of racing as it is, has not had a popular track. The situation of Bel-Air, fourteen miles out, will always be an unsurmountable obstacle to its success. Neither the efforts of the Bel-Air Club itself, with a local meeting of a couple of days, nor the more serious attempts of the Highland Park Club, which distributed at Bel-Air as much as $25,000 for two weeks of racing, including a thousand dollar steeplechase and races on the flat of the same value, have sufficed to bring out the people of Montreal in such numbers as would justify a continuance of the sport on that basis.

PHOTO BY MR. MICKLETHWAITE

THE WOODBINE, TORONTO—THE BETTING RING WHERE ABOUT THIRTY BOOKMAKERS RECEIVE THE MONEY WHICH THE PUBLIC IS ANXIOUS TO WAGER

uncommon in several respects. The horses run what is generally called the wrong way of the track, that is, with the inside—there is no rail—to the right hand, and they run on the turf, the course following the natural lay of the land, so that for a portion of the time they are out of the field of sight from the stand. The Turf Club's meeting is a genuine holiday gathering, and affords an enjoyable outing to very many who do nothing to help the club to meet its cost.

Since the old Blue Bonnet course was put to other uses, Montreal, rich

Yet I am convinced that with a course with modern equipment and easy of access by carriage and electric car, Montreal would before long rival Toronto as a racing point, and Toronto is, to my mind, not now surpassed by any place on the continent in the real and general interest its people take in their racing recreation.

In the vast expanse of territory which we vaguely call the Northwest there is naturally plenty of racing. There always is in a new English-speaking country where enough level ground can be found for a course, and

some day we shall read of the proceedings at the summer meeting of the Yukon Jockey Club at Dawson. The communities are small and widely separated, and the sport has not attained the creditable dimensions and systematic control that mark it in the older portion of the country, but the places are few at which there is not a day's racing at some time during the summer. At Winnipeg, Brandon, Carbery, Portage la Prairie and Neepawa in Manitoba, and at numerous points in the Territories farther west, substantial and prosperous clubs are in charge. The harness horses take an equal part in the racing programme, as there are not enough gallopers in training to provide material for meetings exclusively for the runners. The latter are chiefly American bred, but not a few English horses of fashionable strains of blood are to be found. The country has great need of good brood mares, and Mr. N. K. Boyd, M.P. for Macdonald, Man., has gone about meeting this need in the right way, his own importations including some thirty mares. Mr. Boyd is a practical racing man, and brought in such stock as a sister to King Barleycorn and a sister to Mr. Seagram's great sprinter Cobourg, but unfortunately the latter mare is now dead. The Northwest country has always been better supplied with stallions and many good horses, chiefly of English blood, are available on the farms and ranches. Eagle Plume, Acrostic, Alfieri, New York and Dean Swift are some names that occur at the moment, and it was in Manitoba that Mr. Wm. Hendrie secured imported Derwentwater, by Doncaster—Thorwater, by Thormanby. This is the most successful sire ever owned at the Valley Farm, which is evidence on two points—that Mr. Hendrie was influenced by sound judgment in making the purchase, and that the stock horses of Manitoba include much "class."

FLY-IN-AMBER BY PRISONER—GLYCERA.—MR. SEAGRAM'S HORSE WHICH FINISHED SECOND IN THE FIRST KING'S PLATE AND WHICH IS BEING RESERVED FOR THE SAME RACE NEXT YEAR

The half-mile track is the usual course in the Northwest and there is not yet, that I am aware of, an enclosed circuit of a mile. Land is cheap enough, but material is not and when

JOHN RUSKIN—THE HORSE THAT WON THE LAST QUEEN'S PLATE FOR MR. SEAGRAM—1901

it comes to building fences with lumber at $30 a thousand for a couple of days of racing in the year it is not surprising that the clubs have decided on the smaller circuits.

Winnipeg has five days of the sport during the fair, and this year the programme has as a feature a mile and a quarter race on the 22nd of July, at weight for age, for a purse of $2,500, rather a startling amount to find offered for a single event in a city the size of Winnipeg, but they are in the habit of undertaking big things in the neighbourhood of the Red River, and, more than that, they succeed in their undertakings. This rich purse has never been surpassed in Canada, and has only been equalled by the amount at stake in the Canadian Derby at Fort Erie on two occasions, though several stakes of $5,000 each for harness horses are decided yearly at the Buffalo Driving Club's meeting, also held on the Fort Erie course.

MR. JOSEPH SEAGRAM, M.P.

Getting still farther west and crossing the Rocky Mountains, the enterprising Vancouver Jockey Club offers two races of $1,000 each at the meeting on July 1st and 2nd of this year. Last year this club gave $1,000 for the Dominion Day Handicap, and at its three meetings and two matinees more than $6,000 was divided among the winners of thirty-four running and eight harness races, so that the sport is decidely prosperous on the Pacific Coast.

At the annual meeting of the club a

few months ago the statement was made in the report that this was the first club in Canada to give the sum of a thousand dollars to a single race, but history does not bear out the claim. Apart from the Toronto Cup, the Stanley Stakes, the Red Coat Race, the Woodstock and the Queen's Plates at Woodbine, and the Canadian Derby and other stakes of $1,000 or more, given by the Highland Park Club at Fort Erie and Montreal, there was a meeting at Hamilton in 1872 at which there was a $1,000 race of mile heats, and another of $1,200 at 2 miles, both of which were won by Morlacchi.

There is no space here to tell of the good horses and the good riders that Canada has furnished to the American turf, from the purchase at Quebec of Gallopade, the foundation of Belle Meade, greatest of American stud farms, to the present time. Out of this country came Midlothian, Topgallant, Lord Hartington, Albert, Masetto and Stratford, likewise "Tommy" Burns, the premier American jockey, and J. H. Martin, the young man who rode this year's Derby winner, Ard Patrick.

It seems to me that the position of the Turf in Canada is more satisfactory than it has ever been in the twenty-five years during which it has interested me. I believe it attracts more people and better people, is under better discipline and has, if not better horses, more good horses than ever before.

WARWHOOP BY WICKHAM—LADY LIGHTFOOT.—AN EXCELLENT CANADIAN THOROUGHBRED YEARLING

WHEN LAURIER WAS DEFEATED

By George Stewart, D.C.L.

ALTHOUGH Sir Wilfrid Laurier began his political life in 1871, when he was elected a member of the Quebec House of Assembly for Drummond and Arthabaska, it was not until 1874 that he entered the arena of his greater triumphs, the House of Commons. He had made his mark in the Legislature as an orator and a debater, and would probably have remained there for some years had not influential Liberal friends intervened, and urged him to resign his seat and contest his constituency for Ottawa. He was elected by a good majority, and at once created a splendid impression in the House. His abilities were soon discovered, and as he spoke both languages with equal elegance and force, it was not long before he was a recognized power in the discussions of Parliament. He was impressive and dignified, and the subject-matter of his speeches showed knowledge and preparation. He moved the address, and at the close of his remarks, his leader, Mr. Mackenzie, then Premier, went over to the young tribune and warmly congratulated him on his success. Other prominent members of the Cabinet did the same, as did also several Conservatives. The Prime Minister early marked him for preferment, and in 1877 offered him the first vacancy available, the portfolio of Inland Revenue, which was accepted, and Mr. Laurier returned to his county for the endorsation of the electors on his taking office. He was so strong in his riding that many thought that he would be sent back to the House by acclamation, but like Sir John Macdonald, Sir George E. Cartier, and other eminent statesmen, he encountered defeat in his own stronghold.

Public men are often subjected to similar treatment at the hands of the people whom they have served with zeal and devotion, and frequently at great personal sacrifice. There is hardly a statesman of any importance in Canada to-day who has not passed through a similar experience of ingratitude. The gentleman who overcame Mr. Laurier in the struggle made no figure in Parliament, but the services of the latter were not lost to the country, though he resolved not to ask the electors of Drummond and Arthabaska again for their suffrages and support. Mr. Laurier's opponent was Mr. O. D. Bourbeau, Mayor of Victoriaville, a capitalist and a director of several corporations and societies. He was a strong Conservative and Protectionist. The fight was a bitter one, and at the close of the polls the latter found himself victor by about forty majority. The constituency time and again regretted its action, and partly made amends for it by electing and re-electing ever since, men of the same political faith as their old member. But having once turned aside, Mr. Laurier did not look back, though, of course, Arthabaska is his old home, and his visits to it are frequent, and the people receive him always with enthusiasm and warmth. His law-partner, Mr. Joseph Lavergne, succeeded his opponent of 1877, and when he was a short time ago made a Judge, Mr. Louis Lavergne, his brother, became the successful candidate in the Liberal interest.

Mr. Laurier was not kept out of Parliament, however. The Hon. Isidore Thibaudeau, member for the large division of Quebec East, resigned his mandate, and the electors adopted Mr. Laurier, and sent him to Ottawa as their representative by the substantial majority of 316, which has been increased at every general election, from nearly 800 in 1878 to about 2,200 in 1896, elections by acclamation happening two or three times during the last quarter of a century. Mr. Laurier's first rival in the division was Mr. Adolphe Tourangeau, a very popular man, whom, however, as we have said, he defeated. When the future Premier was nominated, at least two

thousand of the electors took special trains to Arthabaskaville to convey the message of Quebec East to him. As the cars passed by the various stations, the number of friends was materially augmented. Bands of music were in attendance, and when the party arrived, the home of Mr. Laurier was *en fete*, and flags and banners and streamers, and Chinese lanterns were very much in evidence. The organizer of this triumphant procession was Mr. Ernest Pacaud, now editor of the *Soleil*.

Mr. Laurier received the nomination graciously, and proceeded to the constituency in state. When he was elected the same enthusiastic people turned out *en masse*, and in two special trains with bands in almost every car, the crowds again besieged Arthabaskaville, and in a frenzy of delight cheered their hero to the echo. The ovation was a great success in every way. Few candidates who were later nominated against him, saved their deposits. While the Premier frequently visits his constituency, and keeps in close touch with his political friends when an election is in progress, he usually makes one speech at St. Rochs, the home of Liberalism in Quebec, and leaves to his committees the easy and congenial task of rolling up his majority.

A SPRING SONG

SING, oh sing, for the brooks are high,
Like angry torrents they rush them by
And throw their spray to a laughing sky,
And down in the meadows the grasses spring
A-quiver with life—Then sing, oh sing!

Sing, oh sing, for deep in the woods
The flowers are peeping from under their hoods,
And the bees have stirred from their solitudes,
And the south winds whisper of the joy they bring
In the days a-coming—Then sing, oh sing!

Sing, oh sing, for the wild birds fly
Northward across the brightening sky,
And spring is here, and summer is nigh,
And life is sweet—let the joy-bells ring
To the heart's glad throbbing—Then sing, oh sing!

Helen Baptie Lough

HON. ARTHUR PETERS, K.C.

The present Premier of the Province of Prince Edward Island

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. XXXVI—HON. ARTHUR PETERS, K.C.

HON. ARTHUR PETERS, K.C., Premier of Prince Edward Island, enjoys the exceedingly rare distinction of having, after a brief interval, succeeded his brother in that high position. Hon. Frederick Peters, K.C., was born in 1852, and Hon. Arthur Peters, the subject of this sketch in 1854. As sons of the late Hon. James Horsfield Peters, Judge of the Supreme Court and Master of the Rolls, by his wife Mary, eldest daughter of the late Sir Samuel Cunard, Bart., the sons had the advantages of aristocratic birth, ample private fortune, a liberal education and a natural aptitude for the legal profession, in which their father had attained a foremost position. Both were educated at King's College, N.S., completed their legal studies in England and were called to the Bar in England as well as in Prince Edward Island. Both brothers entered the House of Assembly in 1890 and assisted to overthrow the then Conservative Government. In 1891 Hon. F. Peters became leader of the new Liberal Government, which position he retained until he removed to British Columbia in 1897.

Hon. Arthur Peters, the present Premier, received his education in

Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, and at King's College, Windsor. Entering the law office of Mr. Edward Hodgson (now Mr. Justice Hodgson, Master of the Rolls), he studied law with him for several years, and then proceeded to London, where he read law in the Chambers of Mr. G. Bough Allen, a noted English special pleader, afterwards with Lord Alverstone, now Lord Chief Justice of England, and also with Mr. Freeman, of the Equity Board. He was called to the Bar of Prince Edward Island in 1878, and to the English Bar in 1879. He was first elected for the Second District of King's County, and has been re-elected for the same seat at each general election since. He took but a minor part in political affairs from 1890 to 1897, being somewhat overshadowed both in the Legislature and at the Bar by his elder brother, who then filled so large a place in the public affairs and legal contests of the Island. Since 1897 he has come rapidly to the front as a leading spirit in Provincial matters both legal and political. The law firm of which he is now the head enjoys a large and lucrative practice. He became a member of the Administration under Premier Farquharson in 1900, and a little later was made Attorney-General. When Mr. Farquharson resigned to become a candidate for the House of Commons, Mr. Peters was by the voice of his party called to the leadership, which he has since very successfully administered. He has now gone to attend the King's Coronation along with the Premiers of many other Provinces, well accredited by the unanimous choice of his colleagues, and strong in the support of three-fourths of the Island Legislature.

Premier Peters has never been a seeker after cheap popularity, and at times has seemed to be somewhat indifferent to the favour of the masses. And yet he could easily command a large share of popular favour if he thought it worth while to make the effort. He has undoubted talents, is a ready and fluent speaker, a strong debater and a resourceful leader. In person he is somewhat under the medium height, of full figure, erect in carriage; his well-knit frame is surmounted by a large, well-shaped head and a strong and pleasant face. Notwithstanding a certain hauteur of manner, Premier Peters loves a joke, and among the inner circle of his acquaintance is at once a most genial companion and a steadfast friend. To the casual observer he presents the appearance of healthful and vigorous manhood, capable of grappling with any difficulties that may lie in his pathway. In religious faith he is an Anglican Churchman, and an attendant at St. Peter's Cathedral, the High Church of Charlottetown.

J. E. B. McCready

THE AUSTRALIAN BOUNDARY-RIDER*

A SKETCH OF RANCHING LIFE UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

By Edward S. Sorenson

THE billet of a boundary-rider posted on the far outskirts of a run, to look after the stock, to watch the tanks and waterholes, and keep the boundary and intermediate fences in repair—is not an enviable one. Sometimes he has a hut to live in, more often only a calico tent—which keeps him dry so long as it does not rain too hard. It is mostly pitched in a lonely belt of gidyea or mulga, where firewood and water are close at hand. When the waterhole dries up, unless he is camped at a permanent tank, he shifts his residence to the next water. He has no mate to share his lot, except in rare cases, such as in drought-time, when scrub has to be cut for the sheep, and there is extra work at the tanks, pulling out the bogged, and generally attending to the weak animals.

At times, too, he has a rabbit-poisoner with him, but, for the most part, he lives the life of a hatter, having only his pipe and his dog for comfort and companionship. From this fact he is generally eccentric, and particular about little things. He is mostly scrupulously clean, and performs his duties with unfaltering regularity. He is very exact. He has one way of doing each little job, and never alters his hand. He takes particular care of his two or three horses, which are consequently in good condition all the year round. He puts his saddle always in one place, which may be against a stump or on a limb, and when he brings his horse up in the morning he leads him under the same tree, and hooks the bridle over the one fork, or broken limb, though there may be twenty others equally as good, and quite as accessible.

His tent is neatly pitched ; in front, cleanly swept, and all inside is tidy. At the side is a rough bough shed, with a table made of bark or tin in the centre. The seat is a sapling rail laid across two forks. His rations stand on a box, or on a few rough logs, or a sheet of bark. Suspended lengthways from the roof is a bag, with a piece of board thrust in it for bottom. This is the meat safe ; the bread or damper and the brownie are kept in the oven, or a covered gin case. His tins and tin plates are stacked on the table, and his pannikins hung on a wire. You see his mop (a bit of rag bunched on the end of a stick) for washing-up hanging here, and his wiping-up towel close by, and if you called six months after you'd find them hanging in precisely the same places.

His washhand basin (a tin dish or a camp-oven lid) stands on three stakes outside, and if there is no hole in the tree close by, his soap is kept in a sardine-tin nailed to the trunk. If a chance visitor happens to use it, he'll be told to cover it up when he's done, or the crows will carry it away. His fireplace is usually a few feet away from the front of the tent, and is unsheltered. It consists of two forks, with a pole across them, from which dangle several wire hooks. At one end hangs the meat bucket, and at the other his billy-can. Near the ashes is a round hole, in which he puts his oven when baking, to shelter it from the wind. On one of the forks hangs his gridiron. It is a piece of zig-zagged hoop-iron, or the hoop of a cask covered with wire netting, with a bit of fencing wire for handle.

A pair of hobbles, a bell, a dog chain, water bag, and fencing tools (a tomahawk, straining fork, wire key, and plug), pretty well complete his turnout. Those who are not hardened by long usage indulge in a mosquito net, which is thrown over four stakes in the open—forming pleasant quarters on a hot summer's night.

* From the Sydney *Town and Country Journal.*

The boundary rider's tucker is about the roughest a man can live on. He gets little in the way of luxuries, a tin of jam or treacle, or golden syrup, perhaps, once in a while ; nor has he any vegetables, except just after rain, when he may gather the young pigweed along the creek. On most stations a meagre ration is doled out to him ; eight pounds of flour, two of sugar, and a quarter-pound of tea, with a few currants or raisins, per week. There is little or no restriction on meat, as he mostly kills his own.

With his tools, a bit of wire, and a well-filled water-bag under his horse's neck, he starts out soon after sunrise on his day's round, and frequently rides 40 or 50 miles before he returns to camp. He rides one fence to-day, driving the sheep off it and out of corners, "brushing" the creeks, and splicing the broken wires with the requisite No. 8 knot. To-morrow he has a look at the tanks and waterholes, pulls out bogged sheep, and skins the dead ones. If he comes upon a carcase that is too far gone to skin, he plucks the dead wool and carries it to camp in a bag. The next day he rides another line of fence, and so on. Now and again he pilots a travelling mob through his part of the run, which is the only relief he has from the dull, dead monotony of his lonely rides where "the creaking of the saddle is a dreary sound to hear." For this he gets from 15s. to 25s. per week.

When he returns to camp he has to set to work and cook his supper. This over, he sits on a block, or a little stool about a foot long and six inches high, smoking his pipe, and staring moodily into the fire. In summer, when the days are blistering hot, and the heat-haze dances before the eyes like films of shimmering silk, he lies on his back under the bough shed, or in the shade of a tree, with his face covered from the flies, dreaming of green hills and running creeks, and thinking, perhaps, of some one's laughing eyes, and a little mouth that kissed him long ago. Such thoughts are ever present in the silence of out back, where little feminine trifles as a shoe or a bit of ribbon, are things to doat on, and to preserve with reverential care. Here the ghosts of old loves and lost opportunities glide in the gloaming and the starlight nights, conducing to brooding, regret and madness.

As a rule he has no literary matter by him to beguile the tardy hours, and consequently knows nothing more of the world's news than what he gleans from passing travellers. He lives in a world of his own, a world of sand and stones, and stunted trees, learning the tracks of different animals, and studying out better methods of trapping dingoes. His conversation bristles with grass and sheep, and wire fences. Sometimes he keeps one well-worn book to "swap with," and once in a while he may ask the "boss" if he has "an old paper or two to spare." There are exceptions, of course, but the boundary-rider who is fond of reading is not favoured by the squatters, it being argued that an interest in books and papers induces carelessness and neglect of duty.

Many boundary-riders do not even possess a watch, their only timekeepers being the sun and the stars. Some judge by the shadows. I saw one who had pegs stuck in the ground, at a radius of 10 ft., all round a tree. There were ten of them, standing exactly one hour apart, so that the shade, lying across the first at 8 a.m., would be on the last at 5 p.m. A swagman with a watch had camped with him one Sunday, and between them they had constructed this crude sun-dial. Once, when passing a camp, I asked a boundary-rider the time, and was amused at the manner in which he obtained it. Taking a small twig, he broke it into two pieces about 3 in. long, and, holding his left hand palm upwards, he stood one piece between the second and third fingers, and the other between the third and fourth. Then, facing due north, he held his hand straight out before him, and I noticed that the shadows of the twigs were just a trifle east of a direct north

and south line. "'Bout 'alf-parst twelve," he said. Their almanacs are equally as curious. One old chap, who had rusticated in the back country for thirty consecutive years, used two jam tins and seven pebbles. One tin was marked "This week," and the other "Last week." On Monday morning he would take a pebble from "Last week" and drop it into "This week," and one every subsequent morning till "This week" had swallowed the seven. They were then returned to "Last week," and the old fellow would shave himself, and put on his best pants and a clean flannel or jumper—it was Sunday. Another man used a piece of deal board and a bit of charcoal, making a stroke on the former every morning till Sunday was reached. The "slate" was then wiped clean. A third used a circular board divided by grooves into seven sections. A piece of deal, pivoting from a nail in the centre, was shifted one section each day. But the owner of this contrivance was absent-minded, and often forgot to shift it in the mornings, and never knew at night whether he had shifted it or not. Having made several mistakes in the date, he tried a new idea. He made a big damper on Sun day night, and marked it into seven sections, each section being a day's allowance. He wouldn't forget to eat, and every time he picked the damper up the grooves would remind him of the day.

Unfortunately, on Tuesday there came a visitor with a ravenous appetite. The host stinted himself that the hungry one might be satisfied with the section. But he wasn't. With bulging eyes the host saw the knife cleaving the boundary-line. He fidgeted and coughed, and made several irrelevant remarks. Still the hungry man carved into the almanac. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Stop! stop!" He grabbed the damper and glared at it.

"Hang you," he said; "you've eaten Toosday an' We'n'sday, an' now yer wanter slice the best o' the mornin' off o' Thursday."

The traveller left hurriedly, and the host sat down to reconstruct his almanac.

One occasionally meets a Chinaman boundary-rider, and I remember laughing heartily at the first one I saw. It was on Greedale, near Tambo, Queensland. He was jogging along a fence, on a proppy moke, swinging the loose rein in one hand, and twirling a stick in the other, and talking to himself in Chinese. A coil of wire hung on one side of him, a tomahawk and straining-fork on the other—all "a-swinging to a tune." When he came to where I had cut the fence in order to get through, he pulled up with a jerk, and gasped, "Whaffor!" I rode on. A well-known identity was "One-armed Bob," for a considerable time on Mount Wood, Northwest N.S.W. Though minus a limb, he was considered one of the best boundary-riders and shepherds in the western district. How he used to work the fork in straining wire was a puzzle to many; but in this, as in many other things, his knee played an important part.

At night it is not unusual to hear a heated discussion going on between the boundary-rider and the fat-lamp. He speaks in one tone and voice for himself, and in another for the fat-lamp. As he tersely puts it when surprised, "Jest a little argument atween me an' slushy." Sometimes they have a row, and an imaginary fight, and slushy is kicked out of the hut. At other times he sulks, as a result of the pig-headedness of the other fellow, and doesn't speak to the fat-lamp for a week. He would even "see him further" before he'd light him. He is also much given to card-playing—left hand against right. When it is right hand's deal, left "passes" or "orders it up." If right is weak he turns it down, and left "makes it." The old man is careful to hold the cards back to back, so that right won't see what left has got, overlooking the fact that one head is superintending both hands. He gets awfully interested in the contest, too, which is mostly for the championship of Burton's Tank or Gidgea Creek.

There is a tragic side to the boundary-rider's life, which renders his hermit-like existence objectionable to most men. He may be a fortnight or a month without seeing a soul, or if illness overtakes him, or he meets with an accident, he has no one to nurse him, or even to cook his damper and mutton. He must make shift for himself, and trust to Providence. One who is every day of his life in the saddle, particularly in a country riddled with rabbit burrows, may get a leg or an arm broken at any moment. There are many instances on record of men who have crawled miles through the bush with a broken leg, and been two or three days doing it, under a broiling sun, and without food and water. No man should be left for days together at unfrequented places without a mate. Even at its best boundary-riding amounts to a sacrifice of one's life, considering the wages and conditions.

I think it was in October, 1891, that a man named McDermott, who was boundary-riding at Mount Wood, near Tibooburra, N.S.W., nearly lost his life through being left too long unvisited. He had gone out for his horse on a Friday morning, and was riding it in bare back, when it stumbled in a rabbit burrow, within half a mile of the camp. McDermott was thrown, his hip striking a dry, knotty root of a mulga tree. He was severely injured, and lay there suffering agonies till Monday evening. He fastened a message to his dog's neck, and tried to drive it away; but the dog would not leave him. Now and again, through the hot days, it trotted to the creek for water, but, though hungry enough, it never once went near the hut for food. In the meantime a traveller had come to the camp, and, thinking McDermott had gone to the station for rations, remained there waiting until he should return. Mac. had coo-eed at intervals through the long days and nights, but no sound came to the traveller's ears. On Monday a boy came out with meat, and the appearance of the place, and the traveller's assurance that he had seen nothing of McDermott, at once indicated that something was amiss. No fire had been lit for some time, and the man's saddle was in the hut. Moreover, the hut was untidy, and, as Mac. never went out for the day without putting things "ship-shape," it was at once apparent to the bush boy that Mac. had left with the intention of returning shortly, and that something serious had happened him not far from camp. His first act was to look to the horses to see if any were missing. He found the mare with the broken bridle, and the hobbles round her neck. That told its tale, and he rode post-haste to the station for assistance. Picking up the tracks, the rescue party tracked McDermott to where he had caught the mare; and then they followed the mare's track to the rabbit burrow, where they found him all but dead, and the hungry dog lying patiently by his side, with the undelivered message still tied to his neck.

There is little in the grim experiences of lone humanity to equal that of the man who, a few years ago, when camping alone, attempted to split a log with maul and wedges. When he had burst it along the top he double-banked the middle wedge, which caused another to drop into the crack. He thrust his hand in to get it, when the banked wedges flew out, and the half-burst log snapped together, crushing his hand, and holding him as in a vice. How long he lingered, with his hand thus gripped, no one could tell; he was long dead when found. His axe lay a few inches from his feet, and he had rooted a semi-circular hole in his efforts to reach it, with the intention probably of cutting off the imprisoned hand. And the annals of the Australian bush are replete with such experiences, with instances of dogged grit and patience, and of long-suffering martyrdom.

SUCH A FOOL!

A STORY OF RANCHING LIFE IN THE WEST

By V. Fetherstonhaugh

ALEC CONWAY was trying to make a bargain with an Indian regarding a load of wood. The chore-boy was listening with thinly veiled contempt. He knew who would come out ahead on that deal. The door of the house opened and Conway's sister came out. The Indian's face fell a little; he knew Conway's sister. She swept the load of wood with a critical glance and shook her head.

"No good!" she said, "it is all dozy; I wouldn't give a dollar for it."

Alec had offered two-fifty and was on the verge of yielding to the demand for three dollars. He looked deprecatingly at his sister. "As we are nearly out of wood," he began. She withered him with a glance of unmeasured scorn. "Idiot!" she whispered. The Indian smiled, understanding the strength of his position. It ended by his receiving two-fifty and a small packet of tea, much to Bertha Conway's disgust.

The Conways were English and had been in the Northwest some four or five years. Entertaining certain erroneous ideas regarding the intelligence of the average Canadian, Bertha had begun by scattering abroad hints concerning the position of the Conway family, which she hoped would bear fruit in securing for herself and her brother the respect and admiration of their new acquaintances. She felt sure the scheme would have succeeded but for the foolishness of Alec who, unmindful of her carefully vague allusions to her father's estate, would blunder into the conversation with a reminiscence involving mention of "the shop" which naturally inspired distrust concerning the exalted position in society which she wished to claim for her family. Alec was a great trial to her.

She had expressed her views upon the price given for the wood, and was returning to the house when a buckboard was seen approaching the house. It was drawn by a good-looking bay mare which showed signs of fatigue; her driver pulled up at the door. "Say," he said to Alec, "are you the boss?"

"Yes, I'm Conway."

"Well, now, can I come in and rest a spell? I guess I'm pretty sick."

He looked it and appealed at once to Alec's kindness. "Come in by all means," he said cordially; "never mind the horse. Billy 'll look after her. You do look bad!"

Bertha stood at the door. "Suppose he's got something catching!" she said.

"I guess it's just 'grippe,'" said the stranger, "but it knocks a man out." He seemed hardly able to stand and Alec caught hold of his arm to steady him and led him into the house, despite Bertha's disapproval.

"He's drunk," she said, not troubling to lower her voice very much.

"I ain't," said the man, "no such luck! I'm real sick."

"I guess he is, too," said the charitable Alec, and, without making any useless demands on his sister's help, he put the man in his own bed and administered such remedies as his limited resources could afford. The stranger—he gave out that his name was Jeff Lyster—was in for a severe attack of "la grippe," and he occupied Alec's bed for three days and then arose as weak as a blind kitten.

The first fall of winter snow came while he was laid up, and bad weather followed. Alec scouted the idea of letting him leave the ranch until he should be completely recovered.

There was a demand for horses that winter for the mounted troops going to South Africa, and Alec was able to dispose of a number of useful animals to a man who was buying to sell again at a profit, if possible. He probably "did

Alec up" on the deal, but that has nothing to do with the story. The important fact is that he paid "cash down," and Alec found himself with quite a large sum of money in the house, and no immediate means of disposing of it. It worried him a little because his ranch was a very lonely one, and during the past year two robberies had taken place at no great distance, the thieves escaping with their booty on both occasions. It was the more annoying because there was to be a dance at another rancher's house, some twenty miles away, which he and his sister and the boy wished to attend, but the money weighed heavily on his mind. He confided his trouble to Lyster.

"Don't you worry a bit about that," said his guest. "I'd sooner stay home any day than go to any ball. Don't feel up to dancin' anyway. I guess there won't be no robbers around tonight, and if there is—why, I'm here. If you're scared to leave it why don't you take it along?"

"It's pretty bulky," said Alec, "and then—I guess it's safer not. We're to put up for the night at Ranger's place and maybe the boys will want to start a game when the ball is over—they're a pretty hard crowd—and I guess it'll be safer here."

"I guess so too," said Lyster.

Before he started Alec confided to his new friend that he had "cached" the bills at the bottom of the box where Bertha kept the house linen.

"Supposing anyone was to come while you was in bed, they wouldn't think of looking there," he said complacently.

"Bet your life," said Lyster.

The ball promised to be a great success. The room was crowded to suffocation, but, in spite of that, dancing went on vigorously to the music of an unsupported fiddle, the unfailing energy of the player making up for all other deficiencies. While the last dance before supper was in full swing, the striking figure of a Mounted Policeman stepped into the scene of revelry. He said a few words to the host and then stood watching the dancers. "I thought it was a chance," he said; "he's got sand enough for anything. It's his darned cheek lets him out every time."

Gradually a whisper went round the room to the effect that the guardian of the law was on the track of a noted horse-thief from the States, whose country yearned for his return in order that he might answer certain charges of theft and manslaughter which had been brought against him.

."Last seen driving a buckboard with a bay mare with white hind feet. Man between thirty and forty; about five foot ten; dark moustache and beard, blue eyes and dark hair."

When the description reached Bertha she emitted a shriek of dismay, and seizing her brother by the arm she cried, "Oh, you fool, Alec! It's Jeff Lyster!"

"D'you know him?" asked the policeman.

"I-I-I," stammered Alec, "I've left him at home to take care of my money!" There was a roar of delighted laughter from every man in the room; Alec crimsoned and rushed into further speech. "He hasn't a beard, and the mare's feet aren't white," he exclaimed eagerly.

"Shaved—dyed," came a chorus of derision, and some one shouted, "Come along, boys; his tracks 'll be fresh anyway. Bet we'll catch him before morning," and with an excited rush six or eight of the most sport-loving spirits made for the stable and their teams. They felt the occasion justified them in taking the lightest sleighs and the swiftest horses available, and in a few minutes three teams, led by the policeman in a "jumper" with Alec by his side, were swinging along the trail at a ten-mile-an-hour gait, stimulated by the rousing whoops of the excited hunters of human game. It was a cold, still night; the snow ground stiffly under the runners; the horses' coats grew white with frost; the air stung the faces of the men, threatening to freeze unprotected ears and noses, but no one cared. All they

wanted was to "get there," and get there fast.

A mile or more from Conway's ranch the policeman pulled up and shouted directions to his followers.

"Don't make such a row," he said, stiffening his remarks a little; "if he hasn't lit out yet there's no need to tell him we're coming. Take the bells off the horses and hold your noise."

They did as they were bid and proceeded in silence. The house was dark. Three men stayed with the teams, the rest followed Alec and the policeman. The door was not locked. Alec went in first. "Are you there, Lyster?" he called. There was no answer. Someone lit a match. A lamp stood on the table and he lighted it. There was at once a chorus of exclamation, mostly profane.

The man they were hunting was found, under most unexpected circumstances. He was lying on the floor with his hands tied, and apparently unconscious. This dénoûement was so inexplicable that it was a full minute before anyone could do anything but swear. Then the policeman said, "See if the money is all right, Conway;" and while Alec went to see he bent down to examine the man who called himself Jeff Lyster. His hands were so tightly bound that the wrists were cut.

"Hold the lamp while I look at him," said the policeman, and someone held it. Alec returned with the money in his hand, just as they discovered that Lyster was shot through the body. Further examination revealed other injuries; it appeared that torture had been employed with no sparing hand. The "boys" were very quiet now; their mood had changed since they set out light-heartedly on their man-hunt.

The policeman was thinking. "There are two men or more in this," he said; "that's a pretty strong man to tackle, I guess. If we could bring him round—"

In time he came round and tried to answer their questions. He managed to say that there were two men and that they had come after the money—they had shot him and bolted on hearing the sleighs; he thought they were riding.

That was all the information he could give just then. Satisfied that their quarry could not have a very long start, six of the party started in pursuit, leaving one man with Alec to attend upon Lyster.

The would-be thieves and murderers were caught next day and promptly committed to prison to await their trial. Being identified by Lyster, who was brought into town to be under the doctor's care, they saw little chance of escape. They were men well known in the district and never suspected of criminal tendencies, but now, with bravado bred of despair, they confessed to former robberies, glorying not a little at their ingenuity in hitherto avoiding discovery.

They were good enough to regret their treatment of Lyster. They admitted that he had denied all knowledge of there being money in the house at all; their knowledge of Alec Conway made them discredit this statement; it was altogether improbable that he should have refrained from showing a casual stranger where he had hidden his money.

Lyster was the hero of the hour. That did not soften the fact that he was wanted at home to receive justice at the hands of Uncle Sam, and, as the working of the law regarding extradition would undoubtedly in this case have led to unpleasant feelings, it was felt by those in authority that gratitude was due to him for solving the problem himself. He died of his injuries and was buried with honour in Canadian soil.

His last words to Alec were, "Never you mind, boy; if you hadn't been such a condemned fool as to trust a stranger, I'd have robbed you myself. So you're in on that deal, anyway."

IN THE SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Thirteen Distinct Episodes

By ROBERT BUCKLEY

EPISODE XIII—THE GREAT LETTER SCANDAL

"AN experienced man of the world is never surprised at anything," said Anthony. "For my own part, I should scarcely be astonished to find that the 'man in the street,' by some inexplicable chance, held a right opinion for once."

He will say these things. Strangers who meet him in his sarcastic mood call him the bitterest cynic they ever met. He is really the kindest-hearted man, though severe in the execution of duty.

"And yet," he continued, lying in the old chair with his feet on my highest hassock, and speaking slowly, and as it were absently, while he watched the blue smoke curl upwards, in more or less perfect rings, "and yet—I am not sure—there are exceptions—if the 'man in the street' should on any occasion prove to be other than a synonym for prejudice combined with bumptious ignorance—yes—I confess that—I should be surprised!"

I maintained a discreet silence, the only means of soothing him when in this vein. To dispute his propositions is to excite him, and to lead to a more violent expression of opinion. So I always give him his head.

"The shrewdest man may make occasional mistakes. Nelidoff was done when he thought he had done me. Broecker was beaten when he believed success to be within his grasp; Saval was outwitted; also Kruger and his friend Major Lemmer; likewise the 'Grasshopper' and his gang. Yet all took infinite precautions."

I have already related these stories and also the remarkable incident in connection with the stolen signal-book, and the singular subtlety and daring of Hallam when countermining the Anarchist Plot in England and the Nihilist Plot in Russia, to say nothing of the two mysterious murder cases and the great diamond robbery.

"Once you know the strength of the position," Anthony musingly went on, "you know how much effort will be required. Once you get hold of a true clue, the following of it becomes a mere matter of detail.

"The great danger that Secret Service men have to guard against is—waste of time in following false tracks. You must take nothing for granted: you must accept no conclusion formed by others—and the more who concur in the conclusion the more likely is it to be false. Ah me! the number of criminals left unpunished by reason of the tendency of the normal official mind to follow the 'obvious!' So well is this tendency understood that clever criminals take it into consideration and actually lay false scents to amuse the police while they get comfortably away."

"Your opinion of the police is—"

"My opinion of the police is eminently favourable; as patrols they are good; as runners-in of 'drunks' and 'disorderlies' they are excellent; as regulators of street-traffic they are gems of purest ray serene. Yet—where would they have been in the late anonymous-letter scandal? But you know the police and you understand."

"I should understand better if you descended to particulars," I said.

"There is no objection," said Hallam, "providing you don't cross-examine me on names, dates and places. It was spring-time; my garden was looking beautiful, I was in it at seven every morning; my feather-bed was less attractive than my garden-beds: the weather was balmy, everything was budding and the spring poet was sending truck-loads of verses to the newspapers. You will admit that nothing on this earth is perfectly lasting? Thank you. I had attained that ideal state of felicity which always presages trouble. 'Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall.'

"Sure enough, the summons came. It was from my favourite Minister; the one who sent me to Pretoria for my 'weak chest,' and who ever since that time has taken every opportunity of asking after my health. I called at the official sanctum at ten o'clock one evening—the time named in the invitation. The room was vacant and rather chilly. I was indulging in a gentle sneeze when the door opened and the Minister entered.

"'Good evening, Hallam,' he said, and before I could reply, he added, 'Still troubled with that hollow cough?'

"'I hope it's not South Africa this time?' I ventured to remark.

"'No, it's London. If you'll bring a chair to the desk we'll go into the matter at once.'

"One minute showed how the land lay, and truth to tell rumours of the scandal had reached me before.

"Anonymous letters and post-cards addressed to persons of the highest rank, were flying about in profusion. They were offensive, they were shocking, they were evidently intended to hurt, and to hurt severely. Yet all this was second to the fact that they were not the productions of some insignificant individual whose base, cowardly, and cruel nature loved to gratify itself in this way. No, no, the circumstance which caused the Minister to send for me was quite of another character.

"The letters were written by someone *who knew!*

"That meant, in this case, that the writer was in Society, you understand—moving in the highest circles, and—even there things happen which are not matters of which to be proud—men do things which they do not boast of, and—ahem—even ladies of position have been known to make little slips which they did not wish to hear proclaimed from the house-tops.

"Now although the motto 'noblesse oblige' is not always borne in mind, it must be admitted that the English nobility, as a class respect each other's secrets, and conceal each other's failings. They know that it is an ill bird that fouls its own nest, and that in these democratic times they must hold together. Therefore, the thing was doubly annoying; for in addition to the abstract annoyance was the disagreeable feeling that a person of rank and influence was stooping to this unspeakable infamy.

"No need to mention the subject with which the letters principally dealt. Suffice it that husbands received letters about their wives, and wives about their husbands, while engaged couples were thrown into a state of horror and consternation, and marriages in high life deferred, or altogether broken off. For the worst of it was, that the writer did not confine the pen to mere statement. Undoubted facts were adduced, facts which proved the writer to be well in the social swim. Not that the facts were always of themselves condemnatory—all depended on what construction you put on them, but enough evidence accompanied the accusations to give them an air of probability. Never mind more particulars. Let us say at once that the whole upper stratum of the social fabric was shaken and disturbed, and that heads of families were compelled to exercise a rigid censorship over their letter-bags. It was a horrible affair; much more terrible in its effects than you are likely to imagine.

"The Minister was not in a mood for the light and delicate banter which

suits him so well. He was visibly annoyed; even disgusted. He turned over a large collection of the offensive missives with the air of a surgeon engaged in a disagreeable dissection. Goodness knows how many had been sent out, for most were of a character to be destroyed at once. But here were no fewer than sixty-three—think of that—think of three-score-and-three bombs dropping in peaceful and happy homes!—however, you understand all I hint. The matter is not one for detailed description.

"The problem was, of course—who was the writer? One thing was certain—he was deep and subtle, and had thought the thing out. There are simple people who write on their ordinary note-paper with violet ink—which they use every day—and who believe they cannot be discovered if they omit their usual signature! There are others who take more precaution—for instance, if their ordinary writing has a decided slope forward, they write their anonymous letters with a decided slope backward—which of itself gives them away. Those who are conscious of writing with firm strokes write in a wavering manner; those who usually scribble illegibly write their school copy-book hand and so on, every one displaying the opposite of his usual style, and therefore, discovering himself to the skilled observer who knows his ordinary writing.

"Then again, some put their baleful effusions in imitation print, and some indite their spite and malice with left hand, believing the Abbe Faria who in Monte Cristo tells Edmond Dantes that writing done with the left hand is all alike, no matter who may be the writer—a convenient fiction for the purposes of the story, and one that has led to the discovery of hundreds of secret stabbers-in-the-back who put their trust in it. The experts in writing would themselves be puzzled to write so that their writing could not be detected by other experts, though their special knowledge would enable them to baffle the ordinary observer.

"Now, it seemed that the hidden operator had an inkling of expert methods. He never wrote twice on the same brand of paper. He used all sorts of pens and pencils. He posted at all sorts of places, but invariably in London. He formed his letters after different fashions, especially cultivating variety in the capitals. He wrote in the neatest, and also in the most slovenly way. One description of possible epistle was absent—he had not used the typewriter—worse luck.

"One of the letters before me was especially pointed out by the Minister. It was addressed to a foreign nobleman holding an important political position. It referred to an affair of gallantry in which the nobleman's brother had figured with some discredit, and was calculated to hurt the feelings of the recipient by disinterring a by-gone scandal which was the property of the world at large. Baron Von Artheim had laid the letter before the Minister in the hope of contributing to the solution of the mystery surrounding the identity of the writer and the letter with which he accompanied the injurious scrawl threw a bright light on the Baron's nobility of mind and inborn chivalry. He begged the Minister to believe that he attached no importance whatever to this attack on himself, and assured him that he fully realized how the English character was opposed to this method of warfare. It was, however, his duty, as one who had for some time lived in London, and who had experienced much kindness and consideration from Englishmen, and especially from the English nobility, to aid, so far as was in his power, in the discovery of the dastardly individual who had caused so much misery. Otherwise he would have destroyed the letter at once.

"'Said the Minister, 'I have had some conversation with Baron Von Artheim, and I was half inclined to believe that he suspected some particular person.'

"I waited for more, but not a syllable came, and I knew better than to ask any questions. Clearly the Baron had not thought fit to give the smallest indication as to the direction in

which his suspicions inclined, and I took my leave, with the whole library of gall and bitterness in my keeping. So far, the only shadow of a clue was the statement of the Minister that the Baron had conveyed to him the impression that he, the Baron to wit, *had* a suspicion. This was little enough, in all conscience.

"For suppose the Baron had a suspicion—he was just as likely to be wrong as right, more so, in fact, for since none of the English nobility could form the slightest notion as to the perpetrator of so many social murders, a foreigner was hardly likely to have spotted the miscreant. That was consideration Number One.

"But then the Baron had not even said he suspected anybody. The Minister had only been 'half inclined to believe' that he suspected somebody! That was consideration Number Two. Clearly a case for much tobacco and meditation in the garden.

"Words have different meanings in different mouths, and my knowledge of the Minister disposed me to think that his 'half inclined to believe' was a weighty utterance. How I longed to interview the Baron! But the Minister had not thrown out the suggestion. On the other hand, he had not advised any reserve—and he was not the man to forget anything essential. The more I thought on the point the more I was convinced, First, that the Minister had indicated the Baron as a point of departure; and Second, that the Baron thought he knew something, and, if so, that he must possess some exceptional source of information.

"On the other hand, all this was supposition after all, and—if the Baron had not been more definite with the Minister, to whom he had confided the letter, was he likely to be more definite with anyone else? I determined to see him if possible, come weal come woe. But first I made careful inquiry as to his character and antecedents, purely and simply in order that I might, so far as possible, know the value of every word and of every look he should utter or give during the audience he might grant to me.

"He was the second son of a great Continental personage, whose elder son had been the cause of a severe Court scandal—the same that was rehashed in the letter to the Baron, who as a second son, had been introduced to the profession of diplomacy, and who, though still quite young, had given much promise of distinction. Coming nearer home, I found that the Baron was temperate and no gambler, but that his vices were a passionate vindictiveness and a systematic immorality, which, however, he, like thousands of others in a like conspicuous station, kept carefully screened from the public eye. He was thirty-three, unmarried, in robust health, had lived in Paris, now lived in London, and was externally exactly what you might expect in all the circumstances.

"Well, I was granted an audience, but not a luxuriously fruitful one. I approached the subject with the utmost delicacy; he met me frankly and helped me forward until I asked him plainly if we might expect any indication of his suspicions. He said it was not conceded that he had any suspicions, and here a deadlock seemed inevitable. I rose to leave, remarking that the culprit was able and resourceful, but that in the end we would perhaps discover him.

"'Or HER,' said the Baron."

"That was the whole fruit of the interview. Not much, eh? Yet I had seen the person who spoke the words, and—I was convinced that he had suspicions; that he had studied to convey the fact to the Minister, and now—that the person suspected was a woman. I set more inquiries going, and went back to my gardening with intermittent study of the sixty-three letters. Were they all, despite their immense variety, written by the same hand? I concluded that they were. These things are not done in partnership. But what on earth was the motive? Was it pure devilment, or was it revenge for real or fancied slight or injury? Had some wealthy woman

been snubbed by English Society, and was she revenging herself? And if so, why on earth did she vent her spleen on the Baron, who was a foreigner?

"The inquiries set on foot brought an interesting item concerning the Baron. He had for some months been so assiduous in his calls at the Park Lane residence of the Countess Zara Orlowska, a young and beautiful Russian widow, as to give rise to the rumour that a marriage was on the tapis. Suddenly, and without apparent cause, his visits had been discontinued, and their connection was limited to the coldest formality when they met in the Row or elsewhere in public. For they never met in private now—unfavourable reports concerning the Countess were prevalent and—the best houses had been closed against her, though what the specific charge might be it was impossible to say.

"Here all at once was a perfect flood of light. Here was a foreign Countess of suspected character, who having been once received into society had been suddenly excluded for some secret cause. What more likely than that she should retaliate by telling people all she knew concerning the peccadillos of their brothers, their husbands, their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts? The thing was so obvious that I suspected it; it was so completely within the grasp of the commonplace mind that instead of condemning the Countess Zara off-hand I determined to be doubly on my guard against a possible false trail.

"It was, however, needful to settle the point, a comparatively easy matter. There was a wide difference between proving that the Countess Zara was or was not the culprit, and in the event of her innocence being demonstrated, discovering who after all was the guilty person. First of all, an undoubted specimen of her handwriting was required, and here some difficulty was experienced. We could discover no correspondence of this fair lady, and though the post was open to us—at a pinch—her letters would probably be written in Russian or German, in both of which languages handwriting is, as you are aware, thoroughly different from that of the same person when writing English. Moreover, in order to see so much as the addresses of her letters once committed to the post-office heavy formalities were required, and it was questionable whether the game would be worth the candle. A second conference with the Minister obtained a powerful succour in the shape of three lines of a French quotation from Balzac, which the Countess had introduced in a German letter, the context being carefully cut away and on the other side completely obliterated. I at once concluded that this document had been obtained from the Baron, and that his sense of honour had led him to destroy everything but the quotation, in order that the subject of the letter might not indicate the author, and that the writing might be examined on its merits alone.

"Now I called in an expert in handwriting, whose first decision went to confirm my opinion as to the authorship of the letters being confined to one person, and who in the first half-hour pointed out a surprising similarity between the writing of the offensive letter received by the Baron and the French quotation we held in the guaranteed writing of the Countess. But on a closer examination, conducted by means of a powerful microscope, he gave it as his opinion that the fragment was the free, bold hand of a person writing in the natural way, and that the letter to the Baron was a deliberate and studied imitation of it. His reasons were undeniable, and by means of the glass it was easy to see that while the French quotation had been written at a great pace, the offensive letter received by the Baron, which appeared to be in the same hand-writing, had been executed slowly and with great deliberation.

"Here was greater confusion than ever. If our reasonings as to the writing were correct we could only conclude that someone had deliberately imitated the hand of the Countess

Zara for the purpose of damaging her with the Baron. Ha! I remembered that the Baron had broken off with her, and that they 'never spoke as they passed by.' More inquiries, however, proved that the rupture was months anterior to the date of the anonymous letter received by the Baron. I did not tell my expert anything. He had nothing before him but the letters and the fragments. And he was absolutely certain that the French quotation and the sixty-three letters were *not* written by the same hand. So much for the Countess Zara and the wonderful obviousness of her guilt!

"Back to my garden and my pipe. Why did the Baron mingle in the affair at all? I remembered his letter to the Minister. Bah! there was no such chivalry extant. What did *he* care for the feelings of the British nobility? Why should *he* take so much interest in the affair? Why did *he* direct suspicion on the Countess Zara, who, by the way, was about to leave England? Above all, why had he broken off diplomatic relations with that charming lady of whom I, for one, could hear nothing but good? I determined to apply myself to these questions. Meanwhile I secretly exculpated her from the crime, and—the infernally-contrived letters poured into the houses of the best people in London and the provinces more copiously than ever.

"The Countess was not only young and beautiful, but wealthy, witty, and open-handed. Her charitable deeds were numerous and done out of real good nature, and not for mere advertisement. Her servants were devoted to her, and Morland, who, in the interests of the inquiry, had tried to tamper with them, had met with a severe rebuff. Close attention to the establishment, however, revealed the fact that her maid was English, and had once served in the household of a great nobleman with whom I was acquainted. Through his influence I obtained an interview with her, and this is what I learned:

"That the Countess was the best woman in the world; that she had wished to live in England, but that wicked persecution was driving her away; that Baron Artheim had paid his court to the Countess, who had remained indifferent, neither encouraging nor repelling, until on one occasion the Baron had so conducted himself as to incur an instant and ignominious dismissal; that from that moment an unpleasant change had gradually taken place in the demeanour of the English and German acquaintances of the Countess, the reason of which the Countess disdained to investigate, and that for her own part she was quite convinced that the trouble arose from the Baron's having been virtually kicked out of the residence of the Countess, who was too great a lady to mention the circumstance, and too proud to attempt to defend herself.

"I heard all this with deepest attention. Miss Lucy Hale, confidential maid of the Countess Zara, was a woman of superior intelligence, and evidently straightforward and sincere. I hesitated as to whether I should take her into my confidence; she was attached to the Countess, and women can't keep secrets from women! As she spoke, a nebulous idea that had pursued me for some time assumed a more condensed form. I said nothing, but hurried to the Minister and borrowed the Baron's chivalrous letter. The great statesman was surprised at my demand, and took his time before complying. At last, saying that he had never known me guilty of indiscretion, and that the signature must not be seen by anyone except myself, he handed me the document, which was soon under the microscope, and, except the signature, at the mercy of my expert.

"When I had heard his opinion, which I may say was just what I expected, I set a close watch on the Baron, and taking an active part in the proceedings, after two days and nights of unremitting vigilance, followed him one lovely summer morning at two a.m. from a side-door of his residence to a pillar-box near the Marble Arch. As he stretched out his hand to post a

missive, a sharp whistle from Upton, whom I had stationed, with instructions, well in sight of the pillar, startled him and induced a momentary pause, during which I sprang on him from behind and tore the letter from his grasp. He was both powerful and active, and in a moment he had thrown himself upon me at once trying to strangle me and to recover the prize.

"A glance showed that help was near. I jerked the letter behind me, and clasping my antagonist round the waist, held on like a British bull dog until he was torn off, none too gently, by Morland and Upton, who in a twinkling disarmed him of a neat revolver (made in Germany) and laid him on his back on the pavement. Other officers came up; we satisfied them as to our identity, and, having locked up the Baron for the night, we went merrily home, very well pleased with ourselves.

"The Minister looked grave when I handed to him the letter taken from the Baron, whose identity was formally established before setting him at liberty. The captured epistle was of the same character as the others—and was addressed to a lady of title, eminent for her single-minded benevolence. A most remarkable and even superlative ruffian, the Most Merciful and Gracious Baron Von Artheim, diplomatic servant of the great Braganzan Empire."

"But," said I, "he had himself received a disagreeable letter."

"Written by himself concerning a matter which everybody already knew, for the purpose of at once diverting suspicion from himself, and of obtaining an opportunity of directing it to a person on whom he wished to take a mean and cowardly revenge, while at the same time he gratified the anti-English feeling he was known to cultivate in secret. There you have the whole explanation. The Baron presented a phenomenon not unknown in the history of crime—the union of rank, station and intellect with the most paltry motives and detestable qualities. Such combinations present unusual difficulties to the investigator, and are inconceivable to ordinary people who can only see one side of a character.

"The Baron quietly disappeared, and, it is said, was killed while fighting for the Spaniards in the Cuban war. The Countess somehow got wind of the whole matter, and sent Miss Hale to request an interview. I called to present my homage. She said she wished to thank me—she need not say more; nor, indeed did either broach the subject uppermost in the minds of both, or mention any names. The cloud that had hung over her was removed—I knew something of the Minister's influence—and she remained in England. I wish I had her portrait! She was one of the only two or three hundred women I ever loved. Her health! Hoch!"

And Anthony Hallam, in the old fashion of his student days in the University of Bonn, rose to his feet, and drank a deep health to the beautiful Countess Zara Orlowska, whose slave he professed to be.

THE END

THE WIRE-PULLER*

BEING THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S ATTEMPT AT ENGLISH POLITICS

By Robert Lynd

DOT was standing on the doorstep waiting for me. She was dressed as though ready to go out, and under her piquant little feathered hat her hair was wimpling in the fresh sunny wind that played about her temples. As I crunched my way up the walk, deep in Ballycastle gravel, I noticed that her eyes were shining with a peculiar restlessness.

"Hilloa!" I cried, with that easy familiarity which one so laboriously acquires during the period of one's engagement. "Surely I am not late today?"

She was too excited to pay any attention to what I was saying.

"Oh, Tim!" she cried, clasping her hands together in her ecstasy, "only guess."

"Guess what?" I asked; for I was absolutely without a clue to what she was driving at.

"Guess," she repeated, stamping her foot imperatively on the doorstone.

I saw that I must set myself to humour her.

"Is it a hat?" I inquired with a superior twinkle.

She shook her head and pursed her lips into a satirical forgiveness.

"Again!" She nodded to me to resume my conjectures.

I pretended to think very hard for a few moments. Then I woke up with a start.

"Not a river picnic," I protested, "in this weather!"

She perched her head to the one side wearily.

"How stupid you are!" she sighed. "Why, it's politics, of course."

I opened my mouth in due amazement.

"A child might have guessed it," she went on contemptuously, and she stooped to pet a black kitten that was purring around her skirts with its tail in the air.

"Tim," she said after a pause, during which her disgust at my stupidity had partially subsided, "which side do you belong to?"

Unthinkingly I again put my foot in it.

"Side of what?" I inquired, having allowed my mind to wander far away from the subject of our conversation.

A shadow of annoyance in her eyes gave way to a look of deep pity.

"You need everything explained to you in such detail," she murmured resignedly. She laid her hands on my shoulders with a kind of tenderness. "There are two political parties in this country," she instructed me, emphasizing every syllable, "known respectively as the Liberals and the Tories. Now, which of the two would you support at an election to-morrow?"

It was the first straight question that had been put to me, and I brightened up under the feeling that I was once more an intelligent being.

"I am afraid," I replied with some jauntiness, "that I am sub-divided in my views on politics."

With a gesture of impatience she removed her hands from me.

"I mean," I went on hurriedly, "that within limitations I am a Liberal."

Dot bent down once more and stroked the kitten thoughtfully. Then she straightened herself.

"That's what I wanted to know," she said, looking me squarely in the eyes. "Because, without limitations, I am a Conservative."

The new phase tickled me.

"It may become a serious difficulty," I observed, shaking my head solemnly, "when we are married."

She stared at me in surprised innocence.

* By permission of *The Outlook*, of London, Eng.

"You can easily change, can't you?" she inquired tartly, as though she had settled the matter.

"Such things have been done," I admitted, "for a consideration."

Dot absolutely refused to return to the subject.

"The carriage ought to be round soon," she muttered, peering over at the big green doors that led to the stables.

In a few moments the landau was drawn up before us.

"Shall I see you later in the evening?" I inquired, handing her to her seat.

"You are coming with me," she told me quietly. "Get in."

Obediently I stepped in beside her.

"Lady Parker's," she called to the coachman.

I uttered a low whistle of astonishment. Dot composed herself in her seat with a fine air of importance, and pretended not to have heard me.

"I say, my dear," I protested; "not the wife of the butcher baronet!"

She scrutinized me in the minutest detail.

"Were you educated at a board school?" she asked, tossing her head.

"Because," I went on heedlessly, "I have no wish to extend my acquaintance in that direction."

Dot looked as though she could have said things to me. She restrained herself, however.

"A by-election is coming on," she minced out as icily as possible.

I made as though to suppress a yawn.

"You might at least pretend to be interested," she snapped at me, "for it's a secret yet. Lilian Greer told me about it," she explained airily.

I assumed a deep concern in the matter.

"Lilian is a clever girl," I averred wisely.

"Rubbish!" said Dot. Her husband is to be the Conservative candidate. That's all."

I repeated my whistle—the sort of enlightened whistle that one associates with Sergeant Cuff in "The Moonstone."

"So that's the way the wind blows!" I chuckled.

Dot almost permitted herself to smile.

"And you," I went on, "are to be the straw through which the Conservatives will imbibe the votes of Parker and company."

"Tim!" exclaimed Dot, radiant with gratification, "in your own undignified way, you have hit the right nail on the head."

Before I had time to measure the full force of the compliment we were reclining among Lady Parker's Louis Quatorzes. The room was gaudily furnished with samples of Miss Parker's crystoleum work and photogravures of the worst type of Academy pictures.

Lady Parker herself looked to me to be a good-natured olla podrida of laces and ribbons and blindingly electric blue.

Charged as she was with her purpose, Dot prevented all allusions to any such matters as physical ailments of the weather.

"Ah, Lady Parker!" she burst out mournfully; "the war still drags on."

It may have been the originality of the assertion that caused Lady Parker's sudden look of perplexity. She cocked her head first to the one side, then to the other.

"Quite true, my dear, quite true," she ventured at length, folding her hands submissively.

Dot peeped over at me with a glow of triumph.

"You have great influence with your husband," she went on, turning again to our hostess.

Lady Parker's hands were decidedly fidgetty by now. She looked over at me appealingly. I stared very hard at a Marcus Stone opposite me.

"A little, my dear," she answered in a surprised tone.

Dot put on her most winning smile.

"Sir John knows well enough," she asserted in an assured style, "why the war doesn't end sooner."

Lady Parker smiled responsively.

"Horses, my dear?" she hinted.

Dot leaned over to her with an air of mystery.

"No," she whispered, shaking her head sadly, "serpents."

Lady Parker's perplexity did not lessen.

"I didn't know," she said, "that they were dangerous out there."

"They are at home," Dot told her with a sigh.

"Mercy on us!" cried the good lady, anxious either as to the proximity of snakes or about Dot's sanity. "What do you mean?"

Dot leaned back in her chair and looked up at the ceiling in a heart-broken way.

"Ah! Lady Parker," she sighed, "the serpents are the Liberal party."

"But, my dear—" began the other protestingly.

"Don't you believe it, Lady Parker?" Dot interrupted her. "They're a pack of traitors. They cheer for the Boers, they vote for the—"

"My dear—" once more urged our hostess.

"I tell you," cried Dot, refusing to give way, "they would fight for the Boers to-morrow if they had the opportunity."

She swept a glance around the room as though challenging denial.

"It was the Liberals," murmured Lady Parker, "who made Sir John a Baronet."

For the moment Dot flushed slightly.

"Times have changed," she said, hastily arranging her skirt. "Tim will tell you so."

The appeal was an unfair one, but I rose to it.

"It is perfectly true," I affirmed. "Times have changed."

"And the Liberal party with them," added Dot, as much at her ease as ever. "The days of Gladstone and—and—" she paused in search of a name —"and Disraeli are over."

"Dear, dear," murmured Lady Parker. "What a pity."

"It's like a slum," explained Dot persuasively.

"Or a whale," I suggested.

Dot looked daggers at me.

"A slum," she continued, "may once have been a very respectable neighbourhood. But when it becomes a slum respectable people stop living there."

"Sir John says the slum landlord ought to be prosecuted," put in Lady Parker irrelevantly.

"How much more," murmured Dot, "those who have made a slum of the Liberal party!"

"You don't like the Liberals?" smiled our hostess.

Dot sniffed with indignation. "Who could?" she exclaimed;— "Socialists and atheists and—and Irishmen."

Lady Parker tugged at a ribbon thoughtfully. "My dear," she said, you are making fun of me."

"Ask Tim," replied Dot, as though that decided the question.

I was on the point of rebelling, but I thought better of it.

"The Liberal party," I announced in as oracular a voice as I could muster, "has reached a crisis in its history."

"There," cried Dot. "Just what I told you!"

Lady Parker was a picture of distress.

"The fact is," Dot confided to her, "I don't see how any one but an atheist could be a Liberal nowadays."

Lady Parker jumped from her seat agitatedly.

"I must call Sir John up," she exclaimed, going over to the bell.

"No, no," pleaded Dot, rising and pressing her down on a sofa. "Not yet, please."

"But," insisted the other, with a frantic effort to get to her feet, "Sir John has just promised to be the next Liberal candidate."

Dot sat down, horror stricken. She pulled out her watch flurriedly.

"Tim," she cried, bouncing upagain, "we ought to have been away long ago."

She kissed Lady Parker affectionately.

"Remember me to Sir John," she murmured; and I do hope he will be successful."

We sat in the landau for a long time

without saying anything. Dot's face was flushed, and her lips twitched a little with anger.

Eventually she turned round and glared at me.

"The Liberals are sneaks," she hissed.

"Serpents," I corrected her gravely.

"How did they find out about the by-election?" she demanded, her eyes flaming with indignation.

"If you had read your Solomon," I assured her, "you would know that the ways of serpents, like the ways of women, are somewhat puzzling."

"It is the dishonesty of the thing," she complained tearfully.

I did not wish to elaborate the matter. Dot's mind, however, kept returning to the subject.

"Tim," she whispered, taking me by the arm insinuatingly, "what is the real difference between a Liberal and a Conservative?"

"My dear," I explained gently, "not even they themselves know, until one of the two proposes to do something."

"And how do they know then?" she inquired amazedly.

"Then," I said, taking her little gloved hand in mine, "the other side object."

"I see," she sighed. "It is so intricate."

She tapped her parasol three times on the floor of the carriage.

"Tim," she declared with determination, "I think I shall retire from politics."

"Dearest," I promised, "pressing her hand affectionately, "you shall not plough your furrow alone."

Not being a reader of newspapers, she did not understand.

"It's lucky I didn't ask for Sir John's vote, isn't it?" she said.

. . . . . .

The result of the by-election has been declared, and Sir John Parker has been returned by what the papers called a "substantial majority." Out of consideration for a certain little woman's political opinions, I abstained from voting.

THE WHITE LADY OF THE LUGGIE

By Mrs. J. K. Lawson

THE glow of sunset faded slowly in the spaces between the trees that embowered the old-fashioned white house upon Luggie Bank. Already one pure star glimmered silvern in the deepening blue, and was reflected pensively in the tranquil stream, on whose edge the bemirrored trees dreamed ever; and twilight, tender as memory, enfolded the little Scotch valley in an atmosphere of rest.

In the avenue overlooking the valley, two figures, one white the other dark, strolled slowly up and down. The twilight deepened as they walked —her arm in his, her hand fast clasped in his. The fragrance of flowers from the garden beyond the house, from the lilacs and blooming hawthorns in the avenue, scented the air as with incense, the magic of the hour was upon them.

"And then we shall write regularly," said the young man consolingly, consoling himself as well as the girl at his side.

"Yes; of course. And you shall tell me all about the studios in Paris, and how you like to work there; and by and by I shall hear of your pictures being hung in the Salon—shan't I?"

"I hope so, dear. I shall try, anyhow; but I shall miss the daily inspiration of you, my Madonna. I don't believe I could have got so far as I have but for you. When I have felt like throwing up art altogether, through sheer discouragement, your praise and cheer always stimulated me, and when when I got that head of yours hung on the line—well, I'm afraid it was

the beauty of your face, and not my work altogether, did that for me."

"Nonsense! It was your own work, Archie; it is in you, all you want is a thorough training. Ah! I shall be proud of you yet."

The girl's face, which was a lovely one, a gentle, earnest face, fit model for the Madonna which the young artist had painted, was now lit up and flushed with enthusiasm.

"Oh, how I wish I were rich. I should send you away for six years at least to study—nothing but study, and then I should hear of the famous painter, and know it was you, Archie. Wouldn't that be delightful? And all the time I should be proud of you and say to myself—this is my Archie, my boy sweetheart at school, my lover that is now—my husband to be."

Her words, her look, the light in her eyes inspired him.

"Yes, my little one, my wife to be; but you can do more than that. You can put life and hope into me. What was I but a poor aimless boy when you and I were at school together, and who but you said, 'You should draw and draw till you turn a painter?'"

A merry, musical laugh greeted this reminiscence of early schooldays.

"Oh, Archie, did I really say that? I forget all the silly things I may have said—but it sounds so funny now. And, alas! I am too poor to help you in the way I would like."

"Love me, dear—only love me when I am gone as you do now, and I shall accomplish anything," he said, bending his head until his lips touched her hair.

"Alas! no need to tell me to do that. I cannot help myself. I have loved you always, Archie; I don't know why, but it is so. Now, dear, it is getting too dark for us to be out. We must say good night now."

"Oh, not yet; just one more turn up and down the avenue, and then I shall go. Remember this is our last walk here—until I return."

She sighed and turned with him.

"And when you do come you will find many changes. Auntie has sold this place, which I suppose you know. You will have to come to England for me if you want me."

"And to England I shall come, do not fear—first chance I get, and then—"

He finished by drawing her closer to him, and in the twilight they kissed and kissed again, every kiss a mute promise of the future.

Then they parted—he to go to France on the morrow, she to remain in the old-fashioned white house above the Luggie, until the proposed removal to Devonshire, her future home. For Anna was an orphan, adopted and cared for by a well-to-do aunt, who for reasons of her own had resolved to live for the rest of her days in one of the sunniest nooks in England.

. . . . .

Five years later, another twilight, the softer twilight of Italy, deepened on Archibald Hillhouse as he sat by the open window of his studio, smoking a cigar. He was the same and yet not the same man, nor was it added years only which made the difference in him. He was still good-looking, still handsome; more so indeed, for his figure had developed and grown more mature-looking. But the frank, uncorrupted expression of his earlier days had given place to the cool, half-cynical appearance of a man of experience. As a painter he had gained much, as a man he had signally deteriorated. He could be amiable when it suited him to be so, as indeed he could be anything else which suited him, not otherwise. He had made fair progress in his art, and though no one had ever mentioned genius or greatness in connection with his name, still his skill in technique was considerable, and he had held his own with the majority at least. As yet, however, nothing of his had appeared in the Salon, a fact which he in his now few-and-far-between letters to Devonshire ascribed to prejudice and envy. For the last year Anna Sutherland had folded up his letters and put them

away with a sigh and a saddening sense of something lacking in them. There was still the usual affectionate formulas at the beginning and ending of his letters, but that they were written with an effort, as for duty, not love's sake, was only too evident. The last two letters she had sent had not been answered at all.

"And so it is really settled, is it?" said a genial voice breaking in on his reverie as he sat emitting smoke. He glanced up and saw a brother artist in the act of seating himself beside him.

"Lovely evening, Watts," was his reply.

"Oh, lovely—yes—delightful," responded the artist—"but, I say, is it really settled between the little American widow and you?"

"Well, since you must know, Watts—yes—it is settled."

"To come off soon, of course?"

"Oh yes! And, by the way, I want you to play groomsman. The deed is to be done at the embassy."

"With pleasure. Always glad to serve a man in deed. Congratulations, to the mast-head. It is not every poor devil of a painter who is lucky enough to capture a widow with a fortune; a pretty considerable one too."

"Yes, pretty fair," Hillhouse remarked complacently; "it will give me a chance to paint properly now. A fellow needs a fair show to do good work."

Watts took the cigar which he was smoking from between his lips and blew rings of smoke into the air, watching the fantastic forms they wreathed into.

"Ah—I say, Hillhouse—what about the pretty English Madonna you used to correspond with? What did you do with that head? It was the best thing you ever did."

There was a pause, and then Hillhouse answered:

"To tell you the truth, Watts, I sold it."

"Who bought it?—the American; your fiancée?"

"Didn't I tell you that before?" Hillhouse said, somewhat sharply.

Watts smiled and resumed his cigar.

"Perhaps you did—I forget—it was a lovely face, and I always had an idea that the original and you were—there—I beg your pardon—of course, it's none of my affair."

"Oh, I don't care," said Hillhouse, rising to his feet, and walking up and down restlessly. "You are quite right in your supposition; we were lovers, engaged lovers, and no Madonna was ever sweeter than the girl I have thrown up for my Art."

"Art be hanged! Speak honest, Hillhouse. Tell the truth; say you were unable to resist the fascinations of the widow, or her fortune—which?"

"Well, hang it! What is a fellow to do? You can't paint without money. You want models, colours, canvases; you want a decent studio—an environment to produce a great picture. All that means money. If we lived in those halcyon days when the popes and cardinals took genius by the hand and said: 'Look here, you handler of charcoal, you dreamer of beautiful dreams, don't stunt your genius by becoming an incarnate committee of ways and means how to exist; go paint and dream, and paint all you dream and all you see, and we will provide the needful.' If, I say, we lived in such a sensible age as that, one might afford to cherish the Madonnas of the heart to the end of time; but what is the fact? Paint your best, you won't sell it; paint your worst and prettiest—it sells—fast enough; but you are undone as a painter. Moral—find a substitute for the popes and cardinals in the woman you marry, and then on to success, fame, immortality."

Hillhouse paused and looked a challenge to Watts, and Watts, looking at him curiously through the smoke, said gravely:

"You have been helping yourself too plentifully to wine, old boy. Wine loosens the tongue. It is hardly complimentary to the woman you are going to marry, all this, I should say."

"Perhaps not—all the same, that's about the sum of it all—and, of course, I don't speak to everyone as freeely as to you, so you needn't baulk. I daresay things will right themselves in time, both here and in England."

One month after this a newspaper addressed to Miss Anna Sutherland, Devonshire, England, was delivered by the carrier with the usual morning mail. Anna glanced at the handwriting, and a flush passed over her face, leaving it paler even than usual. She turned the paper over and over till her eyes caught a large blue pencil mark opposite the marriage notices; directly opposite one reading thus :—

"At the Embassy, on the 14th inst., Archibald Hillhouse, Esq., to Henrietta, relict of the late Patrick E. Connan, of New York."

. . . . . .

It was not until after another interval of five years that Watts met Hillhouse again, and then it was on the banks of the Luggie, in the kind, grey Scottish gloaming.

Both met at the entrance of the avenue which led up to the old house showing spectrally among the trees, and the new moon leaning back, peered at them curiously through the spaces between the trees.

Hillhouse was leaning over the gate with his chin between his hands, sunk in reverie, when the familiar voice roused him.

"Hello! Well, of all people, you are the last I should expect to see here."

Hillhouse started, stared, and instinctively extended his hand.

"Watts! this is indeed a surprise!"

"It is to me," said Watts, shaking hands heartily. "Why I understood you were swelling it in New York."

"No; I am here."

The words were spoken in such a dry, quiet tone, that Watts looked again at his friend.

"How is Mrs. Hillhouse—quite well, I hope?"

"I don't know; in fact there is no Mrs. Hillhouse now—she is divorced —is Mrs. P. E. Connan, of New York, again."

"Oh, dear me! I'm sorry to hear that."

"Well, you needn't; I am well rid of her, I assure you; but it served me right. The mills of the gods grind slowly, Watts; but I find they grind exceeding small. You bet they do!"

"And how goes painting—selling well!"

"Oh, yes; can't complain. How is it with yourself, there."

"Oh! so—so. Always painting away and holding my own, at least. Sold a picture for two hundred and fifty the other day. But why were you mooning up here? Come to see the White Lady like myself?"

"What White Lady? I only landed here this afternoon. No, this place once belonged to a friend of mine—let me see—some ten years ago; but they sold the place and went to Devonshire in England."

"Ah!"

"Yes. And I just took an odd fancy to come up and look at the old place again."

"I see. By the way—if it be a fair question, Hillhouse—is your English Madonna still in Devonshire. Do you know I was quite in love with that head. I am going there soon; would you mind giving me the address or a note of introduction?"

Hillhouse frowned slightly, but he answered :

"Certainly, I shall give you the address. I suppose the Madonna herself will be changed in these ten years; very likely she is married."

"Oh, that doesn't matter. Married or single, she will always have that sweet womanly look of goodness which gave the peculiar charm to that head. I shouldn't wonder if the years have only added to its loveliness. Time does in some faces, especially if sorrow has been scalping at the expression. At all events I am going to paint a Madonna for next year's exhibition at Munich, and shall try to get your Madonna to give me a sitting or two for her head."

The twilight was not yet so profound as to conceal the frown which gathered on the brow of Hillhouse.

"Ah—well—should you go—you need not mention my American experiences, you know," he said. "These English girls are very conservative in their ideas, you know."

"Very glad to think they are—but I shan't mention you at all. Besides—something else may turn up—and I may not go. But you have not yet heard of this place being haunted, have you?"

"No, not I. As I told you, I have just got here a few hours ago."

"Well, the most charming legend! It seems that a white figure is seen to glide up and down this avenue and out and in among the trees after dark. It was seen last night by my landlord, who was passing this gate here, and he swears he saw her glide and vanish behind a tree. The poor fellow hasn't got over it since."

"Bosh! Some practical joker very likely."

"That's what I think myself, and that's why I came to watch. But if so, the joke must be getting rather stale, I should think. It is over three years, they tell me, since this ghost began walking here at night—and yet I cannot hear of any tragedy having happened on the grounds. All very commonplace and nineteenth century conventionality, so far as I can make out."

"Queer!"

"Isn't it? You're not in a hurry, are you? Let us get in behind that great chestnut there, and have a smoke while we watch."

"All right. Anything to pass the time. But come half-way up the avenue. There is a hollow there in the bank, where we can lie and take a whiff—but will not the smoke frighten off the ghost?"

"Better not smoke, then," laughed Watts. "I would really like to see a bona fide White Lady."

"Come this way," Hillhouse said, stepping inside the gate. "The place is quite familiar to me. Should the owner challenge us for trespassing, I shall tell him that I was merely having a look at the old place. By the way, who lives here now, I wonder?"

"An elderly man and his wife, I hear, and the White Lady, of course."

The two walked over the grass a few steps, and lay down in the hollow of the bank; but though they lay there talking over everything until the twilight deepened into night, and the moon sank behind the encompassing hills, and only the dim starlight showed their faces, no ghost as yet appeard.

"I guess it's a fraud," said Watts. "Let us go down to the town. Where do you put up?"

"At the hotel, for the present. Yes, as you say, this haunting business is evidently a fraud. Still, the place will always be haunted for me. I passed the best and purest hours of my life in this same spot," remarked Hillhouse, getting up to his feet, and sighing audibly as he looked down the avenue.

Watts, who was already on foot, did not reply. He was peering intently through the trees.

"I could swear I saw a gleam of white just now," he said, in a whisper.

"Shows the power of imagination, my dear fellow," laughed Hillhouse, but at that moment his hand was clutched as in a vice by the hand of Watts, while the other was extended before him with a pointed forefinger.

"Is that imagination? My God! Look at that!" he whispered tensely, and gliding round the end of the house, coming straight toward them, moved a figure in white. All white save for the dark hair which hung tangled upon her shoulders and about her face.

"Woman, or spirit, whatever it is, we shall see," Watts continued. "Let us hide behind this tree."

Passively and without a word Hillhouse suffered Watts to drag him in behind the tree, and in a few minutes they were certain that it was no ghost; the crunching of her shoes upon the

gravel declared her to be some human being walking leisurely along.

Watts craned his neck and peeped round the tree, and swiftly drew into the shade again.

"It's a woman," he breathed; "she is quite close—sh!"

But Hillhouse looked round the other side, and as she passed within a yard of them he sprang out, and with a wild cry caught her fast in his arms.

"Anna! Anna! oh, my darling! . . . . What is this? . . . . Why are you here? . . . . Speak to me, Anna; have I startled you?"

It was Anna, but she was not startled; nothing on earth could startle her any more. It would have been natural had she fled shrieking from the sudden rude grasp in which she was so unexpectedly enfolded, but Anna had drifted into a region where there was no expectation and no disappointment, no sorrow, no joy, only a strange and visionary calm.

"Dear Archie, you know I love you always, and when you are a great and famous painter you will come for me, will you not? You will come for your little wife? You will like auntie's husband, I know you will. Did you know auntie married an old gentleman? Isn't it funny, at her age?" Here she paused to laugh; a low, musical, weird-sounding laugh that made the blood curdle. "To think of old auntie being married before us, Archie! But we will be so happy. Auntie's husband has bought back the old place, and we are all going back to the Luggie side again, and you and I, Archie, will walk in—"

All this she said, with her thin face and sweet eyes full of love looking up in dimness to his, without surprise or emotion of any kind whatever, while Hillhouse stared at her with slow, comprehending horror. Watts had heard of no tragedy connected with the place. Heavens! here was the tragedy of a murdered soul looking love into the eyes of the murderer.

Suddenly she wrested herself free from his slackening grasp and glanced fearfully around.

"The shadows!" she whispered, "the shadows! Where do they come from? They frighten me! the shadows, oh! the shadows!"

A muffled shriek escaped her, and she fled down toward the house and disappeared.

Watts, who had been a spellbound witness of the scene, drew a long breath and stepped forward to Hillhouse, and laid his hand on his shoulder. He was still gazing at the spot where she had vanished; a cold dew glistened on his pallid face, his hands felt like ice, he shook like one in an ague fit.

"Come, old boy," said Watts, kindly; and Hillhouse, shivering, suffered himself to be led away.

In eloquent silence they walked slowly down towards the town. They were entering it, when Hillhouse, under a lamp-post, stopped and turned his wan and haggard face in piteous appeal to Watts.

"Watts—you are a decent fellow, and believe in things more than I do. Do you think God will ever forgive me for that—that murder up there?"

"I don't know, Hillhouse—how should I know? Can you forgive yourself?"

PAUL KEISTER, SNAKE-CHARMER

By Bradford K. Daniels

IT was while working on the C. N. railway that I first met Paul Keister. We were fellow-engineers engaged in the construction of the big bridge across South River, and boarded at the same house.

Although I was much older than he, I was drawn to him from the first. His full, sensuous mouth, misty brown eyes, and low, musical voice, possessed a fascination for me, for which now, when looking back after the lapse of years, I am unable to account.

When he looked at you he never seemed to see you, but always seemed to be looking through and beyond you into Infinity. When quiet he had a fashion of gazing fixedly before him, evidently seeing nothing with the physical sight. At such times his eyes reminded me of deep pools of water, in the depths of which shadowy, unguessed things were moving about.

As we were the only boarders at the little farm-house, we were thrown together a good deal; and it soon became a habit with us to sit upon the veranda overlooking the river for a while after supper to smoke and chat.

Keister, although only twenty-eight, had had a wide experience. His father, a German, had gone to India, and there married a native girl. Paul was their only child. The son had become a civil engineer, and had worked with a British syndicate until the death of his parents, when he had come to Germany to his father's people, and from there had drifted to America.

I can see him yet as he used to sit, tilted back in his chair upon the veranda, one leg thrown over the other and a cloud of tobacco smoke about his head. Occasionally he would run his long, tapering fingers through his wavy black hair, look out upon the river as if he saw some object of interest upon its glassy surface, and then begin in his low monotonous voice one of his Indian yarns. His descriptive powers were masterly, and many of those Eastern scenes are stamped upon my mind almost as vividly as if I had been an eye-witness.

It was about the snake-charmers that he loved to talk the best of all. At times he would wax eloquent over this uncanny theme, and his usual nonchalance would give place to a feverish earnestness. He used to maintain stoutly that there is a subtle affinity between snakes and the human race, the psychology of which is not wholly understood.

"I tell you," he used to say, "you have no idea how a snake and a man—who possesses the gift—can read each other's thoughts. You talk about mind-readers; they've got a lot to learn yet from those dusky devils in India who conjure with the descendants of the tempter of Eve.

"Once I saved the life of a professional snake-charmer—the old fellow slipped into the river among the crocodiles, and I pulled him out just in the nick of time—and out of gratitude, I presume, he gave me a few lessons in his exalted art. I must have been a very apt pupil, for before I quit I could charm a cobra every time."

For some moments he said nothing more, but fell into one of his old fits of abstraction. Presently he roused himself and said, with a slight shiver although it was July: "My! but there was a fearful fascination about it!" Then he rose abruptly and went into the house, leaving me wondering.

Some days after this conversation one of the navvies—a treacherous-looking Spaniard—struck a fellow-workman over the head with a shovel, and killed him outright. In the evening we were sitting on the veranda as usual, and I remarked: "Of course they'll hang the fellow, and he richly deserves it."

"They haven't any right to hang him or anybody else," Keister replied sharply. "Do you suppose that devilish Spaniard could keep from braining

poor Mike? No more than a wolf can keep from killing a lamb that crossed its path. It was the fellow's nature, I tell you; and a man can't change his nature any more than a leopard can change its spots.

"I believe in a sort of transmigration of souls, up the scale and not down. That idea the Easterners have, about the souls of people going back to inhabit beasts again, is all rot. It seems to me something like this: Man is the highest order of creation upon the earth. He is the embodiment of all that has gone before him. In the long struggle upwards from chaos to the present time —from the first spark of life to the complex animal called man, all the sensations and experiences of the orders of life that have preceded him are embodied in him, and lie buried in his sub-consciousness. When a nameless terror of the dark assails a child, it is a remnant of the fear some poor naked ancestor experienced in the dark, teeming jungle, when existence was a precarious thing, and meant a constant struggle with the giant forces about him. When an ungovernable passion seizes a man and he commits murder, it is the disposition of one of his monster ancestors, who wallowed in the primeval slime, and fought its enemies to the death with tusk and claw, asserting itself. As a child will sometimes resemble some remote ancestor in disposition or appearance, or both, so will reappear in every man traits that characterized some form of life in the endless chain that reaches back through the limitless ages. A man is not a unity but an infinite complexity— a multitude of conflicting experiences, tied up in one bundle. Free? Bah! He is no more free than a man in the middle of a moving multitude is free to stand still or go the other way. His environments, past and present, determine his course of action."

I was so astonished at this sudden burst of philosophy that it took me some moments to formulate a reply in defence of my theory of the free agency of man. When I began to state my theories, he laughed in his odd, bewitching way, and skilfully changed the subject of conversation.

As the weeks went by Keister's remarkable ability to handle men became apparent. There was a certain compelling power in his look and voice that was hard to resist. More than once during the burning August weather, when the men were well-nigh worthless because of the heat, I marvelled at his unique gift.

One evening, after an exceptionally hot day, we threw ourselves upon the grass in the shade of a big gum tree, instead of taking our accustomed places on the veranda. Within a few feet of Keister was a large pile of loose stones, upon which the sun had been beating mercilessly all day. I was lying flat on my back, with my hands locked under my head, and gazing up at the drooping leaves of the gum tree, when I heard my companion utter a sharp exclamation of surprise. Turning towards him, I saw his eyes riveted upon the stone-heap. In a moment a large rattlesnake came gliding softly towards him from the heated pile. In an instant Keister was sitting cross-legged and gazing steadily into the monster's eyes. I was too terrified to move or even speak, so simply watched as one in a trance.

For a moment the snake wavered, then, approaching to within two feet of Keister's lowered face, raised itself to fully a third of its length and swayed its body with a rhythmic motion like that of a rush in running water. Then they gazed steadily into each other's eyes as if each were reading the inmost secret of the other's being. For a moment the snake's bead-like eyes seemed to soften till they looked almost human, while Keister's eyes took on a hard glitter and his face became contorted in a way that made it appear the very incarnation of evil.

Presently the snake turned and glided back to the stone-heap. Keister flung himself upon his face and burst into a tumult of sobs, exclaiming brokenly: "Ye gods! ye gods! I thought I was delivered from hell when I left India."

I stole softly into the house and left him there alone under the quiet stars.

The next morning he did not come down to breakfast, and when he appeared at the bridge he seemed to have aged ten years in a single night. His face looked drawn and white, and there were big black circles under his eyes like those about the eyes of a person who has been strangled.

For several days he shunned me; but in the course of a week he came back to his old self, and we were together as before. I studiously avoided making any reference to what had happened, as it was evident that he did not wish to discuss the painful affair. This was the first shadow between us.

All went well for nearly a fortnight, when I was summoned to the nearest town on business. I was absent three days and when I returned Keister looked even more ghastly than on the day following his strange performance with the rattlesnake. I attempted to approach the subject several times, but was unable to break through his chilling reserve.

From that time forward Keister was a changed man—so changed that even the dullest navvy noticed it, and followed his listless motions with wondering eyes.

On the morning of the twentieth of August there was great commotion among the workmen who tented on the south side of the river near the bridge. One of their number had been found dead in his blanket, and the doctor who acted as coroner hinted that there had been foul play, although he finally brought in a verdict of death from heart failure.

Keister seemed greatly affected by the unhappy affair, and did not put in his appearance after dinner.

Three mornings later another man was found dead, and the following morning still another. Upon the face of each victim was a look of wide-eyed terror that was horrible to see.

Of course the excitement was at white heat, and the terrified navvies began to pack their duds and disappear as if by magic.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. The last victim came to life as they were burying him and kicked the end out of his coffin. After they got him out of the coffin he was so terrified for a time that he could not speak but lay upon the grass rolling his eyes wildly. Finally he half gasped, half shouted:

"Keister! The devil! A snake! Oh! oh! oh!"

When finally the poor fellow became calm enough to tell his story, it was this: In the night he had awakened from what seemed a hideous nightmare, to find Keister looking intently at him with snake-like, glittering eyes. Upon his face, which showed distinctly in the moonlight, was the most diabolical expression he had ever seen. He tried to cry out and get away, but he was powerless to move. Keister was the devil and had come for his soul. At this point of the story the poor fellow began to rave, and it soon required six men to hold him.

The navvies began to whisper among themselves, and soon the whisper, like the sound of the awakening sea, grew into a hoarse clamour. Presently some one among them shouted:

"Keister! Where is he? Let's stretch him!"

Knowing that Keister was in his room and that it would not be long before they would be searching it for him, I hastened towards the boarding-house, with the assured feeling that my friend was a doomed man if they found him.

I found the door of his room locked, and when he did not answer to my knock promptly broke it open. As I stepped in an ominous rattle from the direction of the bed made me start back. When my eyes became accustomed to the twilight of the room, I saw Keister's lifeless form upon the bed. Coiled up beside him, and looking at me with venomous eyes, was a big rattlesnake. Just then I heard the howls of the approaching mob, and sprang to the door.

"Keister! Keister! Down with Keister!" they shouted, and would

have borne me down and trampled me under foot, had I not drawn a revolver and levelled it at the head of the leader, a brother of Keister's last victim.

Raising my disengaged hand for silence, I said so that all could hear me :

"Keister is dead upon his bed ; he has been bitten by a rattler."

Never shall I forget the look of superstitious awe which, in the hush that followed, came over that dark sea of faces. A moment before, and they had been distorted with passion ; now, they seemed to resemble those of overgrown children who had listened to a ghost story. Soon they slipped quietly away by twos and threes ; until only the head engineer and myself were left with the dead.

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By

M. Maclean Helliwell

A SUMMER GIRL

She wears a saucy hat
And her feet go pit-a-pat
As she walks ;
And the sweetest music slips
From her merry maddening lips
When she talks.

Her skin is soft and white,
Like magnolia buds at night
On the bough ;
But for fear she'd be too fair
There's a freckle here and there
On her brow.

Dimples play at hide and seek
On her apple-blossom cheek
And her chin ;
Slyly beckoning to you,
"Don't you think it's time to woo?
Pray begin."

Then her winsome, witching eyes
Flash like bits of summer skies
O'er her fan,
As if to say, "We've met ;
You may go now and forget—
If you can!"

S. M. Peck

WHEN the eyes of CANADIAN MAGAZINE readers fall upon this page, the coronation of His Most Gracious Majesty Edward the Seventh will have become a matter of history, and all that will remain of the wonderful, dazzling pageant of the coronation procession and the magnificent and impressive ceremony in great Westminster Abbey will be but a memory.

One pleasant little prelude to the striking of that great triumphal chord in Old London on the twenty-sixth of June, was the presentation in Quebec to the Canadian Coronation Contingent of a beautiful flag—a gift to the contingent from the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. The officers of the Canadian National Chapter of the Order arrived in Quebec the day before the contingent sailed and went immediately to the Esplanade, where the troops were assembled for review. After the review the men were drawn up to form three sides of a square, in the centre of which the presentation of the flag took place. This pleasing ceremony was performed by the President of the Order, Mrs. Nordheimer, who, with the most charming dignity and grace, presented the flag to Lieut.-Col. Pellatt, addressing him in the following words:

"Colonel Pellatt, Officers and Men of the Coronation Contingent :

I have the greatest pleasure in presenting you with this flag in the name of the Canadian National Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. It will serve as an

emblem for this contingent and as a mark of the high esteem in which you, as representing the militia and volunteers of Canada, are held by your countrywomen. The flag bears, as you see, the revered flag of the Empire, the "Union Jack," while close to it is one of the emblems of Canada dear to us all, the Maple Leaf. You have the honour of representing the militia and volunteers of Canada at the coronation of His Majesty King Edward VII, and we hope you will convey to His Most Gracious Majesty the assurance of the deep loyalty and devotion of the women and children of this Order to the Throne. I will now wish you, one and all, a very happy visit to Old England, feeling assured that each visit interchanged between the Motherland and her colonies strengthens the deep tie of love that alone binds these great countries to one another."

The flag is of red silk, bearing the Union Jack, and in the lower corner a green maple leaf inlaid in silk; around the oaken staff a silver riband is twisted, upon which is engraved a suitable inscription.

Ambitious young women whose feet are aching to tread in masculine paths and whose muscles have been properly cultivated by golf and ping-pong, may find an outlet for their energy by following the cheerful trade of the blacksmith, this time-honoured calling having been already invaded by the restless feet of the fair sex. An atmosphere of poetry, peace and calm prosperity has always brooded over the village smithy, and every aspiring, independent-minded damsel who possesses an eye for the picturesque, and who can wield the necessary implements and stand the heat, should lose no time in setting up her forge under the nearest spreading chestnut tree. There is a smithy in Leeds, England, where girls do all the work, and a sonless Yorkshire blacksmith has brought up his eight daughters to his profession.

It is said that a few years ago a sixteen-year-old girl blacksmith created much stir in Chicago, even going so far as to inspire some soaring admirer to pen the following lines:

She's a sweet little blacksmith, so limber and strong,
To the blast of the bellows she carols a song;
Her frock it is short, and it serves to disclose
A pair of trim ankles in smart sable hose.
A brown leathern apron she wears o'er her skirt;
Her cap it is crimson, and blue is her shirt;
With sleeves closely furled to exhibit the charm
Of biceps that pouts in a snowy white arm.
So stop and regard, if you're passing the Green,
This bonny young blacksmith of supple sixteen!

It is always interesting to know the literary tastes of those for whom we entertain feelings of affection and admiration, for though men cannot *always* be known by the company they keep when they tread the world's ways, their true inwardness is unquestionably revealed by the companions they choose when they wander through the fascinating realms of bookland.

Our late beloved Queen Victoria had very decided literary preferences, and although she was deeply read in French and German literature, her favourite authors were all, as was only right and proper, great-hearted Englishmen —and women. It is well known that the Queen's religious reading was biblical and devotional rather than controversial, and the sermons of Dean Stanley, Dr. Norman McLeod, and Robertson of Brighton were most highly esteemed by her. Her especial favourite was Robertson's "The Sympathy of Christ," though in the hour of her greatest sorrow it was to Tennyson she turned for consolation. "Next to the Bible, 'In Memoriam' is my comfort," she said to the poet when he saw her for the first time after the death of the Prince Consort. The Queen's favourite novelists are said to have been Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, and she deeply appreciated Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, being particularly fond of "Jane Eyre" and "Adam Bede." Mrs. Oliphant and Marie Corelli were also warmly admired by the Queen, who found the

former's "Little Pilgrim in the Unseen" of absorbing interest. Her favourite historian was Macaulay, and amongst modern poets, after Tennyson, Burns, Watson, and Browning occupied the chief places in Her Majesty's estimation. A propos to Robert Browning a rather amusing story is told in connection with the poet's masterpiece "The Ring and the Book." The Queen had asked Sir Theodore Martin to read it aloud to her. Before doing so Sir Theodore made a cautious study of the poem and placed marginal notes against passages of doubtful propriety. The marked copy chanced to fall into the hands of a rather thoughtless court lady. "I have so enjoyed this wonderful work," she said to a friend, "and it has been such an advantage to read it after the Queen, for she had placed marks against the most beautiful parts, and oh, what exquisite taste, the dear Queen has!" she added, pointing to the danger signals of Sir Theodore Martin.

The old order changeth in literature as in life, or perhaps it would be said more properly that the old order changeth in literature *because* it changeth in life, since literature is but the mirror of the life of its age.

Comparing the books of to-day with those of yesterday, one of the most striking changes to be discovered is in the age no less than in the character of the heroine. Everyone is aware that the fainting, delicate ladye fayre of a century ago has been quite superseded by a muscular, sunburned maiden who can walk through a whole chapter without fatigue and who can meet battle, murder and sudden death in quick succession without one nervous quiver; but has everyone observed the steadily advancing age of the popular heroine? If the heroine of the romance of half a hundred years ago had not through much grief and groan attained to the golden throne of matrimony before she was out of her teens she was accounted a very poor kind of heroine indeed, a heroine for whom no reader could entertain the least respect. But to-day the maiden who tramps sturdily through the pages of popular fiction, leading the hearts of all men captive, is a self-reliant, most thoroughly grown-up personage, not only well into her twenties, but frequently hovering unblushingly around the thirties,—a sensible young woman who regards matrimony as one incident, not as the climax of life,—as a small and under proper circumstances highly desirable, though by no means indispensable, *part* of her existence, but in no sense the whole of it.

And this girl of fiction is but the reflection of the present girl of fact. At an age when their grandmothers were wives and mothers, weighed down with responsibilities and cumbered with many cares, the girl of to-day is still at school, enjoying the heritage of her girlhood, void of anxiety and fancy-free.

The average present-day girl of sixteen or seventeen is a mere child, but the grandfather and great-grandfather of the writer were both married at nineteen, and of the sisters of the former, one was left a widow at seventeen with an infant three months old, and another died at nineteen, leaving three babies, the eldest of whom was little more than three years of age—cases which are cited simply because they are so typical of the three last generations. Surely the present state of affairs is much the better one. Unhappily, however, the custom of early marriages has become unpopular only in what are termed the upper classes of society. In the lower ranks of life boy and girl marriages still prevail in distressing numbers. A writer in the *London Daily Mail* has recently asserted that in London alone there are 13,000 married persons who are under twenty years of age, many of them being between the ages of fifteen and seventeen. A significant rider to this announcement is the statement that in the metropolis there are about 2,000 husbands under age who are not living with their wives. Taking the country at large the census returns show that

in England and Wales there are 56,398 married persons under age. In years past, before the spirit of unrest had laid her disturbing touch upon all men in all ranks of society and all walks of life, boy-and-girl marriages may in the majority of cases have opened the doors to life-long happiness and serenity, but—*tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*, and in this unquiet and unsettled age it is only to be expected that the hasty, unconsidered marriage of two children, prompted by a sudden, impulsive, and too-often ephemeral fancy, should bring undreamed-of sorrow and misery in its train. And in studying the question in connection with the poor of London, the contributor to the *Daily Mail* sums up his observations by saying: "The police-courts, the workhouses, and the prisons are eloquent of such early marriages. It seems established beyond controversy that they strew our social life with wreckage."

The following interesting description of the first Oriental University for women is taken from a *resumé* made for *Public Opinion* of an able article by Ernest Clement, which appeared in a recent number of The *Chautauquan*: "The most remarkable occurrence in Japan in the opening year of the twentieth century was the establishment of a university for women. What does this mean? It means that the twentieth century is to be the century for women in Japan, and perhaps in other parts of the orient, just as the nineteenth century was the century for women in the occident. This new university will be the centre of women's activity, social, educational, economical (and perhaps political?) in the future. The *raison d'être* of this university for Japanese women was clearly set forth in Count Okuma's address at the opening ceremony. He pointed out that all such countries as Turkey, Africa, Persia, and even China, which had attempted to work with the male sex as the single standard, had fallen signally behind in the march of progress, and that Japan, by raising woman to her proper place, should provide herself with a double standard. He also emphasized the fact that the only effective medicine for social abuses was in a radical reform of family life through an improvement in the status of women. This university certainly grew out of the needs of the time, the sympathy of the nation at large, and especially the co-operation of the intelligent and thinking classes of the country. The school opened one year ago. The faculty number forty-six in all, among whom are several professors of the Imperial university. The president is Mr. Jinzo Naruse, whose character, ideas, and spirit have had a great deal to do in arousing the interest of the people in the higher education of women, and the dean is Professor S. Aso, a Doshisha alumnus. There are several women among the faculty, and it is the purpose to have as many women teachers as possible. There are two foreign teachers, Mrs. C. M. Cady, formerly of Kyoto, and Mrs. Leonard, of Tokyo. There are three departments in the university course: 1. Department of Domestic Science; 2. Department of Japanese Literature; 3. Department of English Literature. In each department there are twenty-one hours of required studies and seven hours of electives per week. In the first department the greater part of the time is devoted to various practical branches of applied and domestic science; in the second and third departments the principal studies are Japanese and English respectively. Ethics, sociology, mental philosophy, and education (including child-study), are required studies in all departments, and drawing, music, and the science of teaching are electives in all cases. It was expected that there would be about thirty students for each department, but the number of candidates was very large, so that more than one hundred applicants were received for each of the first two departments—over two hundred in all—and then no further applications were accepted.

M. MacL. H.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

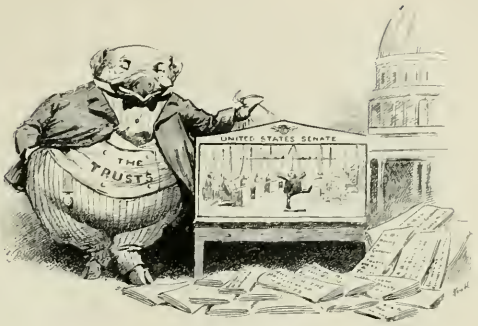
THE British world throughout all its bounds heaved a sigh of relief when it was at length announced that peace had at last come. It was a war from which no glory could be expected. In reality it was a contest of severe difficulty. There appeared the most ridiculous disparity between the numbers engaged on each side, but the disparity was more apparent than actual. One has heard the argument used that if it took the British Empire two years and a half to conquer a population of 300,000, how would it be possible to subdue a nation of several millions of inhabitants. The question only shows how misleading analogies may sometimes be. A modern state is like a living body. When you decapitate it there is an end of it. If Russia were invaded by an enemy, St. Petersburg, Moscow and Odessa captured, the Czar and several of his ministers fugitives in a foreign land, the great northern Colossus, big as it is, would be derelict, and would have to capitulate. But the South African republics were not highly organized modern communities. Their vitality was of the fissiparous kind. They were like those fabled monsters which the more their assailant hacked them up the more enemies he created for himself. The dissevering of the head did not end the business. If a limb were sliced off it immediately became a livelier and more malevolent participator in the fray. When Lord Roberts captured Bloemfontein, Johannesburg and Pretoria in turn, he naturally concluded that the war was done. He had not quite realized the nature of the organism he was contending with. Although virtually all the machinery of government was in the hands of the invader, although the heart had been pierced, the head cut off and the body dismembered, the various pieces went on merrily with the fight. The burghers were in the happy position, from a military point of view, of having nothing to defend. The invader had to do all the defending. He had to defend every yard of 1,500 miles of railway.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

— New York *Tribune*

This population of 300,000 turned out, it appears, 85,000 fighting men—virtually the whole male population capable of bearing arms. We can only wonder that they did not fulfil the vow that many of them made, namely, never to wash until they rode their horses into the ocean. Knowing what we now know we may be thankful that the Boer had the defects of his

qualities — that he is better at defence than in assault, otherwise the only part of South Africa that would have remained under British control would have been as much as was commanded by the guns of the navy. It is this capacity of acting in common without the machinery of government that makes some people apprehensive of what may happen when the thousands of burghers now in the hands of the British are returned to their homes. There is but little danger from this cause. The conqueror has not only convinced them of his military and material superiority but also of his magnanimity. The man who has his ruined home re-established and is once more surrounded by his household gods is not going to return to that terrible life on the veldt which he has endured for the past two years. A few might be willing to do it, but it would be a failure unless it were an almost universal resolve. There would be a sufficient number who would refuse to renew the struggle to cause a sharp division among the burghers themselves, and this would be fatal to any prospect of instituting a successful rebellion. South Africa is about to see profound peace and there are not wanting indications that the feeling between the two races will not be as bad as it was feared it might be. The war resulted in each gaining a wider knowledge and a better opinion of the other. They were obtained at an enormous cost, but they are certainly very valuable possessions.



SOLE OWNER AND PROPRIETOR—New York *Life*

Peace came in good time for the coronation. The King is enabled to look over his widely extended dominions and find in every corner of it the war-drum silent. From every corner of it will be assembled the men of state, come to do honor to the great occasion. They will gather not as tributaries, showing sullen obedience to a master, but as the representatives of free communities whose connection with the Motherland is one of affection and admiration. That is the real glory of this essentially modern Empire. Henry Drummond wrote of "The Greatest Thing in the World" to show that love was the keynote of Christianity. The British Empire is demonstrating that it is also the greatest thing in the world of politics. Some profound personages, and some who are not free from the suspicion of self-interest, would substitute the huckstering connection for this splendid patriotism which I have no hesitation in saying is founded on the nobler of the national passions.

To this great love-feast of the Empire many striking figures will come. To the eye of the man in the street who lacks the vision the figures that will take the eye will in all probability be the golden monarchs of Europe or their embroidered representatives. But the really significant figures will be the undecorated representatives of the lands affiliated with the Motherland, and which we may be sure will one day equal her in population and resources.

We may be sure, too, that the interest in these gentlemen will be greater on this occasion than it was at the Diamond Jubilee. Much has happened in the mutual annals of colony and Motherland since that time. In the Jubilee year the Premier of the Dominion took a natural precedence as the representative of a united people whose heritage is half a continent. On this occasion the Premier of united Australia comes as the representative of a people who occupy an entire continent. The Premier of New Zealand was an attendant at the Jubilee, but in the meantime he has become a more potent personality. He is democracy incarnate, and has constituted New Zealand a sort of political laboratory where the most daring political, social and economic experiments are being conducted. The Australian papers say that Mr. Seddon knows what he wants and goes straight for it, and they accord him this quality in order to contrast him with Mr. Barton, who is accused even by critics who are not politically hostile to him of lacking those characteristics of courage and definiteness which distinguishes the Premier of New Zealand. Between two such natures Sir Wilfrid Laurier will come as a uniting and controlling force. He happily combines the statesman's vision with the statesman's caution, and both are modified with a sublimated common sense. He goes to the councils which are to be held with the enormous advantage of being recognized as an Imperial statesman. In the last two years of stress no voice has more accurately and eloquently defined British purposes and British morale than that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He is of French extraction, but no Anglo-Saxon understands better the genius of British institutions, or sympathizes more truly with its broad, humane, democratic side.

Someone is needed just now to keep to the front the fact that the real and strongest link of Empire is sentiment, just as affection is the true and indestructible link between man and wife, and not the priest's words nor the printed certificates he gives. What would be thought if in a household where love ruled one of the parties sought to take advantage of the other's affection to extract disadvantageous concessions. That is in the nature of some of the proposals now being made in the name of national kinship, and if they were seriously made in the face of the people of Britain by an accredited representative of Canada Canadians would have reason to blush indeed. The feeling of the average Canadian towards the Motherland is not based on how much he can squeeze out of her in the name of Imperial patriotism.

Analogies are not misleading in such cases, and if we did succeed in persuading an English Government to grant us something for which we had begged it would leave as bad a taste in the mouth as it would in an individual case where one takes advantage of the good feeling of a friend in order to impose upon it. It would not improve the matter if you first try to persuade him that the concession you ask, which is so evidently to your advantage, is also to his. Let us proceed about these things as befits a great country. Our part of the work is to begin with an admission that perhaps we have not done all that we might do towards Imperial defence. It is a subject beset with difficulties. There is a strong opinion in this country that militarism is one of the institutions of Europe that America should receive with extreme caution. Nevertheless, public opinion here, on the whole, would support a greater expenditure for defence than has yet been undertaken. Australia and New Zealand expend $800,000 a year on the Australian auxiliary squadron. It is thought that the result is not at all commensurate with the expenditure, and it has sometimes been suggested that if the sum were handed to the British Government there would be more to show for it. It is to be feared, however, that no Colonial Government can be induced to hand hard cash over to the Home Government,

and perhaps, on the whole, it is better that it should not be so. Australia, for example, has dreams of creating an Australian navy. That would appeal to the ambition of the people, and in the end we may be sure more will be done working along that line than if a cold formal payment of a sum of money were made grudgingly to the Admiralty every year. Governments everywhere like not only to have full control over how money shall be raised, but also prefer to do the spending themselves. In discussing Imperial defence it must not be forgotten that the mere growth of a colony in population and wealth is the most powerful kind of a contribution to it. It is only necessary to suppose that the United States had remained a part of the Empire to realize how impregnable it would have been during all these years, although the military or naval aspect of the United States was never, from the standing army standpoint, formidable. Every measure that promises mere material growth in Canada, Australia, New Zealand or South Africa is in an enormous extent a measure for Imperial defence. This should not be our only provision for that purpose, but it certainly should not be overlooked.

CHORUS IN BACKGROUND: "Those pious Yankees can't throw stones at us any more."—New York *Life*

In speaking of Australia it is worth noting that the Parliament which the Prince of Wales opened on May 6 last year, is still in session and is still wrestling with the fiscal problems that have arisen in connection with federation. The curious thing is that whatever arrangement may be agreed upon by the popular House may be rendered nugatory by the Senate. The Second Chamber in Australia possesses the power which even the father of second chambers, the House of Lords, has not got, namely, the power to interfere with the appropriations granted by the Commons. This doubtful power was given the Senate because of the apprehensions of the weaker members of the Confederation. The latest Australian papers show us the Senate, which does not quite agree with the other House as to the fiscal policy, tediously discussing the tariff according to its lights. A remedy is provided in the Constitution for a deadlock between the two Houses, namely, a referendum. This is rather ponderous, however.

The conflicts of capital and labour continue, and at the moment of writing the preliminary evolutions of what

promises to be the Armageddon of this sort of warfare are being carried out. Labour never undertook so big a task as that it has assumed in the coal strike in the anthracite mining regions of Pennsylvania. In challenging the masters they virtually challenge the vast aggregation of capital which Mr. J. P. Morgan controls as perfectly as a private individual controls his own bank account. The word has gone forth that this vast combination of wealth is disposed to smash unionism once for all, and as the employees are equally determined to assert unionism once for all, a life-and-death struggle is feared. The fight started in the anthracite region, but before this meets the eye of the reader the whole coal-mining industry in the United States may be paralyzed. The effect of this would be appalling, for coal is the motive power of almost every industry, and if President Mitchell is successful in his efforts the greatest industrial country in the world would be stricken as if with national palsy. One almost wishes that the question would reach this stage of acuteness in order that an honest endeavour would be made to reach a rational means of preventing these periodical recurrences of wasteful labour wars.

The close of the Boer war leaves Uncle Sam the only disturber of the world's peace, and the hands of the "stop the war" party are greatly strengthened by the situation. This, together with the demoralization which a struggle with savages has a tendency to produce, has made the campaign in the Philippines less popular than it was. In regard to the charges of cruelty and brutality, one officer makes the defence that with a people who mutilate the dead no other policy than a retaliatory one would be effective. It must be said for the people of the United States that the war with Spain arose mainly from moral indignation at Spain's cruel methods of putting down rebellion in Cuba. The Spanish defence was that the Cubans were themselves shockingly cruel to any Spanish soldiers that fell into their hands, and that cruelty had to be met with cruelty. It is singular to hear United States officers making the same defence of their conduct of a war which was undertaken under the promptings of humanity.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

PROVINCIAL general elections are often held without creating much excitement. Usually they mean very little, as the issues are not important. Business is the main purpose in the lives of Canadians, and the change from one party to another in a Province does not affect business to any extent because tariff and transportation matters are regulated at Ottawa. The chief interest in the quadrennial political combats is in the minds of those who make politics a part of their lives—the Cabinet Ministers, those who have hopes of becoming Cabinet Ministers, the office-holders and those who hope to become office-holders. Beyond these two classes and a few enthusiasts who are connected financially or socially with these two classes, few people are much concerned.

ONTARIO'S ELECTIONS.

But this Ontario election did attract some attention. It was thought by many that a party which had been in power for over thirty years would, for that very reason if for no other, be un-

OFFICERS OF THE CORONATION CONTINGENT

successful in another appeal to the electorate. But this Liberal party would not see defeat. They refused to quit just because their opponents desired to taste the sweets of office. They fought hard, and they obtained a majority of four in a House of ninety-eight representatives. It was not a large majority, but it was sufficient.

For the Liberals, the Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier, made a strong fight. He is a man of considerable eloquence, of a logical mind, and of broad knowledge of public events. When he appears at a public gathering on the same platform with Dominion Cabinet Ministers or leading Dominion publicists, he is never overshadowed. He has his weaknesses, of course, but his strong points far outweigh his weak points. Mr. Ross led his followers in this pitched battle with wonderful energy and unflagging zeal, and to him the Liberals owe their new lease of life.

For the Conservatives, Mr. J. P. Whitney, the leader of the Opposition, was conspicuous. Mr. Whitney is a good speaker and a conscientious publicist. On the platform he hardly equals Mr. Ross in breadth of view or excellence of diction, but he has many qualities to recommend him. He has always confined himself to political discussion and has seldom appeared at public gatherings other than those of a political nature. This is a weakness in a leader which has militated against Mr. Whitney, though, judging the man through his political sturdiness, it is a weakness which rests upon deliberate choice. If Mr. Whitney should become a Provincial Premier, and this is a possibility which must be expected, he will no doubt lay aside the reserve in which he has clothed himself and come out into the open where public questions are discussed on a non-political basis.

Although the elections resulted in a small Liberal majority, the interest in the situation is almost as great as before. Some of the majorities are very small and the recounts may still lessen that majority. The bye-elections which are sure to follow may or may not change that majority to a minority and force Mr. Ross to hand in his resignation. Judging by precedents, however, the Liberals may lose a little on the recounts, but are likely to gain in the bye-elections. On the whole, therefore, it may be assumed, though with no great degree of certainty, that before the next session of the Legislature, the Government will have a working majority.

PROHIBITION IN ONTARIO.

Next December there will be a referendum in Ontario on the Prohibition Act of last session. As a consequence, the temperance and anti-temperance workers took considerable interest in the recent elections. Seven candidates ran as straight Prohibitionists, and strangely enough, all seven were defeated. Seven Conservative candidates and one Liberal candidate subscribed to the Prohibition platform and these eight men were also defeated. Judging from this experience, the Prohibition Act will be defeated on December 4th, as a similar Act was in Manitoba a couple of months ago. It is quite evident to all, except the most ardent Prohibitionists, that the country is not yet prepared to abolish liquor-selling. This may be disappointing to many conscientious reformers, but it is a fact which they must face. This wicked world is far from being prepared for the millennium. If a plebiscite of the English-speaking peoples were taken to ascertain whether or not they were prepared to introduce the millennium, I am afraid there would be a large majority against it at the present time. There are few people with health and strength who are anxious for an invitation to exchange this sphere of evil and injustice for a place where there is neither buying nor selling, where they do not marry nor are given in marriage.

At the Board of Trade banquet held in Toronto on the evening of Thurs-

day, June 5th, there were some important statements made by two Dominion Ministers. Canada is reaching out for her share of the world's trade, and has no intention of being simply a blotch of colour on the map. She hopes to be a notable figure on the high seas, and Messrs. Tarte and Mulock announced that the Government which they represented were prepared to move as fast and go as far as the business men of Canada were prepared to follow. A new line of fast passenger steamers from Great Britain to Canada would soon be in operation. A line of fast freighters would be placed upon the same route. Montreal, Quebec, St. John and Halifax, and perhaps Sydney, will be the great ports. Quebec and Halifax will probably get most of the increase in the traffic which will thus be added. These two cities are rapidly coming into their maritime inheritance.

NEW LINES OF STEAMERS.

Then there will be a freight line from Canada to Australia via Capetown. This has not been on the slate so long as the fast Atlantic lines, but it will be an accomplished fact almost as soon, perhaps sooner. The present steamer service between Vancouver and Australia is also to be improved. Canada is stirring for increased British and colonial trade. The United States has refused to do more than sell to us, and consequently we are driven into a closer Imperial relation. Such is the view of the Boards of Trade, of the Dominion Government, and of the people generally. The North American trade is limited by the high United States tariff, but the rest of the world is open. To the open door we must go and are going. With a rich country, an intelligent and aggressive business public, we are likely to succeed. In fact, we are determined to succeed. These new lines of steamers will supplement our extensive railway system and enable us to market our produce all over the world.

And the effect of this upon those engaged in the commerce will be considerable. The country, whose sailing masters navigate all the great oceans, will be broader in its views and its knowledge. The tales that will come back from the colonial and foreign ports will help educate us out of narrow views and local prejudices. The maritime spirit is a great virtue and one which it will pay Canada to cultivate.

In a paper entitled "Method In History," read before the Historical Section of the Ontario Teachers' Association recently, the Rev. J. O. Millar, of Ridley College, claimed that more attention should be given to the study of history in our schools. He would be well content to see the course of historical study considerably extended even at the expense of some other subjects such as arithmetic and formal grammar. In Germany all elementary instruction in history is oral and wholly biographical. The lessons are narratives, tales, stories, and short lives of important historical personages. No dry text-book is used. A demand is made upon the imagination—the child's favourite exercise. Mr. Millar would begin with local names and county traditions, and from this lead to such subjects as U. E. Loyalists, the War of 1812, Indian Occupation, the Story of Father Hennepin's discovery of Niagara Falls, LaSalle's Exploration, and so on. He condemns the present Canadian Public School History, and declares there is not a worse book for the purpose of elementary teaching in the whole departmental list.

HISTORY IN THE SCHOOLS.

During the past four or five years various writers on the subject have pointed out that the study of history, as it is carried on in Canadian schools, is with a few exceptions almost useless It consists of teaching unimportant facts and still more unimportant dates. Heroes and events are not treated with the romantic touch which the enthusiastic teacher alone can give. History as taught in Canada is simply learning the names of the bones of a skeleton,

and anatomy has never been a very enticing subject. It is evident that the agitation which has been kept up in this and other periodicals is at last bearing fruit. The teachers and educationists all through Canada are dissatisfied, and dissatisfaction is a primary requisite to progress. We may hope to see a new method of teaching Canadian history come into vogue during the next four or five years. An entirely new set of text-books is required. Perhaps one of the best things to do to pave the way for this reform would be to superannuate forty or fifty of the old fogies who are now holding high positions in the various departments of education in Canada. New men, educated men, broad-minded men, liberal men, public men and enthusiastic men are required to regenerate our educational system.

CANADIAN PACIFIC STOCK.

About three months ago, in this department, the suggestion was made that there was no stock in which investments might be made with greater confidence than in that of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Since that time much has been published about this Company and its great earnings. Much that is true and a little that was untrue. The market price of the stock has gone up from $120 to $135, so that those who held the stock three months ago have an asset which has materially increased in value. A pool of Toronto scalpers somewhat selfishly boomed it up to $140, and then unloaded stock which they had bought below $120, thus realizing a very handsome profit. Nevertheless, there is little doubt that the stock will again sell above $140 inside of a few months. For the six months ending December, 1901, the earnings on the common stock were 13.37 per cent., of which 5 per cent. was paid in dividends. The earnings since that date have been considerably greater, and with a good crop in the West, will equal more than 15 per cent. for the year 1902.

But aside from the great earnings of the Company, the stock should be held by Canadians on patriotic grounds. It is the best stock in the Canadian market, and foreigners should not be allowed to keep the control of it. So long as 75 per cent. of the stock is held in New York and London, there is always a danger that some enterprising United States speculator will endeavour to gain control of it for the benefit of some set of American railway magnates. This would not be possible if Canadians held 50 per cent. of the stock. There is no doubt that within a few years the stock will be selling at a much higher figure, even allowing for a reduction in the freight rates charged in the West, and for the large amount of money required for double-tracking and general development. It is to be hoped, however, that the scalpers will keep their hands off the stock and not discourage the public

THE FINAL TEST

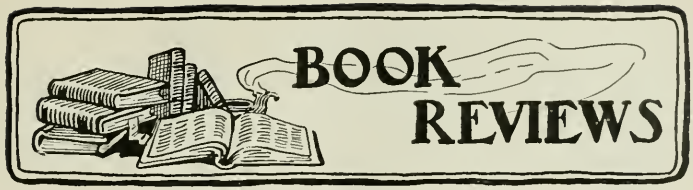
Q. Where are your boots made? A. In Canada.

Q. Where is your clothing made? A. In Canada.

Q. Where do you earn your living? A. In Canada.

Q. Where are your laws made? A. In Canada.

Q. By the way, where are your magazines and periodicals printed? A. In the United States.



WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO SUMMER READING

"SIR, a man ought to read," said Dr. Johnson, "just as inclination leads him," a saying of the great man which, like some other sayings of his, requires to be carefully digested before being absorbed. A course of reading dictated solely by inclination might be the merest literary dissipation. Still, there is much to be said for a relaxation of mental labour during the summer months. In a warm, and at times enervating, climate like Canada in summer even the most disciplined mind finds it hard to pursue serious reading with benefit to soul and body. Tastes vary. What to one is a bore is to another a real pleasure. I once knew a man who took away Grote's "History of Greece" as the chief solace for a holiday in the country, while another friend of mine, an omnivorous reader in winter, never takes a book with him when on an excursion or a vacation. Are there not days, ye devotees of fiction, when a novel palls upon the palate? Persons who are in the way of knowing these things tell me that what are popularly called nature-books have captured the fancy of many summer readers. Being no authority upon natural history, having scarcely more knowledge of the animal world than the ability to distinguish a butterfly from a tadpole, I make no claim to be a judge of the sincerity of people who rave over animal stories and assure you that they are "so true to nature." I know not the Dame well, being much more accustomed to the pavements of the city than the paths through the woods, and having spent infinitely more time in watching the vagaries of the elusive street car than in studying the habits of bears and rabbits. In fact, the only bears I know intimately are in the stock exchange, and I am more familiar with the rabbit which has found its way into a well-seasoned stew than the animal in its native haunts. But the books of Thompson-Seton, and Roberts and Fraser are undoubtedly charming, and their writers have made a close study of animal life. Yet, after all, are these gentlemen not chiefly men of poetic imagination who have discovered that the crowd desires its science dressed up with enough fiction to disguise the acrid taste of the hard fact?

There is a dissertation on this very point in Mr. Roberts' new book,* and those who love candour but who are ready to forgive the subtlety of the special pleader, will admire the craft of the author in explaining the basis and justification for this new form of writing when he says: "It is with the psychology of animal life that the representative animal stories of to-day are first of all concerned. Looking deep into the eyes of certain of the four-footed kindred, we have been startled to see therein a something, before unrecognized, that answered to our inner and intellectual, if not spiritual selves. We have come face to face with personality where we were wont to predicate mere instinct and automatism." Well—this is ingenious, and paves the way for a series of tales of the hunter and the hunted, marked by all Mr. Roberts'

*The Kindred of the Wild. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

ADELINE M. TESKEY
Author of "Where the Sugar Maple Grows."

perfection of literary art, and backed by a show of knowledge of what animals think and feel which the boldest critic fears to question, because it appears so real and convincing. Anything finer in the way of illustration than the beautiful drawings of animals which accompany the stories it would be hard to find.

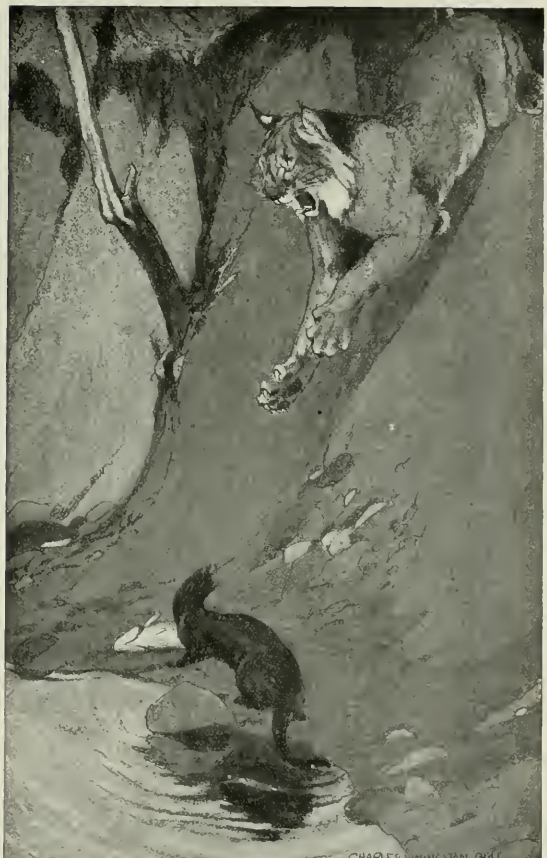
Max Adeler, who formerly wrote humorous books, but who for many years has been employing his talents in writing about political economics, has returned to his first love. He has found what people less wise than he long ago discovered, that the world would sooner be amused than instructed. In "Captain Bluitt"* he delineates the life of a town situated somewhere to the north of Mason and Dixon's line during the days of slavery. The town of Turley furnishes a number of characters who keep the author undecided whether to give himself over wholly to the business of amusement or to keep partly in view the strain of serious romance. In consequence we have, as the author says, "fun mingled with seriousness." Judge McGann, the industrious inventor of impossible novelties: Becky Slifer, an escaped slave with a sharp tongue; "Colonel" Bly, the political boss with views startlingly modern, are contrasted with the conventional types represented by Walter Drury, the young journalist in love with Dorry Hamilton, whose father won't give his consent to the marriage. The East Indian convert, Bundar Poot Singh, to whom religion, murder and robbery appeal with equal force, is rather a crude figure in this peaceful landscape, but he accentuates the "go" in a story altogether readable, healthy, and entertaining. When Max Adeler still further divorces himself from economics and turns on the tap of humour with less restraint, there is not much doubt of his being able to write a very amusing book.

*Capt. Bluitt. By Max Adeler. Toronto: William Briggs.

Mr. A. G. Bradley, who has written one or two books of a notable character upon the struggle between France and England for supremacy in North America, derived his interest in the subject, as Parkman did his, from long residence in the region where the final battles took place.* Whether the fact be due to the disastrous result of the American revolution or not, it seems clear that English readers interest themselves very little in the history of this continent. Of the revolutionary war itself the versions extant are nearly all favourable to the winners. The previous struggle with the French is also usually overlooked, as Park-

*The Fight with France for North America. By A. G. Bradley. London: Constable & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

man's books are not generally read in England. As for the war of 1812-14 it is almost an unknown episode. Perhaps Mr. Bradley, who has been able in one ample volume to cover the period from 1747 to the surrender of Montreal in 1760, and who writes entertainingly and with no slight dramatic force, may turn his attention to the preservation of Canada in 1812-14 from foreign invasion, and to the establishment once more on a firm basis of a British Empire in North America. While history is not exactly the kind of entertainment usually prescribed for the lazy time of the year, Mr. Bradley has gone along way toward making his short history of the struggle with France an agreeable presentation of historical facts of the intensest and most dramatic interest.



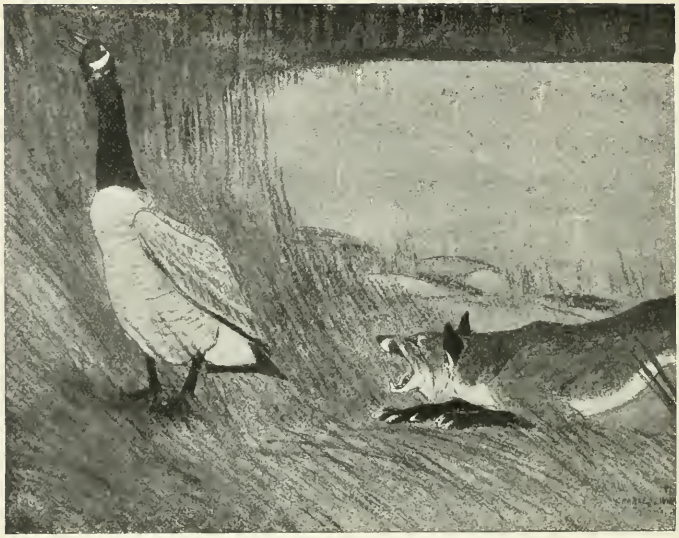
"A SILENT GRAY THUNDERBOLT FELL UPON HIM."

Illustration from "The Kindred of the Wild"

❧

Without much pretension to literary style, and aiming to deal mainly with his own personal experiences as a sportsman, Mr. J. R. Pattillo, of Nova Scotia, has been able to turn out a bright and fresh account of hunting and fishing in several parts of Canada *

*Moose-Hunting, Salmon-Fishing, and Other Sketches of Sport in Canada. By J. R. Pattillo. Toronto: William Briggs.



"THE DISCOURAGER OF QUESTS DARTED STEALTHILY FORTH"

Illustration from "The Kindred of the Wild"

There are so many professional writers now, and they produce so many tons of books each year, that it sometimes happens that a clever writer takes pen in hand when he has really nothing to say. Not so Mr. Pattillo. In the cheerful, chatty vein of the true sportsman with an infinity of yarns to spin, and a memory for every detail, he describes many expeditions with gun and rod, and recounts such victories over wild game that, as the editor, Mr. R. B. Marston, of the *Fishing Gazette*, says, "it is like listening to the stories of a genial companion when out on a sporting expedition." Apart from the delight which Mr. Pattillo's stories will inspire in all brother-sportsmen, the book is noteworthy as an example of success when the author is a master of his subject, even if lacking in the technical training of book-making.

If a man has been eyewitness of many adventures in remote corners of the world, and has a talent for relating them, what a fund of literary material he possesses! Mr. Louis Becke, the well-known Australian journalist, is in this happy position. Mr. Becke was for quarter of a century a trader in the South Sea Islands, and his experiences of wild life he has embodied in several highly diverting novels written since he settled down in England to live. The latest of these* is a vivid picture of a young Australian who has a taste for the seamy side of life, and who knocks about the Eastern Seas in all kinds of company, generally bad, and who develops a natural facility for getting into trouble. This rake's progress, which is happily upward and not downward, is told with such realistic art that one may be sure the author is drawing "Billy" Breachley from the numerous ne'er-do-wells who have come under his observant eye in the old days.

*Breachley: Blacksheep. By Louis Becke. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

IDLE MOMENTS

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY

ANOTHER young man might have given up in despair when he learned that the parents of the girl who had promised to be his wife had other plans for her, but this young man was resourceful and determined. He went to see a lawyer.

"Sir," he said to the lawyer, "I ask pardon for taking up the time of a man of your prominence with a matter that must seem trifling to you, but it is of vital importance to me, and you are the only man I know in whose judgment I have absolute confidence."

"My dear young man," replied the great lawyer affably, "I am flattered by the trust you repose in me. Furthermore, it is not as if we were strangers. You have been a guest at my house, I believe."

"I have," returned the young man; "otherwise I would not venture to call on you in this emergency. The fact is, sir, I have been deprived of a valuable piece of property, and I seek advice as to the best method of recovering it."

"Let us have all the facts," said the lawyer, setting back in his chair. "This property was in your possession at one time, I suppose?"

"Absolutely and unequivocally, sir," answered the young man.

"Actual, and not merely theoretical possession?" suggested the lawyer, inquiringly.

"Less than a week ago, sir," asserted the young man, earnestly, "I held it in my arms."

"In your arms," repeated the lawyer. "I infer from that that it is personal property."

"Decidedly personal," said the young man.

"There was no protest, no question as to your ownership at the time?"

"None whatever. While I held it everyone was perfectly satisfied, so far as I could judge."

"Did you hold it under a bill of sale or by right of contract?"

"It was mine under a contract, sir."

BUTCHER—"Well, my little dear, an' what do you want?"

LITTLE DEAR—"'Tain't what *Hi* wants! *Hi* wants a diamond dog collar, an' a bro'm, an' a perminint parse to the music 'all, an' a seat at the Corinashun. But it ain't wot *Hi* wants, it's wot *Muvver* wants, an' *she* wants 'arf a pound off the scraggy end of a neck o' mutton, on the nod till Monday!" —*Punch*

"Properly executed?"

"No detail was neglected. I personally placed the seal where it belonged—not once, but twenty times in less than that number of minutes."

"Entirely unnecessary," commented the lawyer, "Once was enough."

"Possibly," admitted the young man; "but I enjoyed it, you know."

"That's queer," said the lawyer. "However, it is quite immaterial. The point is that you claim title to the property, and it is not now in your hands."

"Arms," corrected the young man.

"I did not mean to be interpreted literally," explained the lawyer. "Do you know what the present possessor intends to do with the property?"

"I do. The intention is to dispose of it elsewhere to some foreigner of wealth and title, who has admired it, I think."

"Well," the lawyer said thoughtfully, "in that case prompt action would seem to be necessary, and if your title is good and you once had actual possession, I do not see why you should not get out a writ of replevin and secure it that way."

"Will you attend to the matter for me?"

"As a matter of friendship, yes. Such apparently trivial things are hardly in my line, but in this instance I shall be pleased to help you. Kindly give me a description of the property."

"Fair; blue eyes, curly hair; teeth that—"

"Is all this fuss about a pet dog?" indignantly interrupted the lawyer.

"Sir," replied the young man haughtily, "I was about to give you a description of your daughter. Do you wish to take the case, or shall I apply to someone else?"

"I'll take the case," answered the lawyer, after a moment of reflection; "but I'll not go into court with it. As your legal representative, I will interview the girl's mother, and see if we cannot effect a satisfactory settlement without legal proceedings. Personally, I may say that I should regret to see such masterful ingenuity as you possess lost to our family."

LORD DUFFERIN'S GHOST STORY

Lord Dufferin used to tell a creepy ghost story, which he averred was absolutely true. Nearly twenty years ago he was staying at a country house in Ireland. While dressing for dinner one evening he heard wheels on the gravel, and looking through the window he saw a hearse drive up to the front door. He was struck by the face of the driver—a fat, unpleasant, saturnine face. Assuming that a servant had died in the house Lord Dufferin mentioned the matter to his host, who informed him that there had been no death, and that the hearse was the ghost of the house. Its appearance was supposed to be a warning of danger to the man who saw it. A little while later Lord Dufferin went to Paris for the Exhibition, and stayed at the Grand Hotel. Entering the lift, he saw with a shock of alarm that the attendant had the face of the man on the hearse. He got out and walked downstairs, and immediately afterwards the lift smashed, and all the occupants were killed. The attendant was never identified. He had entered the service of the hotel only that morning, and nobody claimed his body.

GOOD REASONS FOR DELAY

Miss Askew: "So your marriage is put off?"

Miss Crummy: "Yes; pa is not at all satisfied with his position; mamma doesn't like his family connections; auntie thinks he is too careless in his dress, and I think —"

Miss Askew: "Yes, what do you think? That is the important thing."

Miss Crummy: "I think I ought to wait till he asks me."

SUPERFICIAL INSPECTION

She: "I can read you just like a book." He: "O, well; if you only read me the way you gallop through your novels there is no harm done."

ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

IN the Museum of Hahnemann College, New York, is a specimen of dissection that probably cannot be equalled and is the only one of its kind in existence in the world. It is the work of one of the professors there, Dr. Rufus B. Weaver. It shows the entire cerebro-spinal nervous system—the brain and spinal cord and nerves connected therewith—in a single specimen detached from all other parts.

To do this required six months of the most exacting toil and the most skilful use of dissecting tools.

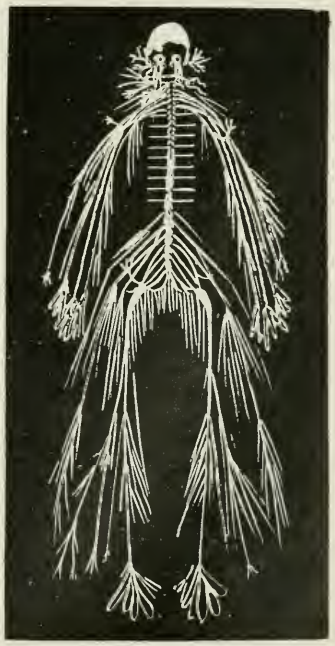
Accordingly he selected a female subject about 35 years old, with moderate adipose development, and previously injected with chloride of zinc, and commenced his task.

Thus over six months, with the exception of a two weeks' vacation, with from eight to ten hours a day, were consumed in the dissecting and mounting of this specimen.

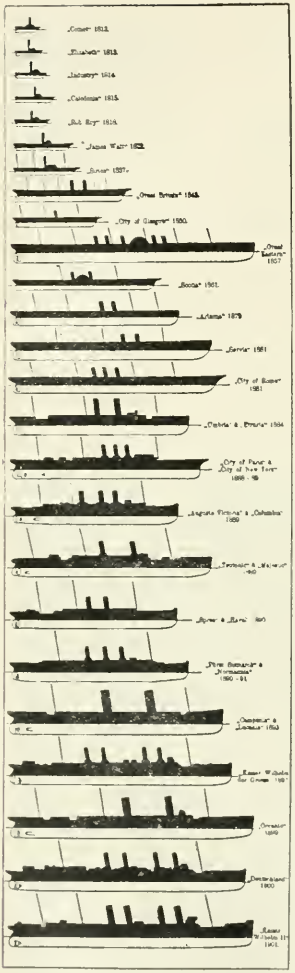
With the exception of the intercostal nerves, all the branches have been preserved to their terminal filaments. The impossibility of spreading the latter out on the board, or of giving them their natural curve over the spinal cord, led to their final sacrifice, although each had been dissected to its terminal filament.

The twelve pairs of cranial nerves have been carefully preserved and supported as nearly as possible in their natural position and relation by fine wires.

The difficulties to be overcome in the execution of this piece of dissection were numerous and perplexing. In the first place, as the several nerves were dissected, each had to be most carefully preserved from injury and kept in a moist condition. This was effected by rolling each nerve in thin gauze and then in a wad of cotton and keeping the same saturated in alcohol and covered by rubber cloth.



THE CEREBRO-SPINAL NERVOUS SYSTEM



A CHART OF PROGRESS IN STEAMSHIP CONSTRUCTION; 1812–1901
(Scale: 1 = 4,000)

In the experimental mounting of the specimen over 2,000 pins were employed, of which as the nerves dried and became fixed in their position a great number were removed, those remaining being scarcely noticeable.

It was exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago and attracted attention from the medical profession of both hemispheres, who freely expressed their congratulations on the completion of a work which was classed among the impossibilities.

It was awarded a gold medal by the Bureau of Awards of the World's Columbian Exposition.

HISTORY OF IRON AND STEEL STEAMSHIPS

The accompanying chart shows more strikingly than any words could show the enormous progress made in the construction of iron and steel steamships during the past century. It is taken from Otto Schlick's "Manual of Steel Steamship Construction," recently published in Germany. The author presents also some interesting historical facts regarding the iron shipbuilding industry, of which an abstract is made by *The Engineering News:*

The first iron vessels ever built were some canal-boats, constructed in England in 1787. Before this time iron could scarcely have been applied to boat construction, since it was only in 1784 that the process of rolling iron plates came into use, and it was in 1786 that the first rolled iron plates were used in boiler construction. The first iron sailing-ship was built in 1838 in Liverpool, and was called the *Ironsides.* In 1843 the *Great Britain* was built of dimensions that had been unheard of up to that time. The vessel was, however, unfortunate, and went ashore in Dundrum Bay on her first voyage. The famous *Great Eastern* was built at Millwall in 1857, and although commercially a failure, its construction must nevertheless stand in many respects as a sample of modern design. Curiously enough, we are told, the construction of the *Great Eastern* exerted no marked influence upon iron shipbuilding, since the relative size of steamers remained the same both before and after its completion, and the later growth was quite gradual.

Iron shipbuilding in Germany was developed at a much later period than in England; but the German establishments for the construction of iron ships enjoyed a very rapid development. Their numbers increased from year to year, so that at the present time Germany possesses thirty yards for the construction of iron or steel seagoing vessels.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE

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STEPPING STONES TO CLOSER UNION*

By Lord Strathcona

"We must draw closer our internal relations, the ties of sentiment, the ties of sympathy, yes, and the ties of interest. If by adherence to economic pedantry, to old shibboleths, we are to lose the opportunities of closer union which are offered us by our Colonies....we shall deserve the disasters which will infallibly come upon us....Let us raise our thoughts to the transcendent possibilities of a federation of the British race, to strengthen British influence and British power."

—*Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, May 16th.*

FIFTY or sixty years ago the Colonies were not over-popular, and a feeling existed in home circles that they were likely to be a source of weakness rather than of strength to the mother country. Fortunately for the Empire these views have long since changed, and of recent years the growth of the Imperial idea has been very noticeable. A marked difference was seen soon after Mr. Chamberlain occupied the post of Secretary of State for the Colonies, and it is hardly necessary to say that his policy has played no unimportant part in bringing about the desire for closer union, which is the dominant feature of the moment in the Motherland, and which there is every indication will continue to increase. In looking for the immediate causes of this happy condition of affairs they will be found in the recent tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the war in South Africa. Both these events have been the indirect means of bringing home to us that, no matter in what portion of the King's dominions we may be domiciled, we are one people with one destiny.

The growth of Imperialism, in its true sense, and earlier stages, began in the Colonies, and dates from the time when responsible government was granted. In British North America, the desire to promote closer and preferential trade relations between the different Provinces soon became a leading question. The proposal was not, in the first place, encouraged by the Imperial authorities; but, owing to the pertinacity of the Colonists, the principle was eventually conceded, and they were given the power to treat one another as members of the same family instead of as strangers. The concession did not bring about any immediate result, but was undoubtedly the germ from which the Dominion of Canada resulted. The example of Canada soon attracted the attention of Australia, and the question of the trade relations between the different Colonies became the subject of discussion. And after a good deal of negotiation with the Imperial Government, legislation was passed permitting preferential arrangements. When the Australians had obtained the acceptance of the principle for which they were contending, they also remained satisfied for the moment, and nothing more was done. But the concession subsequently led to the federation of Australia, and in spite of early difficulties, I be-

*Published by permission of the *Empire Review*, of London, Eng.

lieve that the federation of the Australian Colonies will ultimately be as successful as that of the different Provinces of Canada. As soon as the memory of recent events becomes less acute, there will be a similar movement for federation in South Africa, and when that happy event is accomplished, we shall be within reach of an Imperial union which will mean the dawn of a new era of peace and prosperity for the British Empire, and perhaps for the world at large.

ANOTHER VIEW OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Owing to their large areas, and to the numerical weakness of their populations, the Colonies, especially in their early days, had to find the means for opening up their resources. This meant the construction of roads, of railways, of telegraphs, of water-ways, and many public works, and the subsidizing of steamship and cable communication. In view of local conditions, these important undertakings were not initiated by individuals or by companies, as in older settled and more populated countries. The people had to do the work themselves, or, at any rate, to find the money. They had to tax themselves heavily to raise the necessary revenue, and it had to take the form of indirect taxation, owing to the difficulty of collecting anything in the nature of direct taxation. Some may argue, from economic considerations, that this was a mistake, but in any case it is a mistake which has been condoned by most of the countries of the world even in more favourable circumstances. The next step was to borrow money on the public credit—that is, upon their revenue-producing powers. In the earlier stages this had to be done at high rates of interest, but now the credit of the Colonies is so good—much better, indeed, than that of many foreign countries—that they can borrow within a fraction of the rate of interest at which the United Kingdom itself can obtain money; and quite recently their stocks have been raised to the dignity and status of securities in which trustees may invest. Colonial borrowing is criticised from time to time, but generally by people who do not understand

THE SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

SHOWING THE EXACT SPOT WHERE EDWARD VII WILL STAND DURING THE CORONATION CEREMONY

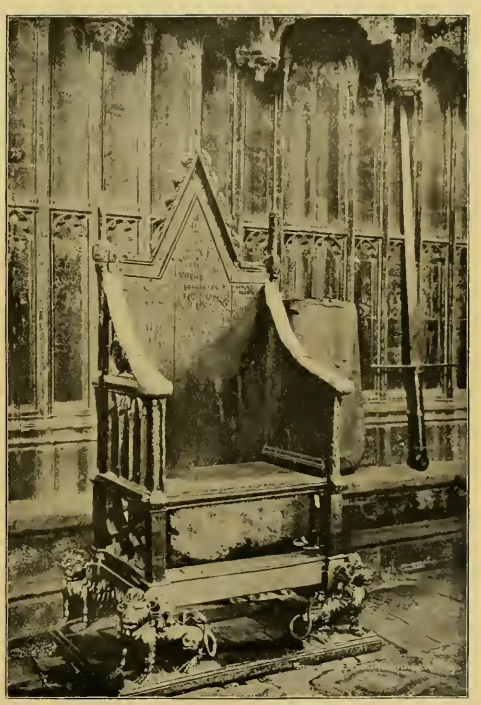
the situation. There is no doubt that the security offered is considered to be good, or the money would not be lent. Most of the money is spent upon reproductive works, which form in themselves, in addition to the public revenues, the security for the debts. Not only do they afford a safe investment for British capital, but most of the materials required for public works have in the past been bought in the mother country—which therefore gets a double benefit from the borrowings.

In my judgment, the better knowledge which now prevails in the United Kingdom of the Colonies is largely owing to the efforts of their representatives during the last twenty or thirty years. People who come from Greater Britain are not yet altogether satisfied that as much is known about them as ought to be the case, but they are compelled to recognize the immense progress made in comparatively recent

CHAPEL OF HENRY VII, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

TO BE USED AS A ROBING ROOM DURING THE CORONATION—MANY BRITISH SOVEREIGNS ARE BURIED HERE

times. It has been a part of the duties of these representatives to preach the gospel of the Colonies for various reasons. One has been with the object of attracting immigration, which is, and must be, for many years to come, foremost among the many important questions requiring the consideration of Colonial statesmen. I only wish it had received greater attention in times past, in official circles, in this country. Then, again, they have done their utmost to make the various Colonial products better known in British markets, and the fact that the Colonies have spent millions of money in the purchase of materials and stores for public works, has helped to bring home to British manufacturers, workmen and shippers the existence and importance of the outlying parts of the Empire. They have acted for their Governments in connection with the borrowing of money, and in consequence a large and



ST. EDWARD'S CORONATION CHAIR

EVERY ENGLISH MONARCH SINCE EDWARD I HAS BEEN CROWNED IN THIS CHAIR—THE FAMOUS STONE FROM SCOTLAND IS INSERTED BELOW THE SEAT

increasing number of people are materially interested in Greater Britain, because they occupy the position of lenders.

Probably the first practical object-lesson the public received of the potentialities of the Colonies, and the position they would occupy, as producers of many of the articles which Great Britain imports, and consumers of the products of the United Kingdom, was derived from the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886. In the following year a gathering took place which is historical, as the first occasion on which what may be termed an informal Parliament of the British Empire met in London. I refer to the Colonial Conference of 1887. It was attended by leading statesmen from every part of the Empire, and the questions discussed were of the first importance. Some of these have been disposed of, others still remain to be settled, but it is impossible to overrate the significance of the event, as it brought into prominence the idea of an Imperial Council, which some regard as likely to be the next step towards Imperial unity. The Conference called together by the Government of Canada in 1894 was equally as remarkable in its way. Many subjects of great moment from an Imperial standpoint were under consideration, and several important developments closely connected with Imperial unity will be regarded by the historian as having been brought within the region of practical affairs by the Ottawa Conference. Another step in the growth of Imperialism in the United Kingdom was the celebration of the sixty years of Her late Majesty's reign in 1897, and the outburst of enthusiasm which the participation of Greater Britain in that memorable event created will not readily be forgotten. The occasion was also marked by a conference between the delegates of the self-governing Colonies and Mr. Chamberlain.

Other events have taken place in recent years, affecting both the Colonies and the Motherland, which have not, perhaps, attracted so much attention as those already mentioned, but are none the less striking, and of moment. There is, for instance, the contribution of Australasia to the Navy—that is, towards the cost of maintaining a special Australasian Squadron. Another matter of Imperial interest has been the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Canadian people have willingly assumed a burden of about a million sterling a year, in order to open up their Western Country, to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific, and to provide a new Imperial highway affording an alternative route to Australasia, to China and Japan, India, and to the East generally. The preferential trade policy of Canada also deserves mention. British imports now receive a preference of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. off the custom duties, as compared with similar articles from other countries, and the policy has led to an increased import trade from the United Kingdom and to an increase in the exports of Great Britain. No direct reciprocity has been offered and none has been asked for. If rumour be true, it is not unlikely that a preference may be shown by Australia to British products, and the question is said to be under consideration in New Zealand. Considerable progress has been made, both by the mother country and by the Colonies, in improving means of inter-communication. Too much importance cannot be attached to this matter, if we are to continue to say that the seas do not divide us but form a bond of union. It is the most effective means of promoting Imperial trade, and of meeting the foreign competition which is now growing stronger and stronger. The principle is one which our foreign competitors fully recognize, notably Germany, as their immense subsidies to steamers plying to Australasia and other parts of the world clearly show.

The construction of the Pacific cable, connecting Canada and Australasia, is well advanced, and it is impossible to overrate the importance or the value of this truly Imperial work. There seems a bright prospect for the in-

PAINTING BY SIR GEORGE HAYTER

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA—JUNE 28TH, 1838

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY WHO WILL CROWN THE KING

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK WHO WILL CROWN THE QUEEN

crease of trade in the future by way of the Pacific Ocean; and the possession of a British cable, touching nowhere but on British territory, should do much to place it largely in the control of Great Britain and of her Colonies. Mention must be made also of the Imperial Penny Post. Perhaps it is of even greater sentimental importance than of practical advantage, but it gives the people of the different parts of the Empire an opportunity of communicating with each other at the cheapest rate possible, and promotes commercial intercourse. Another and, perhaps, the most important instance of the growth of Imperialism, I have left to the last. At any time within the last two or three decades, and even earlier, when the mother country seemed likely to be embroiled in difficulty, there has been an intense desire in Canada and in the Colonies to be allowed to take their share in the burdens of Empire. We all remember how the Australians and Canadians fought with the regular forces of the Crown in the Soudan, and the war in South Africa has seen a repetition, only on a far more extended scale. The people of the Colonies are proud of the Empire, and events have proved that they are ready to sacrifice their lives and to give their resources for the maintenance of British interests.

THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON WHO WILL ASSIST AT THE CORONATION

Without doubt a general feeling prevails in favour of closer union for Imperial purposes, for commercial purposes and for defence, a closer union which will assure the different parts of the Empire full liberty of self-government, while giving them a voice in Imperial policy. There are some who think that the solution of the problem is to be found in the representation of the Colonies in the Imperial Parliament. I am not one of those who share that view, at any rate until a truly Imperial Parliament to deal with Imperial affairs can be established. As at present constituted, Parliament is occupied largely with local affairs of little or no Imperial significance, important though they may be in themselves, and in these circumstances it is not clear to me where the usefulness of Colonial members in either House would be apparent. In times to come it is within the bounds of possibility that there may be local Parliaments to deal with local affairs in England, Scotland and Ireland, and we may also then have a Parliament with representatives from the different parts of the Empire, which will be Imperial in name and in its work. But even on such a basis, the Empire is so vast in its area, and so varied in its resources and in its interests, that the solution for which we are seeking will be surrounded by many difficulties, and he would be a bold man who would attempt to frame a measure which would satisfactorily meet the requirements of the situation. We are, however, approaching a period when all parts of the Empire will want to have a voice in the Imperial foreign policy, and in other subjects affecting the well-being of the community in general. This is not unnatural, and there can be no true consolidation until it is brought about. How it is to be done I am not prepared to say. But some way must be found of meeting the aspirations of the Colonies.

Then there is the question of Imperial Defence. It is very much the fashion to complain that the Colonies do not contribute to the expenses of the Army and Navy, although the services exist for Imperial purposes. There may be something in the contention, but it is really only half a truth.

PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, PREMIER OF GREAT BRITAIN

PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE

THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES

They do not, perhaps, except in the case of Australasia, make any direct contribution, but they have been piling up debts, for which they alone are responsible, for works and developments of Imperial, as well as of local utility. Their railways, telegraphs and harbours, subsidies for steam and cable communication, expenses for local defences, and Militia establishments, all come under this heading. In Canada, the construction of the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific Railways, as already stated, entails an annual charge upon the country of over a million sterling. These facts should be borne in mind in considering the matter. I do not mean to say that the Colonies ought not to pay towards the cost of the Army and the Navy. No such proposal has yet been made to them ; but I am sure that, if put forward, it will be taken into serious consideration. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that the proposition is only a part of a far larger subject, and really affects the solution of the whole problem of Imperial unity and representation. There seems no reason, however, why there should not be greater cohesion between the military forces in the Colonies and those at home. They certainly ought to form parts of the machinery on which the Empire could implicitly rely in times of trouble and difficulty.

As to the Navy, much more co-operation is also possible. Up to the present time, or, at any rate, until quite recently, the large seafaring populations in the United Kingdom and in the Colonies have not been utilized to any appreciable extent for the formation of a trained naval reserve. A beginning has been made in Newfoundland, and it may be extended. Speaking of my own country, no better material could be found than among the seventy thousand hardy sailors and fishermen who inhabit the long coast lines of the Dominion. We all know the part our fleet has played in the past, and the important factor it has proved in the building up of the Empire. It is regarded as our great protection and safeguard now ; but with the disappearance of the grand old wooden walls it is entirely dependent upon coal and strategic positions. And is it not the fact that the leading coal supplies of the world outside Europe and the United States are found in the Colonies? Without the advantages of these deposits, especially in times of war, the protection of British commerce, or what remained of it, would give rise to very serious problems, apart altogether from the absolute necessity of the harbours and docks the Colonies have provided.

That steps could, and perhaps should, be taken to bring the different parts of the Empire into closer touch with each other commercially I fully believe. Personally I do not think that an arrangement of the kind is either impossible or very difficult to accomplish. The time may not be yet, but I feel sure it will come, as foreshadowed by Mr. Chamberlain in his speech the other day at Birmingham, when Canada will trade with Australasia, with South Africa, and with the United Kingdom, on different terms than at present—when their commercial relations will be placed on a more friendly, or, shall I say, on a family footing. What the United Kingdom looks for is a predominance in the markets of the Empire. What the Colonies desire is the market of the mother country and of Greater Britain for their products, which they hope to see favourably regarded—all other things, such as price and quality, being equal. As to the form such an arrangement will take, it is not easy to forecast, but it is certain that we shall have to pay greater attention to the development of Imperial trade.

Such a policy cannot fail to be beneficial to the Empire, and I see no international reasons to militate against our regarding from a more favourable point of view our internal trade, as distinct from the external trade, or, let me say, our domestic trade as distinct from our foreign trade.

I must confess I do not like the word "Colonies," which I have used

so often ; but the difficulty is to find another word to describe them. It signifies a position of dependence and tutelage, which by no means represents the condition of the Canada, the Australasia, and the South Africa of to-day. They are rather partners—not yet predominant partners—in the great alliance or combination known as the British Empire. The greater attention which is now being devoted to the Colonies in our schools and colleges must have beneficial results ; but I should like to see even more time devoted to the study of the history, geography and resources of Greater Britain. The apathy of the past is no doubt to be attributed largely to the lack of knowledge of the subject that prevailed ; and this is not surprising when one remembers the text-books in use fifty or sixty years ago, and even within a more recent period. In all our educational institutions, the present position of the Empire, and the relations of its different component parts, ought in my judgment to receive more prominence than at present. If those to whom this magnificent heritage is to be handed down are impressed with its importance, and its potentialities, it will make the solution of the questions I have been discussing far easier when the proper time comes ; and it is as well to remember, in this connection, that they are closely associated with the future existence of the Empire.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

WHERE KING EDWARD WAS CHRISTENED AND WHERE HE WAS MARRIED

The expression of these few thoughts would not be complete without some general reference to the immense strides that were made in the consolidation of the Empire during the reign of Queen Victoria. History will place this on record ; and it is a source of much gratification to his subjects to know that the King takes as keen an interest as did Her late Majesty in

PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY

LORD ROBERTS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY

PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL MARSHAL OF THE CORONATION PROCESSIONS

everything that pertains to the welfare of the Empire, its closer union, and the maintenance of its integrity. This is an assurance in itself that nothing will be wanting which can in any way aid the satisfactory solution of the important problems which are attracting so much attention.

I have tried to indicate some of the steps in the development of Imperialism, and also point out the course which affairs are taking in the direction of the closer union of the Empire.

VISCOUNT KITCHENER

It is enthusiasm or optimism—there is not much difference in the meaning of the terms—that alone will carry us onward. Again, advantage is to be taken of the presence of the representatives of the self-governing colonies in London, at the time of the coronation, to hold another and truly Imperial Conference, and there will certainly be some disappointment if, as the result, the great question of Imperial Union does not receive considerable and practical stimulus.

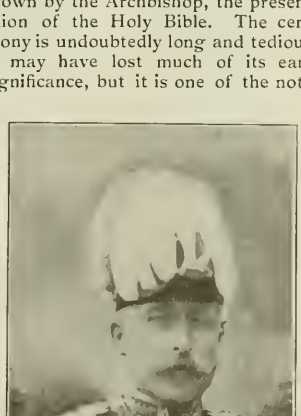
THE FIRST IMPERIAL CORONATION

By Norman Patterson

IT is extremely unfortunate that illness should have prevented the coronation of Edward VII on June 26th. The King is King, and the ceremony would only emphasize the fact. Nevertheless it would have been a most notable event, and would have taken place in the presence of representatives of every part of the Empire. If His Majesty's health continues to improve, the coronation may take place within a few weeks. It cannot, however, be the same grand spectacle that it would have been had there been no postponement, since the Colonial guests and visitors must necessarily be much less numerous.

This coronation when it does occur will be the first Imperial coronation. When Queen Victoria was crowned on June 28th, 1838, there were no Colonial premiers present in the Abbey, no Colonial troops in procession. The Queen was not proclaimed Empress of India until January 1st, 1877. She never assumed the title of "Sovereign of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas." She never visited the Colonies although she recognized their growing importance by sending her son, the present King, to visit India and Canada, and by arranging for the Colonial tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales which took place last year. When King Edward is crowned, he will be the first Imperial sovereign. This is significant. It marks a new era in British history, and is evidence that the days of "Little England" have passed forever. London was once the capital of England ; then it became the capital of Great Britain ; then the capital of Great Britain and Ireland. Today it is the capital of the British Empire. So has grown the title and greatness of the King. King Edward will be the crowned sovereign of a vast Empire.

Coronations differ in various countries, but they are the most interesting survivals of ancient monarchical customs. In some countries, as in Russia, the sovereign crowns himself ; in some, as in Spain, the King merely takes the oath of fidelity to the constitution ; in other countries, as in Germany, the coronation is presumed without any ceremony. In Great Britain the event has always been one of solemn grandeur and particular significance. The people do homage, the King takes the oath, is anointed by the Archbishop, is presented with the spurs by the Lord Great Chamberlain, with the sword by the Archbishops and Bishops, is invested with the armilla and Imperial mantle by the Dean of Westminster, and receives the orb ; a ring, a glove, the sceptres are then delivered to him ; after this comes the putting on of the crown by the Archbishop, the presentation of the Holy Bible. The ceremony is undoubtedly long and tedious, it may have lost much of its early significance, but it is one of the nota-



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT WHO IS TO BE THE NEXT COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF— HE IS THE KING'S BROTHER

PHOTO BY F. RALPH, DERSINGHAM

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND THE QUEEN, PRINCESS VICTORIA, PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES, PRINCE ALBERT, PRINCE HENRY AND PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES

ble links which connect the past and the present.

The Oath which His Majesty will take is similar to the declaration which he has previously taken. The ceremony is ordered in the official service as follows :—

THE OATH.

The Sermon being ended, and His Majesty having on Thursday, the 14th day of February, 1901, in the presence of the Two Houses of Parliament, made and signed the Declaration, the Archbishop goeth to the King, and standing before him, administers the Coronation Oath, first asking the King,

Sir, is your Majesty willing to take the Oath ?

And the King answering,

I am willing.

The Archbishop ministereth these questions ; and the King, having a Book in his hands, answers each question severally as follows—

Archb. Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the People of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dominions thereto belonging, according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective Laws and Customs of the same ?

King. I solemnly promise so to do.

Archb. Will you to your power cause Law and Justice, in Mercy, to be executed in all your Judgments ?

King. I will.

Archb. Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the Laws of God, the true Profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reform Religion established by Law ? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the Settlement of the Church of England, and the Doctrine, Worship, Discipline, and Government thereof, as by Law established in England ? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England, and to the Church therein committed to their charge, all such Rights and Privileges, as by Law do or shall appertain to them, or any of them ?

King. All this I promise to do.

Then the King arising out of his Chair, supported as before, and assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Sword of State being carried before him, shall go to the Altar, and there being uncovered, make his Solemn Oath in the sight of all the People, to observe the Premisses : Laying his right hand upon the Holy Gospel in the Great Bible, which is now brought from the Altar by the Archbishop, and tendered to him as he kneels upon the steps, saying these words :

The things which I have here before promised, I will perform, and keep.

So help me God.

Then the King kisseth the Book, and signeth the Oath.

The anointing ceremony is as follows :

THE ANOINTING.

The King having thus taken his Oath, returns again to his Chair ; and both he and the Queen kneeling at their Faldstools, the Archbishop beginneth the Hymn, Veni Creator Spiritus, and the Choir singeth it out.

This being ended, the Archbishop saith a Prayer.

This Prayer being ended, the Choir singeth.

In the meantime, the King rising from his devotions, having been disrobed of his crimson robes by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and having taken off his Cap of State, goes before the Altar, supported and attended as before.

The King sits down in King Edward's Chair (placed in the midst of the Area over against the Altar, with a Faldstool before it) wherein he is to be anointed. Four Knights of the Garter (summoned by Garter King of Arms) hold over him a rich Pall of silk, or Cloth of Gold, delivered to them by the Lord Chamberlain : The Dean of Westminster, taking the Ampulla and Spoon from off the Altar, holdeth them ready, pouring some of the Holy Oil into the Spoon, and with it the Archbishop anointeth the King in the form of a Cross :

1. On the Crown of the Head, saying,

Be thy Head anointed with Holy Oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed.

2. On the Breast, saying,

Be thy Breast anointed with Holy Oil.

3. On the Palms of both the Hands, saying,

Be thy Hands anointed with Holy Oil :

And as Solomon was anointed King by Zadok the Priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed, and consecrated King over this People, whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Then the Dean of Westminster layeth the Ampulla and Spoon upon the Altar, and the King kneeleth down at the Faldstool, and the Archbishop, standing, saith a Prayer or Blessing over him.

This Prayer being ended, the King arises and resumes his seat in King Edward's Chair, while the Knights of the Garter give back the pall to the Lord Chamberlain ; whereupon the King again arising, the Dean of Westminster puts upon his Majesty the Colobium Sindonis and the Supertunica or Close Pall of Cloth of Gold, together with a Girdle of the same.

The exact ordering of the crowning of the King is thus set forth :—

THE PUTTING ON OF THE CROWN.

The Archbishop, standing before the Altar, taketh the Crown into his hands, and laying it again before him upon the Altar, saith :

O GOD, the Crown of the faithful: Bless we beseech thee and sanctify this thy servant EDWARD our King; and as thou dost this day set a Crown of pure Gold upon his Head, so enrich his Royal Heart with thine abundant grace, and crown him with all princely virtues, through the King Eternal Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then the King sitting down in King Edward's Chair, the Archbishop, assisted with other Bishops, comes from the Altar; the Dean of Westminster brings the Crown, and the Archbishop taking it of him reverently putteth it upon the King's Head. At the sight whereof the People, with loud and repeated shouts, cry, God save the King; the Peers and the Kings of Arms put on their Coronets; and the Trumpets sound, and by a signal given, the great Guns at the Tower are shot off.

The Acclamation ceasing, the Archbishop goeth on, and saith:

BE strong and of a good courage: Observe the Commandments of God and walk in his holy ways: Fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life: that in this world you may be crowned with success and honour, and when you have finished your course, receive a Crown of Righteousness, which God the righteous Judge shall give you in that day.

Then the Choir singeth:

Be strong and play the man: Keep the Commandments of the Lord thy God, and walk in his ways.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is the first to do homage to the King, for the Coronation Service is essentially a religious ceremony. Then the Prince of Wales kneels with the other Princes, promising allegiance.

Then follows the same ceremony on the part of the Peers, the first only of each order touching the Crown, kissing the King's Cheek and promising support. After that comes the Coronation of the Queen, which is ordered as follows:

THH QUEEN'S CORONATION, BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

The Queen ariseth and goeth to the steps of the Altar, supported by two Bishops, and there kneeleth down, whilst the Archbishop of York saith the following Prayer:

ALMIGHTY God, the fountain of all goodness: Give ear, we beseech thee, to our prayers, and multiply thy blessings upon this thy servant, whom in thy Name, with all humble devotion, we consecrate our Queen; Defend her evermore from dangers, ghostly and bodily; Make her a great example of virtue and piety, and a blessing to this kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee, O Father, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, world without end. *Amen.*

This Prayer being ended, the Queen ariseth, and cometh to the place of her Anointing; Which is to be at a Faldstool set for that purpose before the Altar, between the steps and King Edward's Chair. She kneeleth down, and four Peeresses appointed for that service, and summoned by Garter King of Arms, holding a rich Pall of Cloth of Gold over her, the Archbishop of York poureth the Holy Oil upon the Crown of her Head, saying these words:

IN the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Let the anointing with this Oil increase your honour, and the grace of God's Holy Spirit establish you, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Then the Archbishop of York receiveth from the Officer of the Jewel Office the Queen's Ring, and putteth it upon the Fourth Finger of her Right Hand, saying:

RECEIVE this Ring, the seal of a sincere Faith; and God, to whom belongeth all power and dignity, prosper you in this your honour, and grant you therein long to continue, fearing him always, and always doing such things as shall please him, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then the Archbishop of York taketh the Crown from off the Altar into his hands, and reverently setteth it upon the Queen's Head, saying:

RECEIVE the Crown of glory, honour, and joy: And God the Crown of the faithful who by our Episcopal hands (though unworthy) doth this day set a Crown of pure Gold upon your Head, enrich your Royal Heart with his abundant grace, and crown you with all princely virtues in this life, and with an everlasting Crown of glory in the life which is to come, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The Queen being crowned all the Peeresses put on their Coronets.

Then the Archbishop of York putteth the Sceptre into the Queen's Right Hand, and the Ivory Rod with the Dove into her Left Hand; and sayeth this Prayer:

O LORD, the giver of all perfection: Grant unto this thy servant ALEXANDRA our Queen, that by the powerful and mild influence of her piety and virtue, she may adorn the high dignity which she hath obtained, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The Queen being thus Anointed, and crowned, and having received all her Ornaments, ariseth and goeth from the Altar, supported by her two Bishops, and so up to the Theatre. And as she passeth by the King on his Throne, she boweth herself reverently to His Majesty, and then is conducted to her own Throne, and without any further Ceremony taketh her place in it.

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE

A SYMPOSIUM

*I.—By Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., London**

IT is a pleasure to me to be asked by the CANADIAN MAGAZINE to send a few words of greeting from London at a time when the eyes of the Empire are turned towards the centre. As one who has devoted a good many years of his life to writing, and who has a love of literature, and as a politician whose only warrant for his place in the House of Commons lies in a considerable knowledge of the Colonies and acquaintance with foreign nations, I congratulate the CANADIAN MAGAZINE on its success and the usefulness of its work. It is one of the signs of the times. It is the first Canadian magazine to have a literary and a financial success. That is an achievement in a country where over one-third of the population speak French, a country invaded by long established and excellent American magazines. It is significant that its success has been the success of a review as well as that of a magazine. It has lived, I believe, by virtue of ideas more than by virtue of mere appeal to the eye, or the interest of the incidental article.

There is no portion of the British Empire so devoted to ideas and to ideals as Canada. There is no portion of the Empire which has had such serious problems to face, nor so steadfastly and sagely met the difficulties of those problems. She was the premier Colony; she is the premier nation of those tributary nations which move towards the purposes of a common civilization under the British flag. Canada has had a hard fight to maintain her position with a nation at her south fiscally antagonistic and commercially dominant. She has held her own. I believe her hour of commercial danger is past, because the severest strain came while yet she was an agricultural country. It would seem that nothing but some forlorn miracle of disaster would destroy her prospects now. Born in Canada, as I was, I am glad and proud to know in what profound respect she is held here at the centre. When I first began work in London, many years ago, Canada was a painful distance away, to the minds of the majority of Englishmen. How near she has come within those thirteen years—that is, practically, since the first Jubilee of Queen Victoria! Englishmen have learned that Toronto and Montreal are not provincial to any degree greater than Birmingham or Edinburgh. It is a lack of ideas; it is a contraction of sentiment; it is a want of imagination, and the absence of distinction, which make provincialism. Judged by that standard, Canada is not provincial; she has contributed in a high degree to true Imperialism. From her proceeded the spirit which gave us the Imperial Federation League and the British Empire League; and such men as Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on the one hand, and

* This message from Sir Gilbert Parker was written prior to the announcement of the postponement of the coronation.—EDITOR.

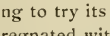
Principal Grant and Principal Parkin on the other, did much in less enlightened years to develop a knowledge of the Empire throughout the dominions over which flies the British flag.

At the coronation functions and festivities Canada will take the premier place. Every day as I go to the House of Commons, I see being erected in Whitehall an arch on which will be placed samples of the great resources of the Dominion. Under this noble structure the King and Queen and the procession will pass. The forest and the mine, the river, the farm and the work-shop will be represented. The Emperors of Greece and Rome summoned to the Imperial cities, captive kings and captains, to show forth the fame of their conquests. King Edward summons statesmen from free states for council and conference, and, instead of captives, the fruits of distant lands—peaceful evidences of prosperous Empire. In the previous history of Britain no such magnificent demonstration will be found. The Jubilees of 1887 and 1897 were great pageants and noble demonstrations of unity of Empire, but every year increases the power and the products of the over-sea dominions. The late war has shown the love and the faith of our kinsmen ; the Colonies have drawn nearer to each other and nearer to the centre. Behind all the pageant, the pomp and the public pride, will be the steadfast spirit of our race which labours towards the highest forms of civilization and freedom.

II.—By Professor Goldwin Smith

THE question of Canada and the Empire is going through a critical stage, and I prefer to await the result, especially as experience tells me that the question is bitter. But I embrace the opportunity courteously afforded me to correct once more the impression that my political friends and associates of former days in England were actuated by any feeling of coldness or indifference towards the Colonies when they promoted Colonial self-government, believing that it would be a preparation for independence. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, a member of Palmerston's Government, and marked out by Palmerston as his successor, held the same views as Bright and Cobden on this subject. So did a number of other statesmen and administrators, including Sir Frederick Rogers, who was long the permanent Under Secretary of the Colonial Office, and, as such, almost Colonial Minister. Such, in fact was the general trend of opinion. I never heard a word uttered in our circles that could be construed as disparagement of the Colonies. To none of us did it occur that there was anything mean or narrow in looking forward to seeing England a mother of free nations linked to her by affection, perhaps by the retention of mutual citizenship, and by reciprocal freedom of trade. It happened curiously enough that the first mention of the Colonies in the Speech from the Throne was owing to a hint given by me to a friend who was Colonial Secretary. The only politician who spoke disparagingly of the Colonies, singular to say, was Disraeli, who in his confidential letter to Lord Malmesbury called them "millstones round the neck of England,"

and as his intimate friend, Sir William Gregory informs us, continued to hold that language in private to the end of his life. The only possession for which he cared was gorgeous India, which impressed his oriental imagination. Nor was the Colonial policy of our party a fiasco, as its critics assume ; it brought about an extension of Colonial self-government and the withdrawal of the troops, with which ended the long, costly and scandalous series of Maori and Kaffir wars. The party of Imperial Federation is now going to try its hand, with every possible advantage, having a Colonial Office impregnated with its views ; an access of Imperialism brought on by the South African war; and a general tendency to territorial aggrandizement and agglomeration. We are looking with interest to see what they will do.



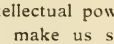
III.—By Chancellor Burwash, Victoria University

WHAT is the best that Canada can do for the Empire and through the Empire for the world ?

If the Pacific Ocean is to be the world's Mediterranean for the next century as the North Atlantic has been for the past, then Western Canada must be one of the Empire's forefront positions. From our Pacific coast the Empire will look westward as from Australia it will look eastward, and from these two points it can command the world's new life to the highest advantage. The United States has gained a similar footing in its Pacific coast and the Philippines and the Sandwich Islands. Our position is stronger and more perfectly provided with all the needed resources. We have the shortest line to China and Japan. We have unlimited coal supplies. We have the only great timber area looking out on this great sea. The supplies of wheat and cattle for food for a great industrial population on the Pacific may be increased to an almost unlimited extent. The wealth of resources which Canada may in this way furnish to the Empire, and the vantage point which she will hold can scarcely be estimated. These considerations give the Alaska boundary question no little measure of importance. They make the Pacific cable and Pacific steamship line and our transcontinental railways of immense importance.

The real growth of the Empire in Anglo-Saxon population, with its energy and dominating qualities, must take place at three great centres. Canada is one and the largest, Australia and South Africa are the other two. Of these three Canada offers the best field for the Anglo-Saxon race. Our Pacific coast is almost a duplicate on a larger and richer scale of the original home of the race in both its Norse and Saxon elements, and we might add in its Celtic as well. We may also add the further advantage of being nearest the centre. It was long since pointed out by Guyot that Britain is nearly the centre of the land areas of the world. Canada, South Africa and Australia through Egypt and India form great radial projections. The Pacific and Indian oceans are the connecting highway by which these extremities meet each other, and so belt the globe, grasping it as in mighty arms. In Saxon energy and enterprise Canada should be the strongest of these, as nearest the heart. Thus for the

physical unity of our Empire Nature herself has contributed her great world outlines and treasure-houses of resources. It is ours to contribute the moral character, the industrial enterprise, the intellectual power which, in the fear of God and faith in His providence, will make us strong and united for long generations to come.



IV.—By Chancellor Wallace, McMaster University

THE people, not the resources of the country, will make Canada great. Concerning the variety, abundance and value of the resources which lie north of the 49th parallel, between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, there is no longer any doubt and there will soon be little ignorance. Our material heritage is sufficient. How this shall be used is now the problem.

The Canadian people are a worthy people. They have strong bodies, eager and capable minds, and a traditional devotion to high moral and religious standards. Their fathers have done much for them. The pure air and free, clean life of our Canadian summers and winters have helped them towards strength and clearness of vision. Their teachers have led them wisely and vigorously. This is why the Canadian name is an honourable name to-day on the battlefields of South Africa, in the council chambers of Great Britain, and in the great universities of the United States and Europe. The strong grip of our great business men, the clear vision of our statesmen, the ability of our students and the heroism of our soldiers, are not the product of a day or a week. In quietness and obscurity our people have been "climbing upward," and now are showing themselves fit for their day of great duty and great opportunity.

This is the day of the apotheosis of the American spirit and method in business. Englishmen are exhorting each other to learn lessons of energy and enterprise from the Americans. And just here there is a danger to Canadians, for while lessons of great value may be learned from Americans it will be a calamity if the Canadian spirit and method become identical with the American spirit and method. "Success" is the god before which many are bowing down. Nowhere on earth is that word success so much in use as in the United States, and nowhere are ideas of success so meagre and false. Gain and fame, influence and power are over-estimated, and before the young are set constantly in the schools, the magazines and the books of that country with their misleading ideas. Our nearness to the great Republic puts us in danger. Already we may discover the reality of this danger. It is therefore important that we be on our guard.

We can protect ourselves and others by keeping prominent the great fundamental ideas which have made Canadians a home-loving and a religious people in the past. That industry is better than idleness, that virtue is better than pleasure, that integrity is better than dishonest gain, that wifehood is holy, that motherhood is blessed and sacred, that children

bring greater joys than millions of money, that home is the most sacred spot on earth, and that irreligion eats into domestic and national life like a canker, are ideas which should be wrought into the fibre of all our thinking. These are the ideas which may lose their hold if we do not take care. Great thoughts concerning national development and defence, or international commercial relations, or world conquests in art or literature, appeal to the imagination. They come forth with clanging cymbals and blaring trumpets, compelling attention, while other and worthier thoughts are more quiet, less sensational, less obtrusive. But if we would see Canada great in character as well as in material possessions, we must give attention in our public journals, our schools, our churches and our homes, to those modest but eternal principles upon which all national greatness depends.

V.—By the Hon. J. W. Longley

CANADA'S relations to the Empire at this moment seem to be satisfactory, but they are not final. Canada is a part of the British Empire, loyal to the British Crown, interested in the welfare of the whole British Dominion, and ready, as recently shown, to contribute men and money to the defence of the Empire if the emergency requires it.

This would seem to satisfy Great Britain and obviate the possibility of complaint from that quarter.

Yet, as a matter of fact, a great many persons on both sides are not satisfied. Men like Colonel Denison, Dr. Parkin, Mr. Crofton and others, think that Canada should contribute directly to the maintenance of the naval and military armament necessary to the defence of the Empire. Probably a similar view prevails in the Colonial and War Offices, and among many persons in Great Britain who have stopped to give the matter some consideration.

The logical effect of a direct contribution in money towards the military and naval armament would be that Canada should thereby acquire a voice in the policy of the Empire at home and abroad. Such an arrangement would not necessarily commend itself to the favourable consideration of the governing classes in the British Islands. The average Briton recognizes that colonial possessions of the rank, wealth and power of Canada ought to do something to uphold the integrity of the Empire, but they are not quite clear that they wish to take the responsibility of subjecting Imperial policy to the vote of Colonial representatives in the Imperial Councils.

On the other hand, the preponderating Canadian sentiment has not yet reached the point of solidly recognizing that it is Canada's interest or duty to contribute to the naval and military armaments of the Empire, for two or three reasons.

1. First, that in no instance should Canadian money be expended for such objects until Canada has a recognized voice in controlling the expenditure;

and, secondly, it is possible, however disagreeable the suggestion may be to extreme Imperialists, a number of Canadians have doubts, situated as we are, and with magnificent prospects of a future national development, whether it would be prudent or desirable that Canada should risk everything by throwing herself unreservedly into the vortex of Britain's complex international relations.

Some Canadians are in favour of the policy of Canada identifying herself with Imperial interests and standing or falling absolutely with the fortunes of the Empire. Other Canadians, and probably these constitute at present the large majority, are disposed to adhere to the fortunes of the Empire, but are content that we should drift for the present and leave the future open. To this class of Canadians the possibility is always present that the time may come when the interests of Canada may be best promoted by not being involved in all the perils and complications of European diplomacy.

Some Canadians want the question of our relations with the Empire settled to-day. If they were able to force matters to a conclusion now they would probably be bitterly disappointed with the result of to-day's verdict. Those who favour Imperialistic ideas, and wish that Canada and the other great British possessions should become part and parcel of the Imperial system, have everything to gain by delay. Events seem to be moving in their direction, and it may be that time has in store for us a natural evolution of events which will make British unity throughout the world a practicable and desirable thing. At this moment the majority of Colonials are not educated to this point.

The majority of Canadians would be content to send contingents from Canada at Canada's expense when the emergency of the Empire demanded, but if this majority had to decide to-day and forever whether Canada should contribute to the expense of the army and the navy, and link herself inexorably with the destinies of the Empire, there might be hesitation and shrinking.

However unpleasant it may seem to persons of intensely Imperialistic tendencies, the presence of 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 of English-speaking people on our borders is an element that cannot be altogether ignored in forming our plans for national life. It may be, and probably will be, the determination of the Canadian people not to be politically allied with this English-speaking power beside us on this continent, but the relations which this great commonwealth bears to us commercially, socially, politically, and in all ways potentially, is an element that must be reckoned with and cannot be absolutely put out of sight.

The brightest Imperial statesmen recognize this, and the most sensible and thoughtful Canadians recognize it.

To sum up, the Imperial Council now sitting in London will accomplish very little that bears directly on the question of the relations between Canada and the Empire.

Good feeling will continue, preferential trade will be wisely talked of,

direct monetary contributions to Imperial defence will not be adopted as a policy by Canada this year or next year. What the future has in store none can tell. Most of us hope that matters will drift in the direction of national consolidation, but it is well to keep in mind that extreme Imperialists have a few things to learn, and that a few grave and practical difficulties stand in the way of the consummation of their hopes, which they have either not discovered or are wilfully determined not to see.

VI.—By Professor John Campbell, Montreal

CANADA has risen to a higher plane of existence. The day was when the colonies bought cast-off clothing from Britain and formed a dumping-ground for waifs, strays, incorrigibles and convicts. The time was when Canada sent to Britain for clever people to fill the leading positions. Her craven attitude caused Britain to regard her a mere dumping-ground, as an encumbrance. But these days have passed.

With the advent of the Reciprocity Treaty period our trade with the United States and Great Britain began to grow. The Provinces were federated and the Northwest was added to the new Dominion. The Grand Trunk, Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific were built and commerce improved. Our universities grew in strength, and we were exchanging instead of buying professional and literary men. The British soldier was withdrawn and we filled our own garrisons and later sent troops to assist in Imperial wars.

All these things have given us a new place in the Empire. We respect it and it respects us because we respect both it and ourselves. The Canadian no longer acts like a business-runner or a bar-room politician. His geese are no longer swans. The false self-respect has given place to the true. He does not fear his deficiencies so much now since he knows his own value. He is no longer envious of the bargaining Yankee, nor will he ever be again. Self-respect has changed us, our conduct and our ambitions. It is no longer Canada for the Canadians, but Canada for the Empire.

Because it is Canada for the Empire, the future will see greater, perhaps unlimited, reciprocity in politics, militarism, production, and professional equipment. As the provinces became a Canada, so the colonies may become an Empire. There will be a universal registration in arts, law, medicine, theology; and our interests of all kinds will be identical. We shall be one people and all Britons.

FUTURE TRADE WITH THE EMPIRE

By Robert Munro, President Canadian Manufacturers' Ass'n

THE prominence at present being given to Inter-Colonial fast lines of steamers and all-British cables, constantly suggests the question of the future trade relation of Canada toward the Empire. The consideration is indeed pressed on us by the rapid march of events. Its solution is not sought with a view either to prophecy or speculation, but to guide toward a fuller vision of the opportunity for trade as it arises.

Unfortunately the enquiry is not one of universal acceptation. There are men among us who tell us that Canada is not in the race alongside more developed countries in competition for general trade. That for the products of field, forest and flood we are all right; let us attend well to these and be content. That Germany, the United States and Great Britain will take care of the remainder.

These men will scarcely believe that they are dating Canada back fifty years. That our Dominion occupies no mean place to-day in her external trade. That, in point of fact, our combined imports and exports for the year ending 31st December, 1901, exceed four hundred million dollars, which, divided by five and a half millions, give over $72.00 per capita, whereas the United States record only about $35.00. This fact cannot be too widely known, and alongside of it the parallel fact of the importance of the industrial quota both in our domestic and export trade. The figures of the manufacturing census for 1901 are not yet issued (and we have waited long for them) but estimating them relatively on basis of 1891, it is a safe statement to make that one-third of our population is already directly dependent on our manufacturing industries.

There is, however, another class of objection born of the last year or two, namely, that we are doing well in Canada and should give all heed to our home business, which will give us all we can do, and let the rest of the Empire do similarly. The mention of this view (and it is not infrequent) reminds us of the common objection made in Scotland thirty or forty years ago to Foreign Missions. Some said, "Get all the heathen at home set right first and then look abroad." The churches acted otherwise and the result is admitted now that more and better home-work has been done than if there had been no foreign work. In trade we must have the same experience. We are better for being obliged to compete with the world's traders. But apart from that, the pressure of expanding trade will not always be felt in Canada, and when the quiet time comes we will be glad of the assistance afforded by connections formed in other British possessions.

As the parent of the great principle of Preferential Trade within British possessions, Canada is bound to take a full share in that trade as it develops.

To-day this principle is Canadian, very soon it will be Inter-Colonial, and possibly sooner than many of us expect, it will be Imperial.

It is no question of party politics. Among our manufacturers men of all shades of politics agree generally on the business view of questions arising from the principle. No body of politicians advocates the total abolition of tariffs under the British flag. Discrimination in favour of British possessions is almost universally desired by Canadians, and the principle will be reciprocated gradually as the result of Inter-Colonial discussion, which will ensue whatever the issue of the present conference may be.

The fundamental consideration after all in dealing with our future relative trade position in the Empire must have regard to our resources, their extent, their variety and our facilities for de-

veloping them. Questions of transportation, cables and even tariffs will adjust themselves, the question of our future trade lies mainly in what we can economically produce in excess of our domestic requirements.

What will Canada have to spare for the Empire's markets? This is worth thinking out. What an inspiration it is to allow the mind to travel over the vast resources of these three and a half millions of square miles. How vast, how varied, how stupendous! How much richer the world will be for their development. How much richer Canada is now becoming as she labours on the fringe, or scratches on the surface, while the great width and depth are unexplored. Why is our trade so high per capita? Simply because the capitæ are so few, and why are they so few? Because the Dominion has been practically a *terra incognita* to the outside world.

What have we to spare? It were easier to answer what have we not! And yet the fact of our needs from without gives us the opportunity for reciprocal trade. We don't want to grow bananas and oranges, we would rather trade with our fellow Britons in the islands of the South. Nor sugar, for we can barter for it too. Wool we prefer to obtain in the same way, for our brethren at the Antipodes can supply it to better advantage. But practically all the world wants comes within the range of the gifts of Heaven to our fair Dominion. Our fields are wide enough to grow for all the Empire's buyers grain and fruit, and flesh and fowl, with all that these include. Our forests are past calculation, and perennial at that, with all the industries they suggest. Our fisheries already producing a surplus of over ten million dollars, and areas yet untouched. Our mines, minerals and chemicals, our gold and silver, copper and lead, our more precious coal and iron. And of not less importance even than the materials are the waterways for their cheap transportation, and water powers for their manufacture.

What then are the indications respecting Canada's future trade with the Empire? The first indication I take from the development of our iron and steel industries, and manufactures in other metals. This will immediately fit us to build and equip the fast steamers to be used in our intercourse with sister colonies, and for the interchange of commodities. Already we are adding rapidly to our facilities for the construction of lake and river steamers, for the demand is in advance of the supply. There is a wide gap ere we compete in ocean steamers, but it will be bridged and that right early.

Before steamships we might have set down steam and electric railway equipment. Already Canada is in evidence in street railways in England, in Jamaica and elsewhere. Locomotives, passenger and freight cars and rails are among our already established industries. Other industries represented under iron and steel, structural and implemental, cannot fail to be well represented by Canada in our Empire's markets.

Our advantages in lumber indicate favourable competition in all industries in which it forms a leading part, in building construction, finishing and furnishing; in vehicles, implements, pianos and organs, in pulp and paper, in the residual chemical products and wooden manufactures generally.

In short, the range of our natural products is so wide, and representing as it does the most important staples, it must follow that an immense range of manufactures in wood, metals and minerals, now actively competing for home consumption, with others yet to be developed, will compete for Imperial trade.

Our heaviest export tonnage must, however, be agricultural. Alike in territory, soil and climate, our Dominion is blest above any nation on the round world.

While our industries may experience steady development, they cannot in rapidity of expansion compare with the products of the soil. Of wheat, oats, barley, peas, oilcake, of cattle, of but-

ter and cheese, of hams, bacon and poultry, of canned goods, meats, fruits and vegetables, our surplus in the next decade will probably grow to very large proportions, especially if producers are careful to maintain the excellence of their products.

With good banking and commercial laws, with our commerce protected by the strong arm of all the Empire, the consideration of our commercial outlook may well make us proud of our country and inspire us each one to do his part in working out her destiny.

WHAT IS IMPERIALISM?

By John Reade, F.R.S.C.

THE present is one of the great historic moments in the life of our Empire. A few weeks ago joy spread like a flood over all the lands of the Imperial domains because Peace had come to pay her homage at the King's coronation. The long-looked-for day drew nigh and expectation had almost become fruition when there loomed up a dreadful barrier. The King was seriously, dangerously ill, and the coronation had to be postponed. The effect of that tidings was overwhelming, and for some days profound sorrow and intense anxiety prevailed. But when the crisis was passed and the attending physicians and surgeons began to give assurance of recovery, it was felt that, in a very real and pathetic sense, the coronation had, after all, taken place—that Edward VII had been crowned by the love and devotion of the millions who yield him allegiance.

The kingship of Victoria's heir is no common sovereignty. It adds a fresh variety to Guizot's categories of royalty. It is at once the oldest and the youngest of European monarchies. For fifteen centuries princes of King Edward's line have been shepherds of nations, nations ever growing in number and worth until to-day when a great part of the round world and those who dwell thereon are subject to their sceptre. But Edward VII is King of his people in a new sense—the sense of our democratic age, which is also the old, as old as the tongue we speak. He is the son of his race as well as its father and head, its chosen yet essential representative, reigning by right divine because he has recognized and defends the rights of men. It is this implied oneness of the King with his people that makes the word so dear to the users of English speech, and affixes to British monarchy its characteristic seal. The coronation pageant, symbolizing its evolution, is but show to substance, in comparison with what the King's illness has made us realize—the inseparable unity of King and people.

The truth thus brought home to us was made more significant by the message of peace. So gentle and kindly was its coming that one was tempted to forget the wretched tactics by which the struggle was prolonged. The British race has always respected a stubborn foe. By conflict at home and abroad the Empire has grown great and civilization has advanced. What foes were more inveterate than North Briton and Southron? Who fights more gladly for his King than the implacable Irishman? In his farewell message to South Africa, Lord Kitchener hails the hope that, when they fight again, Boer and Briton will fight shoulder to shoulder. The prospects seem fair—in contrast to the forebodings expressed in some quarters, marvellously fair. Still that there is some hazard of renewed racial feud is indicated by the demand of an important section of the community for a suspension of the Cape Constitution. Mr.

Chamberlain, hearkening to Sir Gordon Sprigg, has declined to entertain the proposal, and it is to be hoped that the Cape Premier will manifest the moderation that the situation requires.

The position of affairs is, in some respects, like that which followed the rebellion in Canada. Had an interval of rest intervened between the passage of the Union Act and the assumption of its constitutional privileges, some might argue that the Parliament House in Montreal would have escaped the brands of Mr. Fred Perry and his fellow-enthusiasts. Who can say? We hope that there will be no ultra-loyalist arson in Cape Colony. At any rate, in spite of Mr. Rhodes, of whose deathbed plea for suspension Dr. Jameson was the confidant, Mr. Chamberlain is determined to avoid Mr. Gladstone's mistake in making loyal men suffer for the sins of the disloyal. All but a handful of the spouting, agitating class will doubtless be only too glad to avail themselves of restored tranquillity to attend profitably to their own affairs and to take up anew the painfully severed thread of domestic life.

During the course of the war a good deal of discussion has had some phase of Imperialism for its theme. What do we mean by this word? Does it stand for a sentiment merely? Do we thereby imply simply that we are pleased to recall our kinship with the races that contributed to the making of the mighty British fabric? Does it signify nothing more than that we are proud of the rock—a very conglomerate rock—out of which we were hewn? Does it remind us of the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze? Does it help us to contemplate in imagination what would happen if that flag were humbled, and defiled and shorn of its rich heritage of power? Does it recall to us Canadians the grand refusal and the grand choice which, once made in an hour of crisis, was to keep Canada loyal to that ancient flag, after preparing a home for the founders of Ontario and other exiles for conscience' sake? Does it keep us faithful to the traditions which (as Dr. Scadding reminded us) made the letters U.E.L. so fraught with meaning as an anticipation, in the night of gloom and seeming abandonment, of the splendid noontide of Imperial power and prosperity?

Quick, indeed, with all these heirlooms of memory is the word Imperialism. But it has also a substantial, a practical meaning even for those who are prone to misunderstand it. Let us ask first what meaning it may have, in seeming and in reality, for our French-Canadian fellow-countrymen. In his admirable address on French-Canadian Patriotism, delivered on the 27th of April last, in the Monument National, Montreal, Mr. Henri Bourassa, M.P., asks: "If the treaty of Paris had preserved us to France, what would have become of us? Presuming that we should have escaped the bloody reign of the Terror, it is more than likely that Napoleon would have sold us to the Americans, as he sold the people of Louisiana. And if we had survived the Empire, how could we have accommodated ourselves to the present régime in France? We have preserved, more than our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, our character as Normans, as sons of Northern France. Instinctively we hate centralization, over-organization, legal militarism, and all that goes to constitute the essentially Imperialist régime that Bonaparte gave to modern France, and which the third Republic has maintained in all its integrity."

Now there is much in the foregoing passage with which the patriotic British-Canadian can cordially sympathize. Clearly Mr. Bourassa does not covet restoration to either Bourbon or post-revolutionary France. As for the re-establishment on this continent of a New France, independent and free, he admits that the picture is attractive, but knows that it is only a dream. Duty insists that Canadians should make Canada the centre of their hopes and efforts. But, while they should avoid wounding the susceptibilities of their British fellow-citizens, they should resist any attempt at the political ab-

sorption of Canada into the British Empire. And this not as Frenchmen, but as Canadians.

The dread that Mr. Bourassa identifies with British Imperialism is a phantom born of the haze in which he confounds two principles entirely distinct —the centralizing Napoleonic ideal and the "Imperium et Libertas," which is ours. Now one strong reason why our British Imperialism should be supported is because it is the surest safeguard against the centralization that Mr. Bourassa fears. Like a good many others of both sections of Canada's people, he is satisfied with the existing régime which, like the joyous brook, he would have go on forever, without any effort on our part.

We know of no more effective answer to this plea of *laissez faire* than an article published in this magazine some years ago by an able ex-colleague of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and since republished in his book on "The English in Africa." Judge Mills, asking his readers to consider the probable effects of the fall of England, supplies the missing sequel to Mr. Bourassa's argument. With French garrisons in Halifax and Quebec, with Russians in occupation of British Columbia, with New Zealand, Australia and India wrested from England's hands, the future would, Judge Mills thinks, look dark both for the United States and Canada. He gives his reasons, and those who read them will, we are sure, admit that the appeal of enlightened Imperialism to Colonial loyalty is justified. The whole eloquent passage on the Rights and Responsibilities of the Colonies, which closes the volume already mentioned, should be studied by those who would know what true Imperialism (or at least one important phase of it) really means, how far it is from inviting absorption and how necessary it is to secure the continued and unimpaired enjoyment of the constitutional rights that we now enjoy.

That the British Empire is the last word, the ultimate expression of mankind's highest aspirations, we need not and do not believe. But as a school of freedom and of the political virtues we know of nothing better either in history or modern practice. As a transition stage to the millennial state it deserves to be supported, and if necessary, fought for.

A NERO OF THE TRANSVAAL

By Andrew Miller, Strathcona's Horse

HISTORY tells of atrocities committed whereby thousands were tortured or put to cruel death to satisfy the ambition of some tyrant of bygone ages. We like to think of these things as associated with a period of the world's history which can never return. That such a condition of affairs should have existed in any portion of the civilized world until within two years ago, seems improbable, yet in the north-eastern portion of the Transvaal colony there has lived a tyrant as cruel as any Nero, and compared with whom the Sultan of Turkey is a saint. His name is Erasmus—the same General Erasmus whose capture by General Bruce Hamilton was reported by Lord Kitchener on January 3rd. For years before the present war broke out he had been the personal friend and counsellor of Paul Kruger, the deposed President of the Transvaal. He was a man who would shrink at nothing which promised to secure for him riches or position.

Erasmus was first appointed landrost at Lydenburg, but rose so rapidly in Kruger's favour that within a few years—about 1876—he was created the representative head of the Transvaal Government in the Lydenburg district,

exercising almost unlimited powers over a territory as large as the Province of New Brunswick. He made and unmade magistrates, controlled the entire machinery of the law within the district, guarded the mining rights and levied and exacted taxes from the natives. It was to the performance of the latter duty that he chiefly applied himself. Within the district over which he had jurisdiction lived forty thousand natives of the Kaffir, Zulu, Basuto and Tonga Indian races. Upon each of these a tax was levied, ranging from ten shillings to ten pounds sterling per head, according to the number of cattle each native possessed.

Over these natives he ruled a veritable tyrant. His word was law. Before him they cowered as slaves. None dared to court his displeasure, knowing full well that imprisonment, torture, and perhaps death would be his reward for so doing. They were in utter subjection to him. He could impose such taxes as he wished and they had no redress. And he did so. Never since the whites shared with the native races the soil of Southern Africa has a greater extortionist lived. A force of thirty constables collected the native tax. Cruelty and heartlessness were the prominent traits of their character. Each had his separate territory to oversee. No native had long arrived before the constable had his name enrolled and demanded payment of the tax. Not a native could leave the district without the permission of Erasmus and then not before he had a clear tax sheet. Some who did make their escape without such permission were followed. Once caught, they knew their fate. A severe sjamboking was the lightest punishment, and in not a few cases the passing of red-hot irons over their naked arms and legs was the punishment meted out. Natives will show these burns to this day. Oftener this native tax was paid in cattle than in Transvaal gold, in which case the sleek native bovines were, in value, underestimated with a single Kruger sovereign, although on the Johannesburg market the same cattle would have commanded eight sovereigns per head. From eight to ten thousand cattle, it is claimed, were corralled by Erasmus' agents yearly, and these their new owner marketed at the Golden City, two hundred miles away, at ruling market prices. Thus on cattle alone he stood to gain about a quarter of a million dollars a year. Before the war broke out he was reputed to be the wealthiest man in South Africa—Cecil Rhodes not excepted—his wealth being computed at ten million pounds sterling.

As a magistrate, Erasmus is said to have been the most heartless of individuals. Natives tell many tales of his cruelty and injustice. For the theft of a pair of guinea-fowl he is said to have ordered the clipping of the ear-tips of the hapless native found guilty of the offence. Evidence of this cruelty was seen upon a native who surrendered himself to the British during the victorious march of General Buller's army through the Lydenburg district in September, 1900. Even the punishments of the age of the Inquisition were revived, as natives were frequently subjected to the cruelties of the thumb-screw. Not a few deformed hands may be seen among the natives to-day which are attributed to such cruelties imposed by this tyrant. Other natives were marked with a hot iron and thus branded as a thief among their fellows.

Before ex-President Kruger, in October, 1899, issued his famous ultimatum, Erasmus was summoned to Pretoria. To him was entrusted the mobilization and arming of the burghers in the north-eastern Transvaal. This accomplished, he marched a commando of four thousand men down to the Natal frontier, where he joined the main Boer force under the command of General Joubert. He shared in the Boer successes which preceded the British retreat upon Ladysmith, and fought through the engagements at the Tugela. When General Buller eventually forced his way to the relief of Ladysmith and had sent the Boer army in retreat northward, Erasmus was des-

patched to the Lydenburg district to recruit more men to assist in stemming the advance of the British. He enlisted every available burgher and then, contrary to the custom of Boer Generals up to that time, forced the natives to take up arms against the British. From the Lydenburg district alone he pressed two thousand natives into service, an order which few dared to disobey, although they looked upon the British as their coming emancipators from a state worse than slavery. He later became the leading commissariat officer of the Boer army.

The line of railway running through the northern Transvaal and Portuguese territory to the sea-coast town of Lorenzo Marques, was yet in possession of the Boers and by it supplies of arms, ammunition and provisions were brought in in large quantities for the use of the fighting burghers. As the British drew near Pretoria, the gold of the Transvaal treasury was also shipped out by this route and forwarded to Europe for safe keeping. All this work Erasmus superintended. The mountain caves of the Lydenburg district were made the storehouse of Boer army supplies. If driven from every other portion of their country the Boers thought it would be impossible for a British army to penetrate the mountain fastnesses around Lydenburg, and felt that there they were secure. When the burghers in August, 1900, made their courageous stand at Machadodorp on the border of these mountains, and were routed by General Buller's forces, after an all-day fight, Erasmus was the man who endeavoured to check their precipitous flight. He in some measure succeeded, but never since has as large a force of burghers faced a British column as at that engagement, which cleared the way to the British for a march on to Lydenburg.

Erasmus has been looked upon as the most irreconcilable of Boers. Knowing that the annexation of the Transvaal to the British Empire marked the downfall of his power and influence and the loss of a position which was to him the stepping-stone to wealth, his determination to fight to the bitter end is not a matter of wonder.

Twenty miles north of Lydenburg is Krugersdorp, the home of Erasmus, where he for so many years wielded such power and amassed his wealth. Krugersdorp is located in the centre of the Origstol Valley—a stretch of low-lying country, seventy miles in length and varying in width from two to five miles, fenced in by mountains on all sides. This valley is noted for the fertility of its soil and for its extensive cattle raising. Krugersdorp itself is named after the ex-President, who often honoured the place with a visit, and frequently accompanied Erasmus on his annual lion and zebra hunts down by the border of Portuguese territory. The home of Erasmus is a commodious stone building with spacious rooms, each room with its fireplace and heavy articles of wooden furniture. Up to the destruction of the place by war, relics of the chase adorned the walls, the heads of leopards, lions and tigers looking down defiantly upon the visitor. Upon the uncarpeted floors of the rooms were spread the skins of these species of animals. In one room larger than the others, was a museum of modest dimensions where, in addition to animals preserved by the taxidermist's art, were many bright-plumed birds. Among the lordly animals of the African forest here found was a species of leopard, the gift to Erasmus of Selous, the well-known African hunter, who more than once has been the former's guest. In the centre of the house is a hallway of unusual width, through which a whole squadron of horse could march in section formation.

Surrounding this palatial home is a grove of orange, lemon and pear trees, through which two driveways wind, leading towards the main road to Lydenburg which passes close by. Beyond the grove tall eucalyptus trees form on all sides a border of foliage, reaching skyward. Here it is the "King of the Origstol Valley," as he is called, lived in luxury and contentment. It is pleasant to know that the Nero of the Transvaal can no longer follow his furious practices.

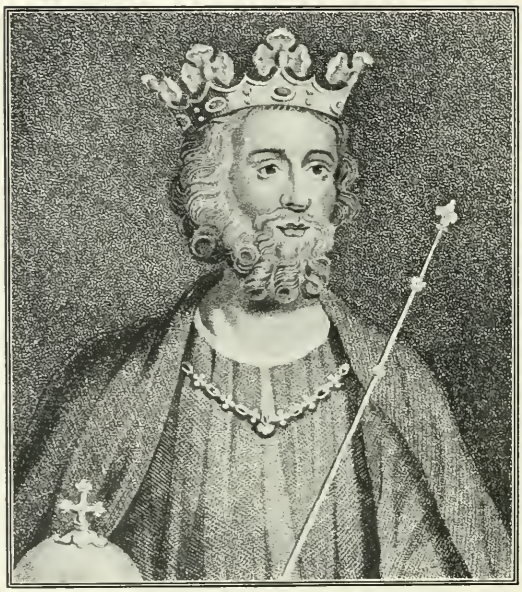
KING EDWARD THE FIRST—CROWNED 1279

THE SEVEN EDWARDS

By A. H. U. Colquhoun

KINGS are not given their names through caprice or accident. When Henry III called his eldest son Edward it was to revive the memory of the Confessor, avowedly as a tribute to piety, more probably on grounds of policy. The Plantagenets desired to keep alive their claim of being the rightful successors of the Saxon monarchy. The oath taken by Edward II for example, at his coronation, confirmed to the English people their ancient liberties, "especially the laws and customs and franchises granted to the clergy and to the people by the glorious King, Saint Edward, your predecessor."

If the claim had been more than crafty pretence, the son of Henry would have been crowned Edward II, and the tradition descending to our own time would have made his present Majesty Edward VIII. The revival of the name now is, in many respects, a good stroke of state. The seven Edwards recall to the English some of the most noteworthy and glorious events in their annals. The Scotch, it is true, have no share in the retrospect, except such as their national pride might refuse to acknowledge. But you cannot please everybody, and the Scotch have the memory of Bannockburn to console them.



KING EDWARD THE SECOND—CROWNED 1307

Edward I is a somewhat shadowy figure, looking back across six centuries and a half of time, but he fills the part of a national hero if ever a king did. His physical strength and great stature were the visible signs of considerable mental power and, upon the whole, a noble character. His exploits as a Crusader against the Mohammedans, loyalty to his weak father at home, and an admirable personal life, are wholly in his favour. But history gives him most credit for his remarkable military successes over the Welch and the Scotch, and for his labours as a lawgiver. He is called the "English Justinian." The conquest of Wales and Scotland was complete for the time being, but brought out the cruel side of the king's character. In improving and codifying the laws respecting trade, feudal abuses, and other pressing grievances, Edward I exhibited his best qualities, which were essentially constructive and reforming. A strong ruler, he was frugal without being miserly, religious rather than superstitious, and his strict morality avoided asceticism. Such a king was rare in that age. The England of the 13th century, however, was but a small country with scarce 2,000,000 of people, who followed pastoral pursuits in primitive fashion. Upon that limited stage Edward I played his part well, and the English people may look back with satisfaction to a reign when law, the beginnings of a free Parliament, and the assertion of civil rights were outstanding features.

Under Edward II much of his father's work collapsed. He was quite unfitted to rule. The weak amiability of the Confessor and some of the piety were in his composition, but the national conditions differed entirely. A strong

KING EDWARD THE THIRD—CROWNED 1327

hand was required. Yet, as one historian expresses it, "a more complete ninny than Edward II has seldom occupied a throne." An unworthy favourite, Gaveston, a false wife, turbulent barons, and Edward's devotion to amusements instead of business, soon brought disaster. You are shown to-day the tower-room in Berkeley Castle where the wretched king, deposed, friendless and tortured, was hideously done to death. If your credulity will stand the test, the iron weapon which was plunged red-hot into the victim's vitals and the bed on which he lay are still to be seen. Shown also is the dark dungeon where Edward was kept before his murder. There is perhaps in all history no example of such severe punishment for mere indolence and incapacity. The king, practically with his own consent, was deposed. Parliament passed a bill and his subjects were formally absolved from their allegiance. Even his authority over his servants was taken away and the steward of the royal household broke his staff of office. There was nothing left but to get rid of a king shorn of all place and power, so this was done with revolting cruelty and 13th century despatch.

The strong type reappears with Edward III, whose reign is another period of importance in English history. By his vigour, and the aid of his martial son, the Black Prince—another national hero bearing the name of Edward—the king waged war against France and Scotland. The battles of Crecy and Poitiers belong to this period, and the Hundred Years' War with France begins. These wars, causing intense misery in three countries, were only useful in promoting the growth of Parliamentary influence

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH—CROWNED 1461

and stirring up the people against the evils in the Church. If the Black Prince had outlived his father, England would probably have enjoyed the rule of another Edward as able and enlightened as the first. But it was not to be. Edward III in his old age fell under the sway of Alice Perrers, and fell from his former high estate. In contemporary opinion he was a great king, as a warrior, a promoter of large enterprises, a lover of the chase, and a patron of architecture. Froissart the chronicler, dazzled by his exploits, thought no English king so distinguished had sat on the throne since the days of Arthur. But Edward III left a fatal legacy to his successors in the claim to the French throne. His death-bed is a painful climax to a career so stirring and brilliant. Alone with the priest, deserted by his mistress, who fled with the very rings from the king's fingers, Edward heard at last the plain truth from his confessor, that he had grievously sinned against his people, his country, his God. It was safe to say these things to an old warrior dying and speechless. He ought to have heard them earlier.

With the death of Edward III, this first century of the Edwards, 1274 to 1377, came to an end, and there was the space of another hundred years before a king of that name appeared on the scene. Many things had happened meanwhile. The attempt to conquer France had failed. England was seething with revolt and discontent. The civil war between the Yorkist and Lancastrian factions had broken out, and in 1461, by the aid of Warwick the King-maker, Edward IV ascended the throne. He possessed military genius enough to regain and hold his throne when Warwick's treachery re-

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE LAMBETH LIBRARY

KING EDWARD THE FIFTH—WAS TO BE CROWNED 1483, BUT WAS MURDERED

stored the Lancastrians. Handsome of person, generous unless betrayed or attacked, and without the instincts of a despot, there is much in Edward IV to admire. His love-match with Elizabeth Woodville, whose relatives filled all the chief posts in the State, drove the older nobility into revolt. But the London merchants were the king's staunch allies, and the mass of the people were not dissatisfied. Every kind of expedient for raising money, short of direct tyranny, was resorted to. The king's personal graces stood him in good stead. Once he visited in person a rich widow who gave him a benevolence of £20 for "his pretty face," and doubled the sum when he kissed her. Tax-gathering in our day lacks variety and charm.

A more pitiful tragedy than the fate of his young son, Edward V, is not to be found in romance or history. He was thirteen when his father died in 1484. The picture of him preserved in the Lambeth library is that of a mere child in crown and robe. His ruthless uncle, Richard III, was the first to take the oath of fealty to the boy monarch, and rode before him bareheaded in the royal procession into London. This was in April. The coronation was fixed for June 22, but it never took place. Parliament was summoned for June 25, but no regular meeting was held. A royal speech for the occasion was actually composed and still exists, but the young king who was to have read it was a prisoner in the Tower, and soon to be murdered. His uncle and sworn protector seized the crown, on the pretence that Edward IV's marriage with Elizabeth Woodville was invalid, and sent assas-

FROM THE HOLBEIN PAINTING

KING EDWARD THE SIXTH—ASCENDED THRONE 1547

sins to make away with the young king and his brother.

So hideous a tale even for those dark days has been doubted and efforts made to defend Richard III from the charge of murdering his nephews. The "murder of the princes in the Tower" has been attacked as a popular fable. It is interesting to glance at the evidence as it has come down to us. The Shakespearian view of Richard III, as a monster of cruelty, is fairly well borne out. The chief credible witness is Sir Thomas More, who was but eight years old then, but who is believed to have learned the facts from Archbishop Morton who played a leading part in the events. The manuscript of More's history was found among his papers after his death and printed in 1557 by his son-in-law, Rastell. There is also the evidence of contemporary foreigners, some of it in correspondence from London, who asserted that Richard ordered the murders. This was the common belief of his own subjects who turned against him in consequence. Further corroboration is the confession, 18 years later, of Sir Wm. Tyrrel, Richard III's master of horse. By order of the king he had been given the keys of the Tower for one night, and, acting under his instructions, the murderers —Forrest, who had charge of the princes' sleeping apartment, and Dighton, a groom—entered the chamber and smothered the two lads with pillows as they lay asleep. Tyrrel said the bodies were hastily buried that night in the Tower. Two centuries later this part of the story was confirmed by the finding of two bodies under the staircase as you ascend to the Norman

chapel in the White Tower. Little Edward V's brief reign lasted two months.

The name of Edward VI is associated in the English mind with the Reformation in the Church of England. The boy king of ten makes a pathetic figure surrounded by grave counsellors who were hurrying the country through one of the most far-reaching revolutions in religion. He was precocious and clever, writing and speaking Latin and translating into Greek with ease. He kept a diary, the manuscript of which is in the British Museum, and this record is an authority for some of the events of the period. There is a quaint note about his elder sister who succeeded him on the throne. In March, 1550, he wrote:

"The Lady Mary, my sister, came to me at Westminster where, after salutations, she was called with my council, into a chamber, where was declared how long I had suffered her mass, in hope of her reconciliation, and how now being no hope, which I perceived by her letters, except I saw some short amendment I could not bear it."

It is idle to speculate on what would have happened if the boy had outlived his sisters. To realize the course of English history without the Marian persecutions and Elizabeth's reign is impossible.

KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH—ASCENDED THE THRONE 1901

His Majesty Edward VII has reached the age of 61, and 350 years have passed away since a predecessor of that name occupied the throne. It is possible that the younger generation of to-day may live to see his grandson crowned as Edward VIII.

ALEXANDRA

LADY, on whose imperial brow doth rest
This Crown of England, emblem of our faith,
By which we knew that no mere shadowy wraith
Was that vast bond which knit us East and West,
And North and South, till in one lonely breast
Echoed the loyal love of half mankind;
Of that great heritage she left behind,
Lady, art thou inviolably possest.

'Tis meet we love thee: that of England's sons
The least in thy defence would serve: 'tis meet
The garnering winds lay homage at thy feet
Of all this world; that, wheresoever runs
In English veins the pride of English blood,
Our Queen be crowned the rose of womanhood.

THE QUEENS OF EUROPE

By Margaret Sherrington

I—QUEEN ALEXANDRA

DURING the long years she has spent in England as Princess of Wales, Queen Alexandra has endeared herself in a thousand ways to the people over whom she now reigns as Queen-Consort; and since that eventful March day in 1863, when she came as the bride-elect of the Prince of Wales, all hearts have warmed towards her. The time that has elapsed since her arrival in England and her husband's accession, in the early days of 1901, has only served to make her more and more beloved. Such adoration as is felt for her has rarely been equalled, and never, surely, has a Queen come to the throne bearing with her deeper and more loyal affection than is showered upon the Consort of King Edward VII.

Queen Alexandra belongs to the ancient family of Holstein-Oldenburg, which for hundreds of years occupied the throne of Denmark. The families of the Dukes of Holstein date back to the beginning of German history.

On the maternal side Her Majesty is related to her husband's family, inasmuch as the late Duchess of Cambridge was her grandfather's sister. Remembering this, and the fact that the King of Denmark is not by birth a member of the Danish Royal family, it is a mistake to suppose that Queen Alexandra is essentially a Dane.

King Christian, her father, belongs to the House of Glucksburg, one of the younger and collateral lines which have shared with the Kings of Denmark the rulership of Schleswig or Holstein. The full title of the branch to which he belongs is Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg. He had no direct claim to the throne, but was elected by the voice of the people, and his election came about in this way. The Royal line of Denmark, which sprang from Frederick I, King of Denmark and Duke of Holstein (born in 1471), became extinct in the person of King Frederick VII. When the extinction of direct heirs to the throne from the eldest branch of the House of Holstein became evident, considerable curiosity was naturally felt regarding a probable successor. Claims came in from various pretenders, and from candidates with more or less right to election. The choice eventually fell upon Christian, third brother of Duke Charles of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg.

Born in 1818 (April 8th), he married at Copenhagen, on May 26th, 1842, Louise Wilhelmina Freidrike Caroline Auguste Julie, who was born on Sept. 7th, 1817, and was a daughter of the Landgrave Wilhelm of Hesse-Cassel. Prince Christian received the title of Prince of Denmark, and was appointed in May, 1852, successor to the Danish throne, receiving for himself and his heirs the title of Royal Highness.

Thus, then, did Princess Alexandra become a Royal Princess of Denmark. Christian IX ascended the throne on

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA

November 15th, 1863, in the same year that his eldest daughter became Princess of Wales.

Curiously enough Prince George, now King of the Hellenes, came to the throne, like his father, not by right of inheritance, but by election.

At the time when the King of Denmark was only a poor princeling, the home-life of Princess Alexandra was of the simplest description. Many are the stories that are told of how she and her sisters used to cut out, make and renovate their frocks. They were trained in useful, practical arts, as well as in other accomplishments, and from

Queen Louise inherited a taste and aptitude for music and the needle. A favourite and well-known photograph shows the late Queen Louise and her three daughters playing quartettes together at two pianos.

No happier family circle ever existed than that of the King and Queen of Denmark and their children, and their affection for one another forms a beautiful page in their history.

The lovely old castles of Bernstorff and Fredensborg were homes at which the Danish Royal family spent a good deal of time in a thoroughly unconventional manner. A story is told of how the three young Princesses once insisted on climbing on to a cart that was dragging stones to a dumping-place, and coaxed the driver to let them sit in his homely vehicle each time that it was unloaded and taken back to be recharged. They were perfectly happy in such simple pleasures as picking wild flowers in the country around and chatting with the peasants.

Princess Alexandra was scarcely seventeen when she first met the Prince of Wales, and the event is stated to have taken place at Worms.

The romantic story of how the Prince fell in love with the Princess will bear retelling. His Royal Highness, whilst out shooting with a party of friends, fell in love with a photograph which one of his companions drew from his pocket—a photograph of a girl in a simple white muslin gown and loose white jacket, with a black velvet ribbon round her throat, and hair smoothed back from the brow. "And who may this beautiful girl be?" asked the Prince. "The daughter of the Prince of Denmark," was the reply. A few days later the Prince of Wales again encountered the same lovely face at the house of a certain duchess. Then and there he imparted the secret of his admiration to a confidential friend, and despatched him with credentials to the Court of Denmark to judge if the Princess were as fair as her portrait presented her. Needless to say, the answer was in the affirmative. Soon afterwards the Prince made arrangements to visit the Continent, intending to become acquainted with Princess Alexandra. His introduction came about unexpectedly in the Cathedral at Worms.

The Princess's wedding took place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on March 10th, 1863, the bride being attended by eight bridesmaids. The honeymoon was spent at Osborne House.

The early years of Her Majesty's married life were much taken up with her children—Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and the three Princesses—Louise (the Duchess of Fife), Victoria, and Maud (Princess Charles of Denmark). A third son, born in the spring of 1871, lived only a few hours, and his death was the first sorrow that married life brought her.

The next came with the illness of the King, who, attacked with typhoid fever, lay at death's door for days and weeks. That was in the winter of 1871-2, and on February 27th a Thanksgiving Service was held at St. Paul's.

Other great troubles of Queen Alexandra's life have been the loss of her eldest son, the Duke of Clarence, and of her mother, Queen Louise—crushing blows from which it took her long to recover.

Her life since her marriage has been passed chiefly between Sandringham, Marlborough House, and Denmark. With the utmost regularity she has paid periodical visits to the home of her girlhood, usually spending several weeks in the spring and autumn of the year at Fredensborg. She used to stay a good deal at Abergeldie at one time, but of late years has paid only brief visits to Scotland.

One of the most memorable of her travels was the tour in Egypt in 1869, when she paid amusing visits to "bazaars" and enjoyed the fun of making her purchases under the name of "Mrs. Williams," driving her bargains with all the air of a person in humble birth, riding donkeys and camels, and painting her face Egyptian fashion.

Queen Alexandra has been an enthusiastic patron of hospitals, and has

gone time after time to the wards and given with her own hands toys to the children and fruit and flowers to the older patients, and she always encouraged her children in similar sympathetic acts. She has given her special interest to the cure of lupus by the treatment of light as practised in Denmark, and out of her own pocket gave the necessary sum—some hundreds of pounds—for the erection of a light for the cure in London.

Sandringham is Her Majesty's favourite home, and when her children were young she spent many a happy hour with them in her Model Dairy or Swiss Cottage, watching with interest as they were instructed in the homely arts of churning and cooking. She herself turned out delicious little tea-cakes and pats of butter.

A handicraft in which she excels is wood-carving, and specimens of her work have often been on view at exhibitions. The Technical Schools at Sandringham, where wood-carving, *repoussé* work, and other handicrafts are taught, have dozens of times been honoured by a visit from the Queen.

Her Majesty's chief hobby is photography. On the return of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall—now the Prince and Princess of Wales—from their long tour, she was to be seen at Portsmouth, kodak in hand, taking snapshots of the *Ophir* and the Royal travellers. Wherever she goes she is accompanied by her kodak.

Countless are the charities which have received the support of Queen Alexandra. It is impossible to enumerate one tithe of them. She has also been most generous in giving up time to the laying of foundation-stones, attending inaugural ceremonies, giving away prizes.

On the occasion of her second visit to Ireland she received the honorary degree of Doctor of Music, the ceremony taking place at the Royal University, Dublin. Never, perhaps, did Her Majesty look more charming than when dressed in her academic robe of white silk, and her black velvet cap with its gold tassel.

Her Majesty, it seems, has one fault—she is a very bad sitter. Poor Mr. Frith, who was commissioned to paint the wedding scene in St. George's Chapel, was at his wit's end to know how to intimate to his Royal sitter that she did not give him the opportunity of taking a portrait of her. In despair, he told his trouble to the Prince of Wales, who said, with a twinkle:

"You should scold her."

Shortly afterwards, in the presence of the Princess, the Prince asked Mr. Gibson, the sculptor, how he found Her Royal Highness as a sitter. Mr. Gibson took the easiest way out of the dilemma. He shook his head.

"There, you see," said the Prince, in good-natured rebuke, "you sit properly neither to Mr. Gibson nor to Mr. Frith."

Whereupon the Princess impulsively exclaimed: "I do! I do! You are two bad men!" And she shook her head at her accusers.

Another anecdote tells of a day when Queen Alexandra and her daughters were roaming about the lanes of Norfolk and were overtaken by a shower. They sought shelter in an inn at Hunstanton. When the clouds had drifted and the Royal ladies were preparing to depart, the landlord brought forth the visitors' book and asked the ladies to write their names in it—possibly suspecting their identity. The Queen was equal to the occasion, and made the following entry:

"Mrs. Wales and family of three daughters enjoyed their stay here very much, and they regret extremely not being able to prolong it this season."

Queen Alexandra is quite remarkable for her youthful appearance. Time seems to stand still with her, and she rivals many a younger woman for her skin, figure, and smooth face. She is devoted to her little grandchildren, and they in turn idolize her.

As daughter, wife, and mother, her Majesty has led a most perfect life. It is her own individuality, apart from her social position, which is responsible for that wonderful and heartwhole affection lavished upon her by all classes.

II—THE CZARINA

IT is a big step from the position of a girlish Princess, of comparatively humble means, and brought up in an essentially quiet, domesticated household in Darmstadt, to that of Empress of Russia, with its heavy responsibilities, dazzling brilliance, wealth, and perils, and it is small wonder that Princess Alix of Hesse hesitated before accepting the suit that, if favoured, would necessarily bring with it the harassing life that is inseparable from the exalted position of a Czarina.

Although Nicholas II was only heir-apparent when he wooed Princess Alix, it was an Emperor, not a Czarewitch, that she wedded, his accession taking place a few months after his engagement.

The Czarina is the youngest child of the late Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse, the Duchess being, of course, the ever-lamented Princess Alice of England, whose beautiful character the Czarina inherits in a marked degree.

Perhaps no Princess in modern history has known the pinch of poverty so well as did Princess Alice, whose pathetic letters tell many a tale of economy and contrivance practised. It is easy to believe, therefore, that the Czarina's youth was passed in the most frugal home, and that she led the quiet life of the ordinary German or English girl of the middle-class. A shilling a week was all that she was allowed for pocket-money until after her confirmation, when the allowance was doubled. She was brought up more after the fashion of an English girl than a German girl. Her nurse, Mrs. Orchard, was English, and she also had an English governess, Miss Jackson.

Princess Alix combined the true English love of outdoor sports and pastimes with the musical talent of the German nation, and early developed a gift for art in various forms, being particularly clever with her pencil and brush. At the same time she was instructed in many of the domestic arts, such as cooking, cake-making, plain and fancy sewing, and used to execute the most delicate embroideries. She was born at Darmstadt on June 6, 1872.

Princess Alice made frequent allusions to her youngest daughter in after-letters—"Alicky," she used to call her. "She is a sweet, merry little person," she once wrote, "always laughing, and with a deep dimple in one cheek, just like Ernie" [the present Grand Duke of Hesse]. And on another occasion Princess Alice remarked: "She is quite the personification of her nickname, 'Sunny.'" The little Princess was so bright and joyous that she was called "Princess Sonnenschein."

Princess Alix was only six years old when she lost her mother, and, as her elder sisters grew up and married, she became more and more the companion of her father. When he died she stayed a good deal with her sisters, and at the house of the Grand Duchess Serge she was thrown into the company of the present Czar, then the Czarewitch. He had been fond of Princess Alix for years. Indeed, it is said that his affection for her dated back to the time when she was a child of twelve, and they met at the Grand Duchess Serge's wedding.

The late Czar, it seems, favoured one of the Montenegrin princesses as a future Empress of Russia, and when he found the Czarewitch was setting his affections in another direction he sent him on a tour round the world, in the hope that fresh scenes would bring fresh thoughts.

But the Czarewitch was not to be turned from his purpose, and on returning to Russia won over the Grand Duchess Serge and the Duchess of Saxe Coburg-Gotha to plead his cause with the Czar and Queen Victoria, who eventually gave their consent to the engagement. The Queen had never been an actual opponent of the marriage, but Princess Alix was delicate and young, and the perils of a Russian throne were great, and for these reasons Her Majesty would have preferred that her granddaughter, of

HER MAJESTY THE CZARINA

whom she was extremely fond, should have chosen a life of less anxiety.

Another grave reason for objection was the change of religion that such a marriage would involve on the bride's part, and this weighed heavily with Princess Alix herself, and made her waver over and over again in her decision. She clung to the Evangelical faith in which she had been brought up, while an Empress of Russia must necessarily embrace the Greek Orthodox Church. However, heart ultimately prevailed—for the marriage was purely an *affaire du cœur* on both sides.

Before starting for the Coburg fes-

tivities the Czarewitch said to his parents: "I am determined at last to receive an answer from her lips."

Princess Alix was won, but it is stated that earnest discussions took place between the lovers on the subject of conversion before the engagement was announced.

Even then religious scruples began to trouble her later, and it seemed almost doubtful if the marriage would really take place. But the Czarewitch was so earnest and persistent, and Princess Alix was so fond of him, that her hesitation was finally overcome. Then she devoted herself to a close study of the Russian language.

Shortly after this came disturbing rumours about the health of the Czar Alexander III, to be followed soon afterwards by Princess Alix's departure for Livadia, where she helped the sorrowful Empress to nurse the dying monarch, and, at his wish, consented that the betrothal ceremony should be carried out without delay.

On being received into the Greek Church, Princess Alix was given the title of Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorovna. This was one of the most trying periods in the young girl's life, and she won the sympathy of everybody for the peculiarly sad circumstances in which she was placed. At a time that should be, under ordinary circumstances, one of exceptional happiness, the young Princess and her affianced husband were overshadowed by a great sorrow, which naturally robbed their wedding of much of its brilliance. Added to this was the ordeal that Princess Alix was compelled to undergo of her change of religion, to say nothing of her change of position, of parting with old friends, leaving her own country, and taking up life in a comparatively strange land, and among people of whose ways she had yet to learn. Much is expected of an Empress, and the young Princess's task was no light one.

The Emperor Alexander was dead, and the wedding of the new Emperor was, in consequence, celebrated very quietly. It took place in the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, on November 26th, 1894, not a month after the Czar Alexander's death. The Czarina was twenty-two, the Czar twenty-six, at the time of their marriage.

How wise was the Czar's choice of a Consort has been proved time after time since the wedding. The Czarina is a woman of cool judgment and great power in discerning character. She thinks before she acts, and her advice is always so good and so well-balanced that in her the Czar has found a true helpmate in every sense of the word. She takes life very seriously—as, indeed, who in her place would not?—but she is invariably cheerful and amiable, willing to listen to other people's troubles, and is of the most unselfish character. She is rather above than below medium height, has beautiful regular features, and shares with her sister, the Grand Duchess Serge, the reputation of being one of the loveliest of Queen Victoria's grandchildren. She appears to have completely outgrown her delicacy, and has also lost the slight, fragile appearance that distinguished her as a girl. Her expression is somewhat pensive but very sweet, and there is about her an air of quiet dignity that well becomes her position without in the least bordering on coldness. She has borne on her shoulders the weight of her position in a marvellously cool and confident manner, and it is not too much to say that many of the Czar's best-judged actions have originated from his beautiful Consort.

One of the Czarina's most earnest endeavours has been to ameliorate the lot of the poorer classes of women, and for this purpose she has made herself *au fait* with the Poor Laws of the country, and has been the means of doing much good.

Perhaps the happiest hours of the Empress's life are those spent in the nursery with her four sweet little daughters, the Grand Duchesses Olga, Tatiana, Anastasia, and Marie. The nation has been disappointed that the Czar has no son, but the Emperor

and Empress themselves love their little daughters just as dearly as if they had been heirs to the Crown, though, no doubt, they too would like to secure the throne for a child of their own. On the birth of the Grand Duchess Olga the Czar is reported to have said that he was glad the child was a girl, "because," said he, "had our child been a boy he would have belonged to the people; being a girl, she belongs to us." This little girl bears a strong resemblance to her mother, while her sister Tatiana is totally different in lineament, and is more like the Czar.

One of the most beautiful of the Royal country palaces is that of Peterhof, in the grounds of which are innumerable waterfalls and fountains. The Czarkoë Seloe is another perfect palace, where the Czar and his family spend the summer months.

The Czarina, although surrounded with the most luxurious homes of any European Queen, remains perfectly simple in her tastes. She used to be almost Puritanical in her love of simplicity so far as it affects dress, and it was with the utmost difficulty that she could be persuaded so choose a *trousseau* befitting an Empress of Russia. Even now she despises over-elaborateness in dress; and although her own wardrobe is necessarily carried out on a magnificent scale, she sets no extravagant fashions to those about her.

III—QUEEN SOPHIE OF SWEDEN

OWING to delicate health, Queen Sophie of Sweden has for several years past been compelled to forego active participation in many of the social entertainments in which she would otherwise have taken part, and to live a quiet, retired life.

She is one of the most amiable of Sovereign ladies, and bears her sufferings with a fortitude and patience that speak much for her unselfishness, resignation, and sweetness of disposition.

Queen Sophie was born at Biebrich on July 9th, 1836, being the daughter of the Duke of Nassau. She was brought up unostentatiously, but great attention was paid to the selection of her teachers and to her general education. She was extremely clever, and soon displayed a special gift for languages; before she was twenty she could speak three or four tongues fluently. As a girl she was rather shy and studious, and her parents little thought that their reserved, unambitious little Sophie would one day make a marriage that would place her on one of the thrones of Europe. But such was the fate in store for her.

Prince Charming came in the person of Prince Oscar of Sweden, the third son of King Oscar I. At the time of Prince Oscar's birth his father was only the Crown Prince, and his grandfather, King Charles John, occupied the throne. The chances, therefore, that this third son of the then Crown Prince would be called upon to reign were somewhat remote, and he was allowed to follow his own inclination as regards a career. He chose a sailor's life, and at the age of eleven entered the Swedish navy, and later made some interesting voyages. At the same time he wrote a good deal of poetry, and has continued a poet to this day.

Scorning to gain prejudiced success on account of rank rather than merit, the Sailor-Prince sent in anonymously to the Swedish Academy of Science a poem for competition. It was called "Memoirs of the Swedish Fleet," and it won the prize.

It was the sudden death of his brother Gustav, in 1852, that caused Prince Oscar to come more into prominence as a possible Swedish King, his brother Charles's marriage having, up to that period, proved childless. Prince Oscar, Duke of Ostro-Gotha, as he was called, was heartwhole, and his father, in order to give him the opportunity of choosing a bride to

HER MAJESTY QUEEN SOPHIE OF SWEDEN

his liking, sent him on a trip to the Courts of Europe. In the course of the grand tour he arrived at the little Court of Wied, where he first saw Princess Sophie of Nassau. He fell in love with her then and there, and after a few months had passed he proposed to her and was accepted. Their meeting is told in King Oscar's poem "Monrepos," the name of the Prince of Wied's family castle.

On June 6th, 1857, Princess Sophie became Duchess of Ostro-Gotha, and Prince Oscar led his "angel bright and good" to her new home.

For more than a year they lived a

quiet, uneventful life—save for the birth of a baby boy—Prince Oscar devoting himself to literature, to schemes for the development of the navy, and to music, among other things. Then, in 1859, through his father's death, Prince Oscar's brother was on the throne, and he himself was drawn very near to the Crown by the new order of events. For thirteen years he acted the *rôle* of Crown Prince, and in 1872, by his brother's death, he became King.

His Majesty and the Queen have four sons. The eldest, the present Crown Prince (Gustav), is married to Princess Victoria of Baden, and has four sons; the second, Prince Oscar, contracted a morganatic marriage with Miss Ebba Munck, one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting; the third, Prince Charles, is married to Princess Ingeborg of Denmark, and the youngest, Prince Eugene, is an artist of great talent.

All the Bernadottes are clever, and their house is also distinguished for good looks. The present King of Sweden is still a handsome, noble-looking man, and his sons bear out the traditions of the family.

Queen Sophie is an example of a happy, domesticated Royal Consort. Suffering may have drawn her face a little, but her features remain fine and well-carved, and delicate health cannot destroy the amiability of expression and gentle kindliness which are characteristic of the woman. She is highly cultivated, and takes a keen interest in the affairs of her country. She reads and works a great deal, and is so charming and unaffected that all her ladies regard her as a friend as well as a Queen.

It is said that the Swedish Court is one of the most delightful of all European Courts to live at, because of the homeliness and simplicity of the King and Queen, who make everyone feel at their ease at once. They used to be "At Home" to any of their subjects who wished to see them on every alternate Tuesday, the only necessary introduction being a personal visiting-card, which was sent up to the audience-room. Any petitions or requests sent to their Majesties, even by the meanest of their subjects, received consideration, and the King and Queen would, on these Tuesday "At Homes," chat unostentatiously with their self-invited visitors.

The Palace at Stockholm is very beautiful, and the suite of rooms set apart for the Queen's private use bears some exquisite decorations. Here she receives her friends, and is the most sociable of hostesses.

Queen Sophie's chief concern is for the welfare of her husband's subjects. Being an invalid, she has plenty of time to think and plan, and she makes it her business to do such deeds as shall make her name blessed throughout the length and breadth of the land over which King Oscar reigns. Already, before she was Queen, during the years that elapsed between her marriage and her husband's accession, her manifold good deeds had endeared her to the hearts of the people; and since that time she has won their admiration and respect in a tenfold degree.

When her children were young she devoted herself, heart and soul, to their upbringing. She is proud of her sons, and although she may have regretted Prince Oscar's attachment to Miss Ebba Munck, she eventually championed the young lovers' cause, and was the means of gaining the King's consent to their union.

It came about in this way. Miss Munck was Queen Sophie's favourite maid-of-honour; and Prince Oscar, the Queen's second son, seeing a good deal of the young lady, fell in love with her, and vowed he would marry no one else. The King would not hear of the match, and one can easily imagine that there were some very distressing scenes over the matter. Prince Oscar pleaded, begged to be allowed to renounce his birthright, and pointed to his three sturdy brothers, intimating that he would never be missed so far as the Throne was concerned. But King Oscar was obdurate. He remembered the time when he himself was comparatively far removed from the Crown, and

yet his turn had come. Miss Munck, though undeniably charming, was no fit consort for his son.

She was dismissed from the Court, and Prince Oscar travelled. On his return it happened that the Queen was taken seriously ill with an old malady to which she had been a victim almost ever since the King came to the Throne. Her recovery was doubtful, and in any case an operation was imperative. In submitting to it she extracted a promise from the King that should she recover he would give his consent to the marriage of Prince Oscar with Ebba Munck. The Queen did recover, and when she was convalescent sent for her former maid-of-honour to enjoy her company again. It was Christmas evening, and all were sitting in the invalid's room, Miss Munck singing a poem of the King's that had been set to music, and which, we are told, pleaded, appropriately to the moment, for the rights due to love. When the song was ended all eyes turned upon the King. The crucial moment had come. His Majesty rose, approached his son, and, taking his hand, laid it silently in that of Miss Munck.

The marriage was celebrated very quietly at Bournemouth, Queen Sophie journeying over to England expressly for the purpose of attending the ceremony. The bridegroom, who was before that known as Prince Oscar, Duke of Gotland, is now simple Prince Bernadotte, or Count Wisborg.

The Queen is very fond of her daughter-in-law, the Crown Prince's wife, the two royal ladies being one in aims and sympathies. By all about the Court Queen Sophie is idolized, her gentleness, sweetness, tact, and simplicity, her love of little children and devotion to the King and her sons being qualities which only her personal friends and those in the immediate Court *entourage*, are able to appreciate to their full value.

IN SUMMER RAIN

HOW vividly in summer rain
The commonest of tints are seen,
The robin is a scarlet stain
Against the shining evergreen.

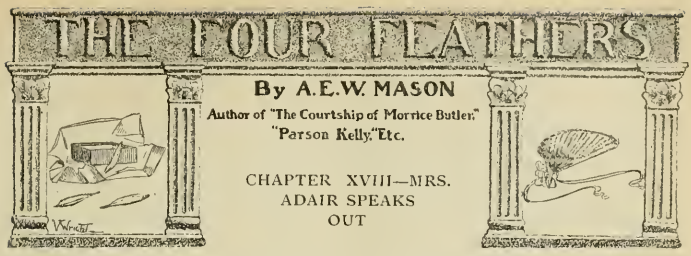
The last scant strawberries, a score
That hid behind the redd'ning leaves,
Rain-flushed, wind-tossed, are waiting for
Red-lipped or redder-breasted thieves.

The willows, pallid in the sun
Are sunny in the rainy dark;
A deeper brown the streamlets run
And deeply black the orchard bark.

And yet, although the clouds are gray,
These freshening tints of every hue
Would intimate a rain at play,
Or at the worst a storm of dew.

The quality of mercy flows
Upon the meadow's thirsty brood,
And every bright'ning grass-blade shows
The quality of gratitude.

Ethelwyn Wetherald



CHAPTER XVIII—MRS. ADAIR SPEAKS OUT

Resume of Previous Chapters: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermod Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland, where there is to be a ball to celebrate the engagement. On the evening of this great event, Feversham receives by post a box containing three white feathers and three visiting cards bearing names of brother officers. They had deemed him a coward who would resign his commission on the eve of war. Feversham talks of the affair with Ethne, explaining that all his life he had been afraid that some day he should play the coward. For that reason, and because of his engagement, he had resigned. She returns the little box of feathers to him, and lo! he finds she has added a *fourth* from her fan. The engagement is ended and Harry Feversham disappears, but not before communicating to his mother's friend, Lieutenant Sutch, that some day he hopes to win back his honour.

After three years' service in Egypt, Durrance returns to London and is surprised to hear of the broken engagement and of Harry Feversham's disappearance. Under the circumstances, he feels free to visit Ethne Eustace at her home in Donegal. He does so, and presses his suit unsuccessfully. He returns to his post at Wadi Halfa. In the meantime Harry Feversham is learning Arabic in Upper Egypt.

Another June comes round; Durrance returns to England for another furlough, but makes no progress with his suit. He goes back to Egypt.

Still another June comes round; and two letters cross in the Mediterranean. One is from Ethne to Col. Durrance, saying that she has reconsidered the matter and will marry him upon his return to England. The other is from Col. Durrance to Ethne, in which he tells her that a sunstroke has deprived him of his eye-sight. Ethne had learned of Durrance's misfortune by cablegram from a friend of his and immediately sent her letter, thinking Durrance would not know of the cablegram.

The self-sacrificing fiancée meets her lover, on his return to England, at the home of their mutual friend, Mrs. Adair. Shortly afterwards Capt. Willoughby brings Ethne one of the four feathers with a strange story of how Harry Feversham has redeemed it by a gallant deed in Egypt. Her old affection and regard for Harry is thus awakened, and even her blind lover notices the change in her. His blindness makes him all the more susceptible to changes in tone and spirit. He tells her of meeting Harry at Tewfikieh on the Nile, disguised as a musician and attempting to play a zither. The tune was a mere memory of Ethne's favourite piece, the Musoline Overture, and was wretchedly played.

FOR Mrs. Adair, like Durrance, burned her boats that night. She had not deliberately planned this hazardous experiment. Deliberation, indeed, would have warned her to silence, as it had done on many days during the last two months. But that calm, pale face of hers hid the quick passions of the South; she had been racked by them to the limits of her endurance. Events, moreover, had occurred this morning which seemed to offer an opportunity; so that little more than a trifle was needed to break down her reticence. And it was the merest trifle which did break it down. Sitting out upon the terrace after dinner, and not very far from the open window, through which the moonlight shone, she had seen Ethne turn out the lamp before she played the overture upon her violin. She did not understand

Ethne's reason for the act; she misunderstood it altogether, so far as she thought of it at all. But the act in itself, the swift change in the room from light to dark with its suggestion of secrecy, the appealing music floating out from darkness, and the low, hushed talk which followed, struck upon some chord of imagination in her, and kindled her jealousy to a devouring flame. She had noticed Ethne's buoyancy of spirit that day, and the signs of tears and the old timidity of manner which had returned to her that night; and of her observation Mrs. Adair meant to make full use. But it was the mere turning out of the lamp which prompted her to use them.

Durrance held out his hand to Mrs. Adair the moment after Ethne had gone in.

"I must go," he said. "It is getting late."

"Not so very late," she answered. "I shall not go to bed for a few minutes," and she just moved the basket chair which stood empty at her side. Durrance, however, did not accept the hinted invitation.

"Good night, Mrs. Adair," he said, and she replied with a sudden sharpness,

"I think that you avoid me."

"I do?" Durrance exclaimed, and as he made the exclamation he wondered whether after all she was not right. Perhaps he had rather avoided her, not deliberately, but from some instinct of which he had not considered the cause.

"Yes," Mrs. Adair continued, and she used a more gentle voice. "I am sorry because I have few opportunities of speaking to you alone, and I wish very much to say something to you now."

Durrance sat down patiently upon the chair and waited. Mrs. Adair leaned forward with her eyes bent intently upon her companion's face.

"I want to speak to you about Ethne," she said with a low and sympathetic accent. "I have no right to, perhaps. But, after all, she is my friend. Have you noticed nothing yourself?"

Durrance's patience was at once changed into alarm. The cunning voice of sympathy had produced its effect.

"She is ill?" he asked. "Ah, there I miss my eyes. You know her. She would go on, whatever pain she felt, holding up her end. Only one's eyes could tell that anything was wrong. She is ill? Yes. I have no doubt she is wearying for Donegal." And as he hit upon that explanation his cheerfulness returned.

"Well," he said, "she will not weary much longer after to-night," and he laughed. For to-night that difficulty with many others had been smoothed away, and he could put into execution that long cherished project of rebuilding Lennon House. But Mrs. Adair did not share his cheerfulness. She sat quite silent long enough for her silence to disconcert him. Then she said quietly:

"I am afraid."

"The trouble lies deeper, then?"

"Yes. Have you not noticed her hesitation, the air of constraint she has been wearing, the strain under which she has been suffering?"

"Until to-night," Durrance replied, and again his alarm ceased to plague him. "Yes, I have noticed it, and I know the reason. I always have known the reason. But everything's different to-night. The constraint, the weariness have gone. Surely you saw that. To-night, Mrs. Adair, Ethne is what she was five years ago."

"And why?" asked Mrs. Adair.

Durrance drew in a breath and laughed again.

"Something has happened," he said with a certain awkwardness of modesty. "Something for which I hardly dared to hope," and suddenly he leaned forward towards her. "You accused me of a wish to avoid you just now. Well, I did wish it. You were right, you were right, and I will confess why I wished it. I wanted to be alone so that I might thoroughly and clearly realize just what has happened

to-night;" and in a burst of almost boyish confidence, "You are her friend, as you say. Shall I tell you what has happened?"

Mrs. Adair leaned back in her chair. She wore a black frock which glittered with paillettes, and as she moved the moonlight ran about her like a flame.

"I know already," she said quietly.

"You have guessed!" exclaimed Durrance with a glance towards the drawing-room window—"or perhaps she told you."

"She told me a little, something of the rest I saw. Ethne has had good news to-day, and the news changed her. She became—it is your own description—just what she was five years ago, just what she was before Harry Feversham disappeared one summer night from Ramelton. You described her very truly, but then you are so quick!"

That little stab Mrs. Adair could not deny herself. She delivered it with a smile, counting it some small compensation for the weeks of mortification which she had endured. But it was wasted on Durrance at the moment. He sat with an impenetrable face, nor did he change his attitude Only he was silent for a time, and Mrs. Adair wondered whether it was so that when he spoke he might the better control his voice.

"Good news?" he asked at length.

Mrs. Adair assented with a nod of the head.

"News of Harry Feversham," she added.

Again Durrance's face betrayed nothing, to Mrs. Adair's disappointment. She would gladly have seen him flinch, she watched eagerly for a sign of pain.

"And, therefore," Durrance repeated slowly, "Ethne changed back in look and manner to what she was five years ago—before Harry Feversham had disappeared." He was recalling how she had looked in those days. It was quite true. His description carelessly conceived and uttered had been more apposite than he had known. Ever since those days, even at Glenalla, she had been remarkable for a gravity which hardly perhaps fitted her years. Not that she had been solemn, or of a melancholy speech; nor had she even lost the gift of laughter. But she had been prudent even in small things, she had continually looked forward, she had calculated consequences. And lately to this prudence had been added the constraint of one who endeavours to conceal. But to-day the prudence, the constraint, even the gravity had vanished, she had recaptured all her youth.

"And it was news of Harry Feversham which did this," said Durrance, "good news."

"Yes," Mrs. Adair agreed, "but she has had bad news since;" and now she had the satisfaction of seeing Durrance start out of his enigmatic quietude.

"Bad news!" he cried, in a quick, sharp voice. "When? Who brought it to her?"

"When? Quite recently," said Mrs. Adair. "Since dinner-time. When she said good-night just now—you could not see—" She was not in the mood to spare Durrance any, and she repeated the phrase maliciously. "You could not see, but the new light-heartedness had gone, trouble had returned to her, it was visible upon her face, and with it had returned the anxiety to hide that she was troubled."

And there was another sign, the one most bitter for Durrance to acknowledge. He had mentioned it to Ethne that evening, and with a laugh, convinced that he would be no longer galled by it. Yet now within an hour he was forced to acknowledge it again. He remembered how she had lit the lamp and moved out to Mrs. Adair upon the terrace. Her reluctance to be alone with him had returned as well.

"She was tired," he cried suddenly. "That was all. She was tired and overstrung."

Mrs. Adair smiled. She did not think the words worth a protest. The very tone in which they were uttered

showed her clearly enough that Durrance himself would gladly believe them, but could not.

"I wonder whether it was you who told her the bad news," she said, and added, "Do you know I am afraid that it must have been you when you were talking in the darkness there."

Durrance was not afraid; he knew. He had told Ethne that Feversham had gone south from Wadi Halfa into the savage country; he had spoken out his fears as to Feversham's fate, without reserve, thinking that she had forgotten, indeed thinking that she was a trifle callous. He had given to her the very worst of news—if Mrs. Adair was right, if Ethne had not forgotten. Upon that point he needed to feel sure.

"And the good news?" he asked. It came to-day?"

"Yes."

"Who brought it?"

"Captain Willoughby."

"I know the man. And the news he brought was news of Feversham."

"Ethne told me they talked of Mr. Feversham."

But Durrance did not need the answer. Captain Willoughby belonged to the regiment in which Feversham had held the commission; the two men had been friends; Durrance had dined with Harry and met Willoughby more than once; besides, Willoughby held an appointment at Suakin and Harry himself had been wandering in the Soudan. It seemed likely, merely upon those grounds, that Willoughby had come to Southpool on Feversham's account. But Ethne had made a slip that evening which, unheeded at the time when it was made, came quickly back to Durrance's memories. "I heard it only to-day," she had begun to say, and she had not stopped in time to obscure her meaning. She was speaking of—what was it? Durrance reflected and got his answer. She was wondering what Harry Feversham was doing in the company of those itinerant musicians. For his father still continued his allowance. She had heard it only to-day!

"Willoughby came this afternoon, I suppose."

"No, this morning, while you were here."

"This morning!"

Durrance started up from his chair and stood.

"Yes—yes," he said slowly and beneath his breath. But he did not explain what idea had startled him, and Mrs. Adair resumed:

"Captain Willoughby did not come to the house. Ethne would not let him come. He sailed here from Kingsbridge, ran his boat into the bank and found Ethne in the garden. He went back in the same way."

"Yes," Durrance agreed, and he spoke rather to himself than to his companion. "They were on that seat then in the enclosure. I was sure that someone was there. I had a suspicion that two people were there. But when I spoke her name she did not answer. Neither did he speak."

"But he was there," said Mrs. Adair. "I saw them from the window of the drawing-room, coming from the enclosure after you had come from it. They went straight to the water's edge and then I spoke with them."

"Wait a moment, Mrs. Adair."

Durrance issued an order rather than made a request. Mrs. Adair stopped upon the instant and he walked away across the terrace to the balustrade. There he stood with his back towards her. Durrance had a way of puzzling Mrs. Adair by reason of his very simplicity. This attitude showed her now that he was grappling with some problem, and she was at once curious and rather alarmed. He leaned upon the balustrade with his face towards the garden for some little while, and when he turned back her eyes searched his features ravenously. They expressed, however, nothing more than thoughtfulness.

"Ethne wants me to know nothing of Willoughby's visit or of the news he brought," he said.

"Are you surprised at that?" said Mrs. Adair with a smile.

"No," he answered quite seriously.

"For I know her motive. She told it me a long while ago at Glenalla when I first returned from the Soudan. She said two lives should not be spoiled because of her."

Mrs. Adair might smile her disbelief, but Durrance had no doubts. She wished to keep him in the dark, she wished him never to suspect that she retained any thought of Harry Feversham. That very callousness of which he had accused her in his thoughts was, after all, only a sign that she was on her guard lest he should suspect. She had not told him of Willoughby's coming and she wished him not to know.

Durrance stood undecided whether to hear more, or whether to cut these disclosures short, and to put even what she had disclosed altogether from his thoughts. Loyalty to Ethne, a sense of treachery in listening to stories told behind her back, bade him halt here, at this point. He wondered a little even that he had allowed Mrs. Adair to go so far, but she had begun cleverly with a hint at ill health and he had fallen into the trap.

On the other hand, however, there was his own theory and belief. Marriage was not right between a man crippled like himself, and a woman active and vigorous like Ethne, unless upon both sides there was love. He walked once or twice up and down the terrace, and a new road out of the tangle began to glimmer in front of him.

Willoughby had brought good news of Feversham, news which had given to her a buoyancy and a light heart.

"Did she make a mistake five years ago?" he asked himself. "And has she to-day learnt of her mistake? There was some distinct wrong that Harry did her, there was undoubtedly disgrace to follow. But was there really more misunderstanding than wrong? Had she misjudged him all these years? Has she only learnt to-day that she misjudged him? Because if that is so, and some day Calder's telegram arrives, telling me Harry Feversham lives and is at Omdurman, something might, perhaps, be done. Yes, something might be done—from Suakin or from Assouan."

He came back to his seat with a definite conviction that somehow or other he must find out precisely what had occurred on the night of the ball at Lennon House, five years ago. "A misunderstanding, perhaps," he repeated to himself. He was very far from the truth, but he had grown quicker of perception these last months. A hint or two and he might jump to it.

"Well, what did Captain Willoughby say?"

"Of the message which he brought from Mr. Feversham, naturally nothing. But he brought a message and he gave her a token. She carried it back to the house as though there was nothing half so precious in all the world."

"A token?" asked Durrance.

"Yes, a little white feather, soiled and speckled with dust."

Durrance sat with his forehead pressed upon his hand, and was silent.

"Can you read that riddle?" asked Mrs. Adair.

"Wait a moment, please," said Durrance. "Did Willoughby mention a Colonel Trench?"

"No."

"Or a Major Castleton?"

"No."

Of both these men Ethne had spoken. She was frankly glad in a barbaric way that Castleton was dead. She had connected Feversham's departure into the desert south of Wadi Halfa with Trench's captivity in Omdurman—immediately. Yet with neither Trench nor Castleton was she acquainted. Willoughby, Trench, Castleton—here were three names, the names of three persons somehow concerned in Harry Feversham's disgrace. Moreover, Ethne had been very curious as to the possibility of an escape from Omdurman—not Feversham's escape, but Trench's. He had been surprised at her curiosity at the time; he began now to see a glimmering of the truth. He had explained the difficulty to lie in the untrustworthiness

of the Arab go-between, and at once Ethne had said "Exactly," as though the explanation gave her a cue. But to what?

Mrs. Adair moved in her chair. "Wait," he cried, putting out a hand to arrest her. A clue to what—if not to Feversham's presence in Wadi Halfa and his mysterious disappearance to the south? He leaned suddenly back in his chair.

"Was Harry Feversham to be himself the go-between?" he exclaimed. "Was that his object, then? To rescue Trench?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Adair.

But Durrance did not heed the words, he seemed unconscious of her presence.

"That was what Ethne thought," he went on. "Without a doubt. She jumped to it at once, it seemed natural. There was then some obligation upon Feversham to rescue Trench, or to attempt his rescue."

That seemed clear. Ethne was glad that Major Castleton was dead. Did she mean that Castleton could stand in no such need?

"Then there was the same obligation with regard to Castleton," he said. Mrs. Adair had no inkling of his meaning. She only saw that she was forgotten, that Durrance was absorbed in some conjecture, and was following it to its issues with a rising excitement.

"Captain Willoughby's news caused Ethne's good spirits?" he went on. "You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

"Then, suppose he owed something to Willoughby as well and had discharged that debt? And suppose Willoughby had come back to say the slate was clean? Make the debt serious enough—a disgraceful debt!" And he rose up suddenly from his chair. "It was a disgraceful thing which Harry did, eh?" he asked with a sudden change of tone to quietude. "Let him discharge the debt, and suppose that Ethne at her heart, in spite of her will, in spite of her pride, in spite of these five years, still cares for Feversham! Would not that explain her quick recapture of her youth?"

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Adair.

"Don't say that," said Durrance eagerly, and it was not to her that he spoke, but to her objection. "It's not so difficult if you will follow me. There's a white feather. Ethne treasures it, you say. What's a white feather? Just a white feather, yes, but a symbol, too."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Adair. "A symbol of cowardice."

"Precisely."

"Then why should Ethne treasure it?" she asked with something of his eagerness.

"Why? Don't you see?" he asked, with an incredulous laugh at her obtuseness. "Suppose—it's all supposition of course, but it's plausible, admit that—suppose the cowardice is atoned or partly atoned. Let us say a third part of it's atoned. Why then the feather becomes a symbol of the atonement, and one would treasure it."

Mrs. Adair thought over that view of the matter, looking out across the lawn.

"I wonder," she said.

"I must make sure," said Durrance, and he turned briskly to her. "Will you make an excuse for me to-morrow? Will you say that I am called away? That I must go to town?"

"The oculist?"

"No," he said quickly. "That excuse will no longer serve, and he stopped abruptly.

He had become aware that he was speaking not to a mere vague somebody upon whom he tested his suppositions, like the impersonal character who answers the questions in a Socratic dialogue, but to Mrs. Adair, who was Ethne's friend, or who at all events said she was Ethne's friend.

"Why have you told me all this to-night?" he asked quietly.

He heard the rustle of her dress, the sound of her breathing, and in a low voice she answered:

"I thought you ought to know."

"But Ethne wished the secret to be kept, and you are Ethne's friend."

"Yours too I hope."

"Well it's pretty rough on me really," he said, "though I am glad in a way to know."

It was the only word he had spoken that evening which showed how hard he himself was hit, and he uttered it quite simply and without an intonation of complaint. "The true music cannot complain." Durrance had learnt his lesson fairly thoroughly. He had indeed opportunities enough wherein to perfect himself by practice. Mrs. Adair, however, understood what of trouble and grief lay beneath the few trivial words. The very simplicity of their utterance caught at her sharply and suddenly so that she could no longer keep silence, however imprudent speech might be. Her voice sank to a whisper.

"Don't you understand?" she said, and all at once she found herself speaking incoherently the things which she had thought. And once she had begun, she could not stop. She stood as it were outside of herself and saw that her speech was madness; yet she went on with it.

"I am a brute. I told you the truth brutally. I did it on purpose. I was so stung because you would not see what was so visible had one the mind to see. I wanted to hurt you. I am a bad, bad woman I suppose. But she never cared for you, more than as a friend, just a mere friend, and what's friendship worth? . . . Especially when it doesn't prevent one shrinking from one's friend."

Durrance flinched, and she saw that he flinched. But her madness had taken hold of her. She was even urged by the knowledge that he flinched.

"Yes, yes," she went on while her voice trembled with passion. "She shrank, your Ethne—the woman of courage who would hold her end up anywhere—wasn't that the phrase? She shrank from you—shall I tell you why? Because you were blind. She was—no, she is afraid. While I—oh I will tell you the truth—I was glad. When the news first came I was glad, when I saw you I was glad, ever since I have been glad. Because I saw that she shrank. She wrote to you out of pity! Isn't that enough to make one hate her? I think it is. I felt no pity; I was glad;" and though her voice barely rose above a whisper the violence in it increased.

"I am not afraid," she said and repeated. "I am not afraid. . . . I am not afraid."

Durrance stood in front of her with a quite impassive face, but it seemed to him that in all his experience nothing so horrible had occurred as this passionate outburst in that silent moonlit garden by the woman who was Ethne's friend—nothing so horrible, so unforeseen.

"She wrote to you out of pity, and having written she was afraid. And being afraid she had not the courage to say she was afraid. You wouldn't have blamed her if she had admitted that she shrank, so long as she frankly admitted it. You would have forgiven her, you would have remained her friend, and that's all she wishes you to be. But she hadn't the courage. . . . You spoke of cowardice—"

Durrance raised his hand.

"Hush!"

And Mrs. Adair looked at him and was aware of the futility of all that she had said, of her slanders upon Ethne, of her own boastings of courage. Some consciousness of her own degradation came home to her, and she fell to excuses.

"I am a bad woman I suppose," and the more she excused herself the more conscious she was of her degradation. But it was too late for her to recover any ground; and she could not stop midway. So she went on to the end.

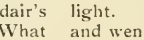
"After all, I have not had the best of times. Perhaps there's something to be said. I was married straight from school, and before I knew anything, to a man of whom I knew nothing. It was my mother's doing. He was kind . . . but it was dull. How dull it was! And I got to know as I grew older that there was something more to be won out of life than

mere dullness. At least that there was something more for others though not for me. One could not help learning that. One passed a man and a woman walking together, just like any others, dressed like any others, but one chanced to look into the woman's face as one passed, one saw her eyes, and one knew that there was much more . . . and then you came, and one no longer knew merely that there was much more but one knew what that much more was . . . and then Ethne came . . . and you turned to her . . . and in a very little while one was sad and sorry that you had ever come into one's life . . . But these last months have been the worst."

And at that sentence she stopped. Durrance did not move for a while and there gradually stole into Mrs. Adair's mind a vague but very real fear. What would come of her words? How would he answer them? There would be consequences. Ethne to face for instance. But Durrance had filled up the gaps and breaks in her speech. There was something after all in what she had said. Mrs. Adair had not had the best of times. When he spoke to her there was nothing but gentleness in his voice.

"I am very sorry," he said, and rather remorsefully. "When these things happen to men they bring less trouble. We can get about the world and do things—at least some of us can—and so life's easier on the whole. I am very sorry."

He said good-night and walked homewards along the path through the lawn. Mrs. Adair sat still upon the terrace until a cloud obscured the moonlight. Then she rose with a shiver and went back into the house.



CHAPTER XIX.—TWO MEN IN DIFFICULTIES

DURRANCE had made up his mind what course to pursue while he was listening to Mrs. Adair. His body-servant was waiting up for him when he came across the fields to his own house of "Guessens," and he went at once into his own study. The name, indeed, hardly suited the room, for it had always been more of a gun-room than a study.

"Is it late?" he asked, and his servant looked at the clock and answered—

"Half-past twelve."

"Get me a Bradshaw," said Durrance, "and look up the trains to London."

"You can leave Kingsbridge at eight-six," said the servant. "You reach London at a quarter to three."

"Very well; we travel by that train and we shall be away a couple of nights. You can turn the lights out and go to bed."

Durrance was slow to follow his servant's example. He sat for a little while in his chair and then began to walk gently about the room. There were cups here and there on the mantelshelf and upon tables, and one by one he took them up and touched them and fondled them in his hands, wondering whether, now that he was blind, they were still kept bright and clean. His black hour was upon him, and he found a kind of comfort in the feel of them. He knew them by their shape and their position. This one, a thin-stemmed goblet, he had won in a regimental steeplechase at Colchester; he could remember the day, with its clouds and grey sky, and the dull look of the fields between the hedges. That pewter, which stood upon his writing table and which had formed a convenient holder for his pens, had been acquired very long ago in his college "fours" when he was a freshman at Oxford. The hoof of a favourite horse, mounted upon silver, made an ornament upon a sideboard. And as he walked about the room, fingering this trophy or that, he was as one who turns over the leaves of an old diary and reads here

and there upon its pages the record of good days which are gone, and he had come to the end of his good days; there were no blank pages in the diary waiting for inscription. He had lost everything, it seemed to him that night —his career, the delight of mere physical activity, the pleasures of emulation, the pride of a progressive success maintained through years, the long journeys under strange skies, among strange people, and, finally, now—Ethne. And he was young, he realized with a sinking of the heart that was almost despair; he was at an age when in these days many famous men have hardly begun their careers. He might live a very long, tiresome time.

He came in the end to his rifles and guns. They were to him much what Ethne's violin was to her. They had stories for his ear alone. He sat with a Remington across his knees and lived over again one long, hot day in the hills to the west of Berenice, during which he had stalked a lion across strong open country and killed him at three hundred yards just before sunset. The rifle talked to him, too, of his first ibex, shot in the Khor Baraka, and of antelope in the mountains northwards of Suakin. There was a little German gun which he had used upon mid-winter nights in a boat upon this very creek of the Salcombe estuary. He had brought down the first mallard with that, and he lifted and slid his left hand along the under side of the barrel and felt the butt settle comfortably into the hollow of his shoulder. But his weapons began to talk over loudly in his ears even as Ethne's violin in the earlier days after Harry Feversham was gone and she was left alone, had spoken with too personal a note to her. As he handled the locks, and was aware that he could no longer see the sights, the sum of his losses was presented to him in a definite, incontestable way. He was seized suddenly with a desire to disregard his blindness, to pretend that it was no hindrance, and to pretend so hard that it should prove not to be one. The desire grew and shook him like a passion. What if he changed his destination to-morrow, travelled to London, yes, but from London straight to the East, out of the countries of dim stars. The smell of it and its music, and the domes of its mosques, the hot sun, the rabble in its streets, and the steel-blue sky overhead, caught at him till he was plucked from his chair and set pacing restlessly about his room.

He dreamed himself to Port Said, and was marshalled in the long procession of steamers down the waterway of the Canal. The song of the Arabs coaling the ship was in his ears, and so loud that he could see them as they went at night-time up and down the planks between the barges and the deck, an endless chain of naked figures, lurid in the red glare of the braziers. He travelled out of the Canal, past the redhead lands of the Sinaitic Peninsula into the chills of the Gulf of Suez. He zig-zagged down the Red Sea while the Great Bear swung northwards low down in the sky, above the rail of the quarterdeck, and the Southern Cross began to blaze in the south; he touched at Tor and at Yambo; he saw the tall white houses of Yeddah lift themselves out of the sea, and admired the dark brine-withered woodwork of their carved casements; he walked through the dust of its roofed bazaars with the joy of the homesick after long years come home, and from Yeddah he crossed between the narrowing coral-reefs into the landlocked harbour of Suakin.

Westward from Suakin stretched the desert, with all that it meant to this man whom it had smitten and cast out—the quiet padding of the camel's feet in sand, the great rock-cones rising sheer and abrupt as from a rippleless ocean, towards which you march all day and get no nearer; the gorgeous, patternless blaze of sunset colours in the west, the rustle of the wind through the short twilight and the downward swoop of the planets out of nothing to the earth. Durrance tramped backwards and forwards, forgetful of his blindness and parched with desire as with a fever—until unexpectedly he heard the blackbirds and

the swallows bustling and piping in the garden and knew that outside his windows the world was white with dawn.

He waked from his dream at the homely sound. Across the fields Ethne was asleep. There was, after all, he remembered, something to be done, and to be done quickly, to be begun, indeed, that very day. He went to bed and fell asleep as the sun rose.

But at Dongola, on the right bank of the great curve of the Nile, the sun was already blazing and its inhabitants awake. In an open space before the Emir Wad el Nejonmi's house, a man, with a ring and a chain about his neck and his ankles fettered, stood with such patience as he could, and was guarded by four of the Ansar soldiery. The guarding, however, was of the slightest, and a crowd of men, women and children mocked and made their sport out of the prisoner.

The prisoner was white, and wore only a ragged jibbeh and a twist of cotton about his head to shield him from the sun ; so that his bare shoulders and arms were blistered and scorched. But he made no complaint, and, indeed, uttered a few intelligible words, but for the most of the time he smiled at the shouting crowd about him, and was well pleased—like a lunatic.

Once a woman danced and gesticulated before him singing the while a long monotonous song. She was describing in simple and unexpurgated language the grievous death agonies which immediately awaited the prisoner and the eternity of torture in hell which he would subsequently suffer. But the prisoner nodded and bowed at her as though she was singing to him of Paradise. Others taking their war-trumpets placed the mouths against the prisoner's ears and blew with all their might.

"Do you hear, Kaffir?" cried a child dancing with delight before him.

"Do you hear our ombeyehs? Blow louder ! blow louder !"

But the prisoner only clapped his hands and cried out that the music was good.

Of the men those who had javelins or swords pricked and stabbed at him till his legs ran blood, and the rest in loud voices and pantomimic gestures menaced him with mutilations. The prisoner only smiled and imitated their gestures. Finally there came to the group a tall warrior with a long heavy spear. A cry was raised at his approach and a space was cleared. He stood before the captive and poised his spear.

For the first time dismay and alarm showed clearly on that captive's face, and at the sight of that expression, the jeers and mockeries burst out afresh.

"You should be glad, Kaffir," said the warrior. "For here is one come to end your miseries," and once or twice he swung the spear backwards and forwards, making his arm supple before he thrust, like a bowler before he delivers a ball at a cricket match. But it was just because he was sure that his miseries were now to be ended that the Kaffir was afraid.

He glanced wildly about him, and seeing no escape, suddenly flung out his breast to meet the blow. But the spear never reached him. For as the warrior lunged from the shoulder, one of the four guards jerked the neck chain violently from behind and the prisoner was flung half throttled upon his back. Three times and each time to a roar of delight, this pastime was repeated, and then a soldier appeared in the gateway of Nejonmi's house.

"Bring him in !" he cried, and followed by the curses and threats of the crowd the prisoner was dragged under the arch across a courtyard into a dark room.

Within that room one man squatted upon an angareb, two sat upon the floor.

"You are a spy of the Government from Wadi Halfa," said Nejonmi who sat upon the angareb.

"No, I am a musician," returned the prisoner, and he laughed happily like a man that has made a jest.

Nejonmi made a sign and an instrument with many broken strings was handed to the captive. He seated him-

self upon the ground and with slow fumbling fingers, breathing hard as he bent over the zither, he began to elicit a wavering melody. It was the melody to which Durrance had listened in the street of Tewfikieh on the eve of his last journey into the desert, and which Ethne Eustace had played only the night before in the quiet drawing room at Southpool. When he had done Nejonmi began again :

"You are a spy."

"I have told you the truth," answered Feversham stubbornly.

Upon that Nejonmi took a different tone. He called for food and the raw liver of a camel covered with salt and red pepper was placed before Feversham. Seldom has a man had smaller inclination to eat, but he ate none the less even of that unattractive dish, knowing well that reluctance would be construed as fear, and that the signs of fear would condemn him to death. And while he ate Nejonmi questioned him in the silkiest voice about the fortifications of Cairo and the strength of the garrison at Assouan, and the rumours of dissension between the Khedive and the Sirdar.

But to each question Feversham replied :

"How should a Greek know of these matters ?"

For the one chance upon which he counted was that his captors should remain perplexed as to his mission and his goal. But it seemed that his chance had failed him. Nejonmi rose from his angareb and roughly gave an order. Two of the guards seized upon Feversham and bound his wrists with a rope of palm fibre and poured water upon the cords so that they swelled and bit into his flesh. He was dragged out again into the sunlight, he was placed upon a donkey, and tortured with the pain of his wrists, mocked at by the crowd, he was driven out of the town to a high gallows upon the river bank.

He saw an angareb mounted high beneath it. He was forced to lie upon the native bedstead while the noose was fitted about his neck. He lay still, expecting the bedstead to be drawn away from beneath him, and as he lay Nejonmi came to his side.

"Speak, Kaffir !" said he. "You are a spy. You carry promises to Kordofan ! Speak the truth, for in a few minutes you will be dead !"

Harry Feversham was silent. For a few moments he pondered whether it might not be wise to admit that he was a spy, entrusted with a Government mission. But he felt that he could not think clearly. The plan for so long conceived and so carefully criticised he must cling to without diversion.

"How should a poor Greek know anything of these matters ?" he asked, and Nejonmi turned about and gave another order.

"To-morrow," he said to the prisoner, "you shall go to Omdurman."

As they lifted Feversham from the angareb he fainted.

CHAPTER XX.—GENERAL FEVERSHAM EXPLAINS

"HE knows half the truth."

With that reflection Durrance encouraged himself as he dressed early the next morning. "He knows half the truth. Sutch told me so," and he went down to his breakfast in a more hopeful mind ; while his servant was pouring out his tea another thought occurred to him.

"Just get your Bradshaw again, Williams," he said, and when the Bradshaw was fetched : "Find out the last train of the day from Kingsbridge to London." Williams puzzled for a little over the intricacies of the connection between Kingsbridge, Brent and Newton-Abbot.

"Two thirty-six," he said, and Durrance smiled. If you chanced to be in the garden of Mrs. Adair's house at lunch time and had only a sailing boat to carry you against the tide up

the estuary to Kingsbridge you would hardly catch the two-thirty train. Moreover, Durrance's servant was a time-expired soldier of the York and Lancaster Regiment whom Durrance had first noticed on the edge of the gully near Tamai where Major Castleton was killed.

"Do you remember a Captain Willoughby at Suakin?" he asked.

Williams reflected and gave the name of Captain Willoughby's regiment.

"That's the man," said Durrance. "You may see him on Kingsbridge platform. If you do see him put me in the same carriage. If he sees me he will try to avoid me, I expect. But don't let him."

"Very good, sir," said the servant, and so it came about that Willoughby and Durrance travelled together from Kingsbridge to Brent, changed carriages together at Brent, waited together on the platform of Newton-Abbot, and finally sat opposite to one another in an empty compartment of the Plymouth express to London. Williams had seen to it that the carriage was empty but for his master and Captain Willoughby. Willoughby, however, betrayed some reluctance to enter upon so prolonged an interview.

"I'm rather partial to a little company," he said as he hesitated with one foot upon the step of the carriage. Williams stood impassively upon one side of him, the guard held open the door upon the other, Durrance invited him from within.

"We can talk of Suakin."

"Very jolly," said Willoughby. "But couldn't we get into a smoking carriage, Durrance? We can talk just as well though there are a few others."

"You can smoke here, sir," said the guard. "I'll lock you in," and Captain Willoughby stepped ruefully into the web.

Durrance conducted his enquiries with discretion. Incidents of the long siege in which they both had taken part made a safe groundwork, and naturally led to an exchange of information about the goings of their old companions, but it was not until Exeter was passed that Durrance said:

"By the way, have you ever heard of Harry Feversham?" and he heard Willoughby move uneasily in his corner opposite. "It's strange, a man one has known rather well, going under like that in a second, and nobody with even a suspicion why he went under or in what corner of the world he's hiding. He was rather a friend of mine, you know."

"Yes," said Willoughby. "He was a great friend of yours."

There was an accent of caution and wariness in Willoughby's voice which was familiar enough to Durrance, for just with that accent Ethne had been wont to speak.

"You and I dined with him just before we all left London. Do you remember?"

Captain Willoughby was lighting his pipe at the moment when this reminiscence was uttered. The pipe was a well-seasoned piece of wood and needed cleaning; it bubbled as Willoughby sucked at it. But Willoughby ceased to draw in his breath; and a moment later he dropped the match upon the floor of the carriage. Apparently it had burnt his fingers for he swore. Durrance's imagination was aroused by this simple sequence of events. He made up a little picture in his mind. On one side of the carriage the blind man, on the other Captain Willoughby suddenly arrested in the act of lighting his pipe by a sentence spoken without any significance by the blind man opposite, suddenly forgetful of the lighted match which his fingers held, and staring in his slow-witted way upon his companion's face to read how much he knew. Durrance had given no thought to that dinner up till now. It was possibly worth some thought.

"There were you and I and Feversham present," he said slowly. "And wasn't there a third present?"

"Was there? My memory's bad," and Willoughby struck another match.

"I think so. Feversham had got us there to tell us of his engagement to

Miss Eustace. So it would be one of his friends. Ah, I know—it was Trench."

"So it was," answered Willoughby. "It will be a long time, I am afraid, before we dine in Trench's company again."

"Very long," Durrance agreed. "And we shall never dine again with Castleton."

"Castleton wasn't there," Willoughby exclaimed, and quickly enough to betray that however much he might pretend to a bad memory, the little dinner in Feversham's rooms was at all events distinct in his recollections.

"No, but he was expected," Durrance replied. "Wait a bit! Was he expected? No, he was dining somewhere else—I remember, with a War Office man."

That dinner party certainly deserved consideration. Willoughby, Trench, Castleton—with these three men Ethne connected Harry Feversham's disgrace and disappearance. Durrance tried to recollect all the details of the evening; but he had been much occupied himself on that occasion. He remembered leaning against the window above St. James's Park; he remembered hearing the tattoo from the parade ground of Wellington barracks—and a telegram had come.

Durrance made up another picture in his mind. Harry Feversham at the table reading and re-reading his telegram, Trench and Willoughby waiting silently, perhaps expectantly, and himself paying no heed but staring out from the bright room into the quiet and the cool of the park. It was upon that night that Feversham had sent in his papers—yes, for so Feversham had told him, the last time they rode together in the Row. Was the telegram a factor in the mystery, he wondered. But of his wonder he gave no sign.

His recollections of the dinner party he put aside, however. There was a definite piece of information which he must extract from Willoughby before the train reached London and Bristol had been already passed. It was not, indeed, until the train slowed up at Westbourne Road for the collection of the tickets that Durrance chanced to speak of his last reconnaissance on the Tinkat plateau.

"By the way," he interrupted his story to exclaim. "It was on that reconnaissance that I first heard of the Gordon letters which were hidden in Berber. An Arab of the Kabbalish, Abou Fatma, told me of them. He was escaping to Suakin. I suppose that he went back afterwards and recovered them."

"No," answered Willoughby, "I don't think it was Abou Fatma who recovered them."

"Who, then?"

Captain Willoughby sprang up from his seat and took his traps down from the rack. "Here's Paddington," he said, and as soon as the train stopped he made his escape. Durrance made no effort to detain him, nor did he repeat his question. He had caught again the accent of wariness in Willoughby's voice; there had been something too abrupt in Willoughby's departure; Durrance guessed, and as it happened, guessed the truth.

He drove across London and three hours later stood upon General Feversham's terrace. The General had never been remarkable for tact, and age had brought with it no improvement. He came up the steps from his garden in which he now spent the greater part of the day, and drew on his coat, a little shrunken in body and feature perhaps, and rather heavier in his walk than he had been five years ago, but his back was as straight and the blue inexpressive eyes as bright.

"I am sorry, Durrance," he said. "You have joined the veterans before your time. A sunstroke wasn't it? Sutch told me."

"Sutch?"

"Yes, are you surprised? I can tell you he watched your career with interest. Well, it's over I am afraid. By George, I can't really imagine a worse calamity. It wants pluck to stand up to it. Even then it will pull a fellow down, eh? Yes, you are not the same man, Durrance, who walked

with me on this terrace a few years ago."

"But I come with the same question, General Feversham," Durrance answered.

"And I give you the same answer," answered the General. "I have nothing to say about Harry."

His voice betrayed neither anger nor sorrow; and although he used the Christian name, he used it without a hint of affection."

"Would it please you to know where he has been during the last five years?" Durrance asked.

"Not in the least."

"And on what business he has been engaged?"

The General's reply was no less compromising and direct.

"I am not interested. I do not wish him to starve and I know that he does not starve. I am content with that knowledge, Colonel Durrance."

"Still I should be very glad if you would hear me," Durrance persisted. "I have come straight from the south of Devonshire to tell you of something which occurred yesterday. I think that I now know what it means, but it is important that I should be sure;" and he related what he knew of Willoughby's visit to Southpool, and of the white feather which Ethne had carried so tenderly to her room.

"I put my own explanation upon these events," he continued. "I believe that Captain Willoughby, Colonel Trench and a Major Castleton who is dead, brought an accusation of cowardice against your son. I have reason to believe that Willoughby has withdrawn his. I think I can tell you why." And he told General Feversham of those letters hidden within a wall of a house in the Mahdist city of Berber. And when he had done he repeated his request. "I am very anxious that you should tell me all that you know. It is half the truth, or rather was half. For I think that I have told you something of the other half. I want to know what happened on that night in Donegal."

"Because Harry was your friend?" General Feversham replied. He had sat quite silent all through Durrance's story. He had not even by a movement revealed any emotion, and he asked his question now with the like indifference.

"No, but because I am engaged to Ethne Eustace," Durrance returned, "and she has not forgotten him."

General Feversham looked curiously at his visitor. But Durrance's face was as impassive as his own.

"You think Harry will come back?" he asked.

"When Trench withdraws his accusation, why should he not?"

The old man neither agreed nor differed. Thought was slow with him, and he sat staring out across the low country beneath the terrace for some little time. Then he said:

"I will tell you. You know so much already, and you have given me to-day the one good piece of news I have had since Harry came down and told me his story five years ago. I do not understand it—even now, less now perhaps than before. It is one of the queer, inexplicable things. I can only tell you just what Harry said to me. He looked me in the face, by gad, straight in the face while he spoke. A telegram came while he sat at dinner. You were there, and so were Trench and Willoughby."

"Ah!" exclaimed Durrance. "So the telegram did play a part."

"It came from Castleton, it told Harry that his regiment was ordered on active service to Egypt, it asked him to tell the news to Trench. You know what happened. Harry crumpled up the telegram and flung it into the fire, and did not tell Trench. That same night he sent in his papers. Somehow Trench and his friends learned the truth. They sent three white feathers to Harry, which were forwarded to Ramelton. They arrived at the house while the dance was going on. Miss Eustace was present when he opened the box in which they came."

Durrance had the facts at last; they fitted in with his conjectures to a nicety.

"Thank you, General, thank you," he said cordially, and he stood up and held out his hand.

"You will stay the night, at least," said General Feversham.

"I must get back to London at once."

General Feversham rose from his chair, and accompanied Durrance across the terrace.

"I should have been very glad if you could have stayed," he said. "I see few people nowadays. To tell the truth, I have not perhaps any great inclination for company. One grows old and a creature of customs."

"But you see Sutch, I suppose."

"Very seldom," and the General straightened his back. "There have been no Crimean nights since Harry went away."

They passed into the hall, and General Feversham threw a glance up at the portraits ranged upon the walls.

"As you say, why should he not come back?" he asked, and though he asked the question in the most indifferent voice, he repeated it to himself many times that evening while he sat on that bench which had once been his wife's favourite seat, and gazed out across the moonlit country towards the Sussex Downs.

TO BE CONTINUED

MY FRIEND THE COUNT

By W. A. Fraser, author of "Mooswa," "The Outcasts," etc.

CALCUTTA is the Mecca of English Griffins.

A "Griffin" is not a very serious animal; he is only a junior who goes out to that land thinking he knows very much more than he really does. I was a Griffin. I went to Calcutta; therefore things happened to me—this race thing happened.

It was ordered of the gods of a certainty—Vishnu or Krishna, or somebody in the Hindoo Pantheon; for I did not know a race-horse from a *dhoby's* donkey, and I had been taught that betting was one of the cardinal sins.

It is considered necessary to be versed in the Hindustani language to prosper in India, but my good fortune came to me through bedevilling the few words I knew of that back-handed language, which runs from right to left.

I had been dining with young Steel, who was in indigo, and half-a-dozen other men, at their chummery out at Ballypore, and was on my way back to my quarters in a gharry, when the foundation for my present fortune was laid by The Thing that had it in charge.

When we turned into Ghowringhee Road my Hindoo driver pulled up his ramshackle old horse, and peering down at me through the gharry blinds, asked, in Hindustani, where I wished to go.

Suddenly thrown on my own resources linguistically, my intellect wavered for a minute, groping about blindly in the dark for the word meaning my house. All at once, like a revelation it came to me. Yes, there could be no doubt about it—it was the right word; and I answered promptly, "*Jahannam jao*," sinking back in my seat with a sigh of relief as I realized how well I was getting on with their barbarous speech.

My gharry man cheerfully answered, "*Achcha, sahib*," (very good, sir); and with eager profanity urged his rest-loving steed to hurry the sahib forward.

It was The Thing, Krishna or otherwise, that whispered that word in my ear, else it had not come so nimbly to

my memory. Later in the night I discovered that it did not mean my house at all.

It was a long drive from Ballypore, and the dinner had been one of much full-bodied mullagatawny and cheerful-spirited Monopole; all tending to make one sleep, even in a gharry with an action like a twin-screw torpedo boat. I slept.

I was awakened by somebody tugging at my sleeve; and a voice was calling plaintively: "Sahib, sahib!"

"What is it?" I asked dreamily, for the air seemed rich with the music of an Indian Mutiny.

The next second I was awake; the gharry had stopped; there was surely a battle on. The atmosphere was full of flying missiles and the language of questionable moral tone. Brickbats and Hindustani descended parabolically, jostling each other in their eager flight, from the flat roof of one of the adjoining buildings, while in the street a small man was busily engaged in returning the ammunition, and swearing comprehensive British oaths.

It was a battle to shun; but the street was narrow, and we had to wait until hostilities ceased, or run the gauntlet of the cannonade.

As I cautiously reconnoitred from the door of the gharry, the aggressive figure in the street dropped in a crumpled heap, struck by one of the carelessly wandering brickbats. Notwithstanding his language I could not leave an Englishman there to be murdered, so quickly hauled him into the vehicle.

The enemy fired upon the ambulance; they were savage. An eighth-of-a-brick cannoned from my shoulder-blade and smashed a blind in the carriage.

Safely in the gharry, the horse, urged by the red hailstones, fled through the bombardment, and we were soon in a purer atmosphere.

The fresh air revived my warlike find, who was no more than partially stunned. He announced his recovery by punching me on the chin with his tiny fist.

"Stop that—you little ass!" I said.

He stared at me in astonishment. The gharry was dark, but I could feel him stare, for there was a long-drawn pause with no fighting remarks. Although I was not a betting man, athletics were rather in my line, so it was not worth while getting angry with the featherweight in front of me. I could hear him swearing softly to himself, and I was being characterized as a "rum chap."

Then he assured me confidentially that he was under seven stun; he added that his name was Griffith—"Griff, you know;" and drove emphatically at my eye lest I should forget.

Talking excited him—not a difficult task—and he commenced prowling around over my feet and knees. When I squeezed him somewhat, making him sit down, he waxed indignant; for he, Griffith, had been with Lord Dick for three years, and it irked him to be sat on by a butcher of a cross-country rider.

Evidently his imagination had been contaminated by sporting companions, and he took me for a steeplechase jockey.

Having been rescued by me had given him a sort of claim upon my attention, but still I felt a desire to get rid of him as speedily as I might. His encounter with the brickbat and some previous whiskey had rather muddled him as to localities; it seemed impossible to pin him down to any house or street of which he knew anything. I groaned inwardly; I should have to take him to my own quarters.

"You're no good at the game," he said to me groggily.

"Where do you live?" I asked. This seemed to me the more important question.

"Where do I live?" I live with the Count—sleep with him." Evidently the brickbat had affected his mind.

"Count who?" I asked.

"Count who?" Count your grandmother! What are you givin' us? Who do you s'pose he is—hic—the Count of Calcutta?"

I admitted I had not formed any opinion on the matter.

"I am on to the Count—hic! My Count! See? an'—hic!—an'—he'll win too," he continued, with erratic freedom.

That did not convey much information. The Count might be of any nationality—a winner at a pigeon shoot, a game of tennis, or a law suit. My salvage was voluble, but I gleaned little from his elliptical harangue. It seemed likely that the Count was a patron of the ring, and my young friend a clever boxer in his service.

"Where does the Count hail from?" I asked, thinking if I could identify that nobleman, I might take the boy home.

"From Australia, of course. Where do all the good'uns come from? He's own son to Lord Harry; got by the Devil *he* was."

Surely was the servant worthy of the master, I thought; also was the pedigree correct, no doubt. I took a look out of the window. We were going right now I knew, for I recognized the streets.

"So the Count's a good master, is he?" I said, thinking to humour my highly connected companion.

"Bet your life he doesn't *master* me!" he answered; "he bosses the rest of 'em, but when I give him a lift in the ribs he knows what time o' day it is."

"I shouldn't wonder," I added, as I thought of the crack on the jaw he had given me.

"He's a dandy though; when he's out to win you can bet your life on him."

"Win what?" I asked.

"Anything he's in for; short or long, it's all the same to him if he's out for the stuff. The guys'll be playin' Sir Michael next week; but if you see the Count with his shoes off, an' *me* there, you can stake your life he'll get all there is in sight."

"Is this—ah—Sir Michael a—a friend of the Count's?"

"Bet yer life; they're half-brothers."

No doubt it was quite simple—to him; but to me it was very perplexing. Why the Count should play with his shoes off, whatever it was they were going to play, and what his half-brother, the baronet, had to do with it all, was more than I could understand. However, according to my young friend, that would give him the advantage, so that he would beat Sir Michael easily.

Perhaps the Count also boxed, and it might be that he was going to have a set-to with Sir Michael, and the young game-cock with me was his trainer. Ah! that seemed a likely solution. Obviously with his shoes off the Count would be spryer on his feet; and yet——

"But doesn't the Count ever hurt his feet going without his shoes that way?" I asked, by way of keeping my friend awake.

"That's just it," he said, aroused to fresh interest by my query, and he lurched forward so that his nose rubbed with soft persuasion up and down my shirt front; then he broke off suddenly to vilify me as an ass, for his nose had rasped against a shirt stud, cutting a gash diagonally across the tip. "That's just it," he continued, when he had exhausted his vocabulary of unpleasant words, and got back to the question again, "that's just *why* his shoes only come off when he's out for the dust. He's a trifle tender on his pins, an' you won't see him without his shoes more'n once or twice in the season. But when you do—look out! My word!"

"He must be plucky," I suggested, thinking of a barefooted aristocrat wading through Calcutta dust.

"There never was a gamer one," he answered laconically.

Just then the gharry stopped; the driver's head appeared at the door. "The Sahib's house has arrived," he said, in the beautifully decorative language of the East. "*Ghar men hai!*" Ah! that was the word I had been trying to think of, *Ghar men* (house), when the devil-god had whispered in my ear, "*Jahannam*."

It was only by the promise of refreshment that I succeeded in getting my charge out of the gharry. He

was bound to go home to sleep with the Count; but, as he didn't seem to have the faintest idea where the Count lived, it was quite possible he would turn up again among people who stoned him from the the tops of houses.

"You see," he explained, "they may get at the Count if I'm not there. I've got to look after him. There's no one he'll allow 'round him 'cept me. I'm not takin' any chances."

That being so, I wondered why he had been wasting his time firing bricks at people who were so much higher up in the world; but I refrained from saying anything, and contented myself with hauling him up to my quarters by the back of the collar. That was the quickest way, and I was sleepy.

When we came into the light I saw he had a nasty gash above his left ear. But examination disclosed that his small head was as neatly mapped as a German student's—it was part of his business, and probably came from his habit of lifting people in the ribs, as he did with the Count.

He would have talked all night, but a strong "peg" bowled him over and put him to sleep.

In the morning, when sober, he was quite different; as silent and shame-faced as a sweeper. He seemed to fully appreciate my kindness in looking after him. "It was very good of you, sir," he said, "to put yourself out about me, and I suppose I talked like a drunken idiot."

"Well, you talked a good deal about the Count——"

"Sh-h-h," he interrupted, "please don't say a word about it, sir—don't mention the name; only——" and he looked at me thoughtfully—"don't *forget* what I said about him, and don't never mention the name to anybody. But if at any time, sir, you want to know anything, or if I can help you, don't be backward in asking me. The Count'll do more for me than he will for any other—man or boy. And now good morning, and thank you, sir," and he was gone.

"Deuced funny chap," I thought; "but I expect he'll catch it from the Count, whoever he is, when he gets home. I expect the lift in the ribs will be the other way about."

That I knew nothing about betting and horse-racing, which are one and the same thing in India, was more than made up by Steel; in fact, he was a sort of perambulating turf guide. He was always at me to go down to the Calcutta Meet to see this kingly sport.

A week after my experience in the gharry, the big Calcutta race took place. Steel was importunate that I should go with him; reluctantly I consented. In reality, of course, I had nothing to do with it; it was The Thing which drew me to the chance.

I noticed that Steel worked wondrous hard for a man who was simply out for amusement. Back and forth from the horse paddock to the little inclosure where vociferous chaps were shouting all sorts of unintelligible exclamations, he raced; and just as each race was being run he would bear over to where I was sitting quietly in the stand, and watch the horses through his glasses.

On one of these excursions he said to me: "I've been losing, but I'll get it all back on Sir Michael. He's the straight tip for the next race—I've had it from the owner."

"Sir Michael!" I gasped, as The Thing whispered in my ear about the mad gharry ride.

"Yes, Sir Michael," he replied. "*You* don't know anything about him, do you?"

"Sir Michael is a horse then?" I asked.

"Why, certainly; did you think he was a bullock, and this a race for native stock?"

I paid no attention to his facetious remark. It was only Steel's way, but a nebulous something was trying to stir the leaven of more connected thought in my mind.

"Do you know anything of a Count something?" I queried. "He's from Australia I think. Does he own this—ah—Sir Michael horse?"

Steel looked at me queerly for a minute. He satisfied himself that I

was not sitting in the sun, but his face took on a troubled, anxious expression. That I should be talking about the horses was in itself surprising ; that I should so hopelessly jumble noblemen and horses together was, no doubt, a matter for anxiety.

"A man named Marston owns Sir Michael," Steel said deliberately, and with a soothing intonation in his voice ; "wait a bit—I've got it ; there's another horse from the same stable called the Count ; that's what you've got in your mind. I was really afraid it was a touch of the sun, for you've not been pegging."

"Who owns the Count ?" I queried. "Is it a man named Griffith ?"

"By Jove !" exclaimed Steel, "you *are* mixed ; Griffith's a jock, and wouldn't be allowed to race or own horses. I'll tell you who owns him," he added, looking at his race card—"Macklin ! that's the man. He's trained in the same stable with Sir Michael."

"Let's go and have a look at the horses," I said, moving down the steps.

Steel's eye opened wide with astonishment. "You're coming on nicely," he remarked ; "you'll wind up by having a bet on Sir Michael yourself."

"No, I shan't do that ; and you had better wait till I find out about something."

"I suppose you're going to ask the jockey," he sneered banteringly.

"Yes," I answered simply, "if I get a chance."

"If you make that mistake, old man, he will probably tell you to go to— "

"Jahannam," I put in.

"That's just what he'll do," said Steel, with a grin at my Hindustani.

We walked over to the paddock. Gentlemen and ladies were sauntering around amongst the high-tempered horses who were waiting, all on edge, for the struggle that lay before them.

"This way, please," whispered The Thing in my ear. Straight, like a sleep-walker, I followed the whisper to where a great white-stockinged chestnut was stretching his long, lean neck impatiently, and making nervous music with the snaffle in his teeth.

I knew I should see the little man of brickbat proclivities beside the Count. He was there in all the splendour of Oxford-blue jacket, and deep crimson sash.

"Who is that little man in blue and crimson ?" I asked Steel. I knew ; for The Thing was whispering in my ear, "that's Griffith ;" but I wanted a human voice to assure me that I was not dreaming.

"That's Griffith, the jockey ; 'Little Griff,' as they call him—one of the best boys that ever came out from Australia. He's the Fred Archer of India. Wonder what he's riding—" and he looked at his card again. "By Jove ! The Count ! Wonder what he's doing upon that crock—to make the running for his stable companion, Sir Michael, I suppose."

"I'll ask him," I said.

Steel put a detaining hand on my arm, and his blue eyes were full of a new wonder. I went over and spoke to the little man.

"Good day, sir," he exclaimed, touching his cap, as he looked up at me.

"You remember me then ?" I queried.

"I'd be a sweep if I didn't," he answered.

"Is that the Count ?" I asked carelessly.

"Yes, sir. You can bet your life on him this trip."

The signal to mount came from the judges' stand. A big, red-faced man stepped up and held his hand on a level with the Count's forearm ; the jockey put his foot in it, and was lifted into the saddle.

I walked back to Steel. "That horse is going to win," I assured him ; "but there is one thing I don't quite understand—the jockey once told me that if I saw the Count with his *shoes off* he was certain to win."

Steel looked at the horse as I spoke, and exclaimed : "Don't you see—they *have* taken his shoes off—he's as

barefooted as a colt? 'A pound off his feet is 4 lbs. off his back,' the saying is; and that horse is out for the guineas to-day."

Then I told him what I knew.

"We'll have to hurry, if we mean to back him," he said. "The odds will soon be cut when the owner's money comes into the ring."

We made a pilgrimage to the bookmakers. Sir Michael was a strong favourite. The Count was 40 to 1.

"How much do you wish to bet?" my companion asked.

"I'm going to make the only bet of my life just now," I answered. "I can afford to lose 500 rupees if the horse doesn't win. If it comes off—well and good."

Steel got the money on; judicious investments here and there among the different bookmakers in moderate sums made it possible. He was an artist at that sort of thing. He also backed the horse for himself.

I was sitting in the stand when Steel came over, having finished his financial transactions. "The owner's money is going on now," he said, "and the odds are being cut. I shouldn't wonder if the brute would win."

"Win, win, win!" The Thing kept jingling in my ear; or perhaps it was the crazy, unnerving excitement of my first bet.

Almost as he had looked in the street the night of the riot, appeared Little Griff, crouched monkey-like over the withers of the big chestnut at the post. It was only three-quarters of a mile, the race, and in less than two minutes I should be rich—rich for a Griffin; or full of the knowledge that two months' salary had been dropped in the sea.

The white-stockinged legs of the chestnut flicked in and out among the dark shins of the other horses, as they cotillioned in and out in their fight for the premier place when the bunting should drop.

Several times the kaleidoscope of colours lined up and shot forward as the first flag kissed the earth. Each time the white legs twinkled in front; each time the scarlet-slashed blue drove out in the lead of the other colours.

"Good boy, Griff!" Steel was saying, as he watched them through his glass. "You'll buy the watch for him, Kinnaird, if he wins, and I'll furnish the chain—I'll throw in a charm too."

Steel was getting excited, evidently. I was also worked up; but I kept it out of evidence.

"*There they go!*" my friend cried. The Count's in the lead! Good old Griff! he's got a head on his shoulders, that boy has."

I could see that the big chestnut had opened up a flattering lead of at least two lengths.

"They'll nev—er catch him!" they'll nev—er catch him!" Steel was saying in a cheerful monotone. He was excited.

Gracious! what would I do with 20,000 rupees I was wondering. What if the bookmakers should go broke and welsh me out of the lot. The race seemed already won, with Griffith away in the lead.

"They'll nev—er catch him—nev—er catch him!" Steel kept on in that isolated drawl. "They'll nev—er catch him—The Count's light—seven stun two; and he's got the foot of all of them, for he's as fast as greased lightning. They'll nev—er catch him."

It was a cheerful bulletin, in spite of the monotony of the expression. It not only announced that our horse was in premier place, but it was optimistic of the future. I prayed that Steel might not be a dishonoured prophet; also that the bookmakers might not welsh me.

I took out the tickets and looked at them; there might have been some mistake made in the horse. But they were all right; the various sums in the lined margin all stood against the name "Count." I shoved them back in my pocket and listened to my friend. "He's choking them off in the heavy going—they'll *nev—er* catch him!"

They had swung into the stretch now. To my unpractised eye they were all winning, each horse seemed galloping as fast as the other; there

were a dozen of them, and how could Steel be so cock-sure about the Count?

"Griff's never moved in the saddle yet, and the others are all hard at work."

My heart sank. Was our jockey not trying to win?

"Good boy! They'll *nev—er* catch him now!" It was evidently all right again, though I couldn't quite understand it. But I could see the white legs flashing in the bright sunlight quite in the front, so our horse must be doing well.

A hundred yards from the finish I saw Sir Michael pull up to the girths of the chestnut. The suspense of the moment choked my friend's voice—he was silent. I felt that the struggle had come.

"You win, win, win!" The Thing was dinging in my ear.

Then the arm that had so cheerfully punched me in the chin shot into the air once, twice, and, as it descended each time, there was a noise like the crack of a pistol. The white legs seemed to flash quicker; the chestnut mass with the long bony neck drew steadily out from the jumble of bays and greys, and I could hear a thousand voices roaring: "*The Count! The Count! The Count wins!*"

Steel turned, screwed up his glasses, put them nervously into their leather case, and said: "I knew they'd never catch him. You've won a small fortune. We'll throw in a diamond pin with the watch. I'm glad I put you on to the good thing." Steel was excited.

"Bli' me!" said Griffith, when I spoke to him about the final struggle, "I only hit my boot-leg; I wouldn't touch the Count with the whip nohow. We're chums; I sleep in his stall."

The bookies didn't welsh me—they never do in India.

ELLA MAY

By Graham Douglas

ELLA MAY and Miss Mathewson arrived at the City Hospital the same raw bleak winter's day and entered the Woman's Medical at precisely the same hour.

They came on very different missions these two, and to the casual observer it would have seemed very improbable that the fate of the stately fair probationer, whose appearance had already caused a stir in the doctors' quarters, would be bound up with that of the small nigger baby, who had no place in the outside world, and for whom even the hospital hardly held a bed.

"Children's ward full," said the young house doctor who had admitted her; "Babies' too. Send her up to the Woman's Medical;" and thus it was that Miss Mathewson made Ella May's acquaintance a few minutes after she had been placed on duty.

It was just six months before the day I speak of that Isabel Mathewson made up her mind to have a profession and earn her own livelihood, telling the family of her decision with a faltering tongue and the faint hope deep down in her heart, unacknowledged even to herself, that they would cry her idea down as ridiculous, instead of which it received their warmest approval. Her father applauded roundly. Isabel had expected he would, for although James Mathewson was far from being a poor man, dress allowances were a sore subject with him and there was a fourth daughter to make her début the coming winter. Indeed, it was this very subject of dress allowance that had finally convinced Miss

Mathewson she must earn money for herself. To a girl with a mind and ideals like Isabel's, the monthly doling out of these much-grudged dollars was humiliating in the extreme. Perhaps if she had been of a less sensitive nature and had begged occasionally for the payment of a bill, or a sum for "helping out" purposes, as Jeanne and Irene did, she might have been happier in her home life, but money was to Isabel a distressing subject, and rather than ask for it she wore her dresses far longer than there was necessity for, and retrimmed hats with a persistency that filled her younger sisters with contempt.

"Isabel is a born old maid," they told their mother; "she actually likes to wear old clothes." And Mrs. Mathewson, with perception dimmed by constant contact with a man whose only pleasure was money-making, admitted she thought Isabel was old maidish, failing to see that this tall, slender girl with flower-like face possessed a soul that craved for sympathy and an artistic eye that longed for the chiffons she so patiently did without.

Isabel was not altogether disappointed when her mother consented readily to her plan of training, though she confided to her pillow with a few tears that night a wish that they had said they would miss her. But they did not, and the following day the application to the Training School for Nurses was sent in.

So many months elapsed before an answer came, the entire family save Isabel had forgotten the letter had been sent. When it did come, however, with its abrupt statement that her services would be required in twenty-four hours, it found Isabel with her outfit of pink dresses and white aprons all complete, a fact that filled her mother with astonishment and some resentment.

"You go about all you do in such a queer way, Isabel," she said somewhat complainingly. "One would think you did not want us to know what you were about." Then noting the pathetic look on Isabel's face, she added in a more kindly tone, "Well, good-bye, my dear. Take care of yourself, and—God bless you."

When the tiresome train journey was ended, and an equally fatiguing one through long stone-paved corridors, and up endless flights of stairs to the corners of the bedroom, which grew so dear to her in after months, the girl found herself in the office of the directoress. As she was surveyed from behind an intimidating pair of *pince-nez*, a lump rose in her throat and it seemed as if even the alluring bait of independence was not worth what she was going through.

"You are very late, Miss Mathewson," was the cold greeting she received, and Isabel began to explain in a voice so meek she hardly recognized it as her own, the fault was that of a delayed train, not hers.

"Take Miss Mathewson to Ward 4," was the sole response, and this was addressed to the white-capped nurse who had brought her into the august presence.

It was with a grateful heart that Isabel found herself in the long corridor again. Once outside the office door she pulled herself together and tried to steady her nerves. It would never do to be afraid of those who were in authority over her. After all, the worst thing they could do would be to send her home; so holding her head a trifle higher she followed her guide, with, at least, an outward show of intrepidity, up to the Woman's Medical.

Perhaps it was the strangeness of the long ward with rows of spotless beds on either side and the white medicine chest and dressers' carriage in the centre, that established the first bond of sympathy between Miss Mathewson and Ella May. They were just putting her into bed when Isabel came on the ward, a poor little frightened mite of two and a half years, hardly able to speak, and so wasted by disease she looked but half her age. An aunt who had brought her in was taking a severe farewell.

"Now, Ella May," she said, shaking

an impressive black forefinger at her, "You be a good gal,' an' say 'Yes, ma'am,' an' 'No, ma'am,' to de ladies," and Ella May, sitting up in the white bed that was so much too big for her, with tightly clasped hands and startled eyes faltered out a quavering "Yes, ma'am."

Isabel wondered how the Nurse-in-Charge could resist taking the child in her arms and hushing the frightened look out of her face. But nurses in large hospitals have little time, as Isabel soon discovered, for "mothering" even the most attractive babies. And this one was far from being attractive, a thin little face, with eyes that seemed to fill up half the space in it, fuzzy black hair, and a body that was a mere bag of bones. "Rickets," her history said, "parents both dead, consumption." A terrible inheritance they left to this poor baby.

That first day was very long to both Ella May and Miss Mathewson. Isabel dusted with carbolic and water till her arms and back ached, carried trays, whisked out crumbs from the beds, and dusted again; lightened spreads and then more trays.

At last the day was ended, and whispering "Good-night" to Ella May, with whom she had spent her few spare moments, she went off to her own tea, and then took her tired limbs to rest.

"It *might* have been worse," she told herself as she dropped off to sleep —"a little."

Everything seemed brighter the next day. The girls greeted her at breakfast with cheery "Good mornings," and she did not feel herself quite such an outcast as she had at tea the night before, when they had all stared silently as she made her appearance.

The sun was shining into the ward as the day nurses came on, and Ella May greeted her with the sweetest little smile imaginable.

"You dear," said Isabel, "are you glad to see me?" and Ella May smiled again, and said, "Yes, ma'am."

"That child's too good to live or else she isn't human," said the night nurse who was passing off at that moment, which made Isabel hug the little black face to her and cast an indignant glance at the back of the unconscious offender.

"What a shame," she murmured wrathfully, and then smiled at her own anger. "Never mind, Ella May, you and I are friends, aren't we?" she said, "and you are going to get better, only not too soon, for I'd be lonely." Then she rushed off to wash her fourteen patients, and Ella May watched her all morning with big, wistful eyes.

The month of Isabel's probation flew by like the proverbial lightning, but made little change in Ella May's condition. Isabel learnt to scour a bath and make a bed with a rapidity that astonished herself; to take temperatures and go up and down the ward in a way that was neither walk nor run, but "nurses' gait," as one of the girls informed her. It may not have been pretty—Isabel scorned it a good deal when first she noticed it, but it certainly took one over the ground at a marvelous rate of speed. Then one joyful day she got her cap and was sent down to the Children's Ward as "Second Assistant."

"It's like a lovely boarding school," she wrote home to her family, "only with heaps more work and lots more liberty. I never had such fun in all my life before, and the girls are so jolly."

"Imagine Isabel liking boarding school," was the general exclamation of the family when they read this, and then, except for her weekly letter, Isabel passed from their lives.

But if she was forgotten in her home her popularity at the hospital ought to have equalized matters, though Isabel went her way serenely unconscious of the admiration she excited. She went from ward to ward as the year wore on, meeting the house doctors, and accepting their attentions with the calm dignity which belonged to her. It never occurred to her that there was anything extraordinary in the fact, that a doctor was always at

hand to pull out the heavy desk before she dusted, and that refractory patients usually vanished to another ward soon after she made her appearance. She found her path in life delightfully smooth, but did not stop to analyze the cause.

"The Queen" these doctors called her, and she took their homage as her rightful due, as only a true queen can.

"Here, you fellows," said Howells, coming into the doctors' library one day, where most of the men were congregated, "I'll relieve for any one of you any night you choose next month, the 'Queen's' going on night duty again!"

There was a general laugh at his expense, and several offers to take his duty for him, all of which Howells took good-naturedly. Then he tramped over to where Norton, the "Senior House," was sitting.

"Let's have yours, old man," he said; "you wouldn't care if the Queen of Sheba——" But before he could finish Norton broke in angrily on him—

"Look here, Howells, if you want my opinion, you're making a confounded ass of yourself. Some of you others, too," and before the astonished men could recover themselves he was out of the room, banging the door behind him.

There was a moment's blank pause, and then Howells said—

"By Jove, and I thought he rather liked her. Which means he isn't half as down on her as he is on most of 'em."

"It's funny Norton can't be really nice to anyone but children," said another man. A statement which brought wrath down on his devoted head, for Norton was a general favourite in the hospital. Tall, well-favoured, with a look of honesty and strength about him, the patients fairly worshipped him, and his colleagues relied upon his judgment in a way not often seen among young doctors. As for the nurses he took absolutely no notice of them, and, strange to say, they liked him none the less on that account. But it was in the Children's Ward that Norton's best self came out.

It was there that he went now, after his outburst in the library, straight to where Isabel was standing superintending the distribution of tea trays to the children, and proudly wearing, for the first time, the "Nurse-in-Charge" button.

"Miss Mathewson," he said abruptly, "I want to speak to you," and Isabel's heart sank when she saw the set look on his face.

"I have made some terrible mistake," she thought. "What can it be—What can it be? My first day 'N.C.', too," and she flashed over in her mind all that had taken place during the day, but could find nothing to justify his expression.

"What is it, Dr. Norton?" she asked, gathering her courage in both hands and prepared for almost any accusation.

"I want to tell you," he said, speaking nervously and with a very white face. "I want to tell you that I love you, and ask you to be my wife. Don't think me mad," as Isabel gazed at him speechless, "to tell you of it now: it is because I love you so much that I must speak. I have no way of letting you see that I care for you except by blurting it out like this. I can't pay you any attention here; if I did it would only get you into trouble; but I love you—I'll be going home soon and I had to let you know somehow."

"But Dr. Norton," she managed to gasp out at last, "I hardly know you. I—I've hardly spoken to you a dozen times."

"Twenty-one—I've counted. You see I knew from the first minute that I saw you. I don't expect an answer, but you'll think of it—promise me you'll do that."

"I don't think I can help doing that," said Isabel a little tremulously, "only please go now, Dr. Norton, the other girls are wondering what we are talking about."

He went out, and Isabel went to

Ella May and got what comfort she could from her loving hands.

"I'm feeling very, very sorry, Ella May," she said; "I don't know what to do."

And Ella May patted her hands and said, with the same wistful smile that had won Miss Mathewson's heart when first she saw her, "Poor ma'am, poor ma'am."

It was the same delicate little face but the frightened look had left it and given way to one of happiness. The hospital sojourn could not do much to mend poor Ella May's frail body, but it had bound up her broken spirit—or perhaps it was Miss Mathewson who had.

There had been a vacancy in the Children's Ward, in bed and nurse, and she and Ella May had moved in on the same day. Then had come a long round of different wards for Isabel; now she had got back as "N. C." and next week would begin a term of three months' night duty on the same ward.

But for Dr. Norton's unlooked-for announcement Isabel's world would have been *couleur de rose*. As it was she went to bed and cried herself to sleep. It was all so unexpected and unfortunate. Dr. Norton was the last man. For he had spoken with perfect truth when he said he had been unable to pay her any attention. The other men had managed to, and in spite of her woe Isabel smiled to herself when she thought of the sledge-hammer way Guy Norton had gone about his wooing.

"If only I had not stared at him so, as if he had seven heads," was her final moan before she dropped off to sleep to dream of a Dr. Norton who had developed these additions, forcing an engagement ring on her hand that rang out like a bell each time she moved. Then she awoke to find the getting-up bell over the door buzzing away furiously and daylight streaming in through the window.

She got up and wrote a note to him immediately. It was quite out of the question, and she begged he would not speak of it again, she told him. However much she might like and respect him she could not fall in love with him simply because he had told her that he cared for her. He must forget about her as quickly as possible, etc., etc. The same little note that has been written from time immemorial.

She got an orderly to take it over to the doctor's side, and then went on duty and told Ella May that she felt better.

There were rounds to be made that afternoon with Dr. Norton, and Isabel dreaded them a little, but she consoled herself with the thought that her note had been very decisive. It was, perhaps, but Isabel had reckoned without Norton's force of character. It was not until the last bed had been reached and Isabel was congratulating herself on his obedience, that he spoke a word to show he had any thoughts save of the patients. Then he said,

"It was very good of you to write me that note, Miss Mathewson, but I can't take it as an answer."

"But you must, Dr. Norton," protested Isabel helplessly.

"I don't ask or expect you to care for me," he went on pleadingly; "I only ask you to let me know you a little better. That won't bind you to anything."

He was very gentle and persuasive, and after a while Isabel found herself half promising to see him somewhere sometime in the dim future.

"I want you to know my mother; she knows all about you," he said eagerly. "Do you know—she has been here twice to see you."

Miss Mathewson came to herself with a start. She remembered distinctly enough the sweet-faced old lady who had been pointed out as Dr. Norton's mother; but that she, Isabel, had been on exhibition! Her cheeks burned red at the thought, and she came to a swift decision.

"Dr. Norton," she said quietly, "the whole thing is absurd, impossible. I ask you to say no more about it. Don't you see it would put me in an utterly false position if I went to see your mother. She would say, very

naturally, that I had no right to encourage you if I do not mean to accept you, and I do not mean," very steadily, "to do that."

There was a moment's silence before the man spoke.

"Very well, Miss Mathewson," he said at last, "it shall be as you wish, but, perhaps," a little huskily, "when we get outside this place, we may meet again, and then—then I won't have to ask you to let me speak to you. It was only a chance in a thousand, and —I've lost." And he was gone.

The next two months slipped away quietly, but very happily to Ella May and Isabel in the Children's Ward. Isabel came on duty at seven in the evening, and went off at seven in the morning, so they had not many waking hours together, but Ella May woke early, and Isabel always had her arrayed in her day gown, with a bunch of pink ribbons tying up a curl over each eye, before the day nurse came on. She saw Norton only when he made night rounds, but as he never spoke, beyond giving an order, his proposal lost its prominence in her mind.

Towards the end of Miss Mathewson's night duty, Ella May began to fail perceptibly. At first Isabel would not admit it, even to herself.

"It cannot be," she said over and over again to herself, but as day by day the little hands grew thinner and the little head too weak to lift from the pillow, she saw the doctors were right, the end could not be far off now.

One night she made a desperate appeal to Dr. Norton. "Is there nothing, nothing one could do?" she asked him; "take her away to the country, or—I would do anything for her."

"No, nothing," he said, and then left the ward abruptly.

"Ella May is dying," Isabel heard next day before she went on duty. "Dr. Norton has been with her all day, and is breaking his heart over her—as usual. I believe his heart breaks afresh each time a child dies."

She flew to the ward door, only to spend an agonizing five minutes in the corridor until the clock struck seven. When she went in Dr. Norton was leaning over the cot, Ella May's head lying in his hand, while with the other he moistened her lips, and fanned her with all a man's strength and yet a woman's gentleness. Isabel stood quietly by dry-eyed, and feeling horribly helpless.

"When, Dr. Norton," she forced herself to say, "When, tell me!"

Guy spoke slowly and with an effort.

"Poor little soul, she's going out," he said. "Poor little soul—she's going out—to-night."

The weary hours dragged on and still he sat by Ella May's bed. Isabel went about her work with aching heart, coming back whenever she could snatch a moment to the screened cot. Towards morning there was a fluttering sigh, a faint smile for each of them and—it was over. It was Isabel's first grief in life. The first time death had touched her closely. Dr. Norton drew his hand from under the head and pulled the sheet reverently over the little face.

"I am going away," he said to Isabel. "My time at the hospital was up yesterday." Without another word he went out of the door.

Isabel gazed after him with dilated eyes, then sitting down beside the cot she put her head on the rail and gave way to a storm of tears. The two she cared for—gone. Ella May, still, under the white sheet, and Guy—she could not stay, it would be desolate without them. She did not remember then that only the day before she had told herself she did not—did not care for him.

A quick footstep came echoing down the ward and looking up she found Norton again beside her.

"I don't want to bother you," he said, hesitating when he saw the tears upon her face, "but I am going such a long way off, to see some of the hospitals in Europe, and if you should ever want me—or anything, I shall always love you, you know—will you go to see my mother?"

Isabel stretched out both hands slowly to him.

"Let me go to see her to-day," she said—"this morning."

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By

M. MacLean Helliwell

A CANOE SONG—TO DALLIE

A dazzling sun in a cloud-fleck'd sky—
Dip, my paddle, dip ;
Too swiftly the golden moments fly,
Dip, my paddle, dip ;
Past looming boulders, stern and steep,
Where giant pines their vigil keep,
To where the drowsy lilies sleep,
Dip, my paddle, dip.

In from the turbulent, tossing Bay,
Dip, my paddle, dip ;
To channels calm, where the long reeds sway,
Dip, my paddle, dip ;
Idly we float on the pool's still breast,
By myriad zephyrs sweet caress'd,
Lulling our souls in th' infinite rest,
Hush, my paddle, hush.

M. MacL. H.

Georgian Bay.

ONE day last summer the only Mr. Dooley aired his views in the public press on the subject of country life. With much feeling he related to his faithful Hinnessy how his friend Hogan had taken him out to spend a few days with him in his country villa, "called a villa to distinguish it f'rm a house"—a very wonderful villa, too, by the way, which looked as "if it had been made by a scroll-saw, but was mannyfacthered by Hogan hisself out of a disign in a pa-aper, 'How to make a counthry home on wan thousand dollars, puzzle: find the money!'" And Dooley's racy description of his experience therein is still fresh in one's mind. The long, sleepless night, with its unaccustomed noises of wakeful birds, beasts, and insects ; the suffocating heat, and the ceaseless energy of the mosquitoes, who spend a "short life, but a merry wan," were all too much for Dooley of the City, and after a country breakfast of canned peaches and condensed milk, he hied him quickly homeward, having no further taste for walking in fresh fields and pastures new. "Stay on the farm," said he to his friend Hogan ; "commune with nature, enjoy the simple, rustic life of the merry farmer-boy that goes whistlin' to his worruk before breakfast. But I must go back to the city, where there is nawthin' to eat but what you want, and nawthin' to drink but what you can buy ; where the dust is laid by the sprinklin' cart, where the iceman comes reg'lar, and the roof-garden is in bloom ; an' ye're waked not be the sun but be the milkman. I want to be near a docther when I'm sick, an' eat eatable fo'd when I'm hungry, an' where I can put me hand out early in the mornin' an' hook in a newspaaper. The city is the on'y summer resort f'r a man who has iver lived in the city."

The full account of Dooley's experience was inimitably funny and absolutely true to life—from a Dooley standpoint, for that men, women and children of sane mind and sound body should cheerfully, nay, eagerly, give up the comforts and luxuries of roomy bedrooms, soda-water fountains, the dust-sprinkler, the iceman, and the morning paper, to go and camp out in a little six-by-twelve shack, over-run with ants, spiders and mosquitoes, and to dine upon canned fruit, dried beef and condensed milk, is to the Dooleys of the world a piece of utterly incomprehensible and most egregious folly. Nevertheless, year by year, just as surely as summer follows winter, with the first promise of the long, dreamy, sunshiny days the perennial exodus from

city to country begins. Surely, surely, there must be some compensation for the loss of these material comforts and conveniences of which Mr. Dooley wots not. Ah, yes, Heaven be thanked, all this vast world is not composed only of that type of man to whom—

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

Wordsworth is not the only human being who could say with truth:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears."

Such an one is that thrice-blessed mortal who knows the infinite bliss that steals over the heart and lulls the enraptured senses when he flings himself down on the soft bank of a babbling stream, in the shade of a sheltering tree, between whose swaying branches he can catch fleeting glimpses of a sapphire, cloud-dappled sky. He knows the message of the whispering tree-tops, of the sighing grasses and the murmuring waters, for he is of those who, to paraphrase dear old Abt Vogler, can say with truth—

"Nature has a few of us whom she whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we, her children, *know*."

Against Mr. Dooley's arraignment of the country, then, let us place this from Jefferies' beautiful "Pageant of Summer":—

"I linger in the midst of the long grass, the luxury of the leaves and the song in the very air. I seem as if I could feel all the glowing life the sunshine gives and the south wind calls to being. The endless grass, the endless leaves, the immense strength of the oak expanding, the unalloyed joy of finch and blackbird; from all of them I receive a little. . . In the blackbird's melody one note is mine; in the dance of the leaf shadows the formed maze is for me, though the motion is theirs; the flowers with a thousand faces have collected the kisses of the morning. Feeling with them, I receive some, at least, of their fulness of life. Never could I have enough, never stay long enough. . . The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live, so that the longer we can stay among these things so much the more is snatched from inevitable Time. . . These are the only hours that are not wasted—these hours that absorb the soul and fill it with beauty."

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After some discussion it has been decided that the Bible upon which the King will take his oath at his coronation, which ceremony it is earnestly hoped and expected will take place this month, cannot be the one offered for this purpose by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and accepted by His Majesty, owing to the fact that it does not contain the Apocrypha. Another one has therefore been prepared. It is issued by the Oxford and Cambridge University Press, and is an exceedingly handsome volume. The binding is red, polished levant morocco, around which runs a Tudor rose border. The Royal Arms appear on the front and in the back, with the arms of Edward the Confessor, Oxford University, Cambridge University and Westminster Abbey. The "doublure" will be Russia leather, with the Rose, Thistle and Shamrock as ornament.

Queen Victoria's Coronation Bible was bound in red velvet, with the Royal Arms on the back and front. It afterwards became the property of the Bishop of Winchester, it being the custom for the Bible used on such an occasion to pass to the prelate of the Royal Order of the Garter.

◒

It is said that the Chinese almanac is the most largely circulated publication in the world, the copies printed and sold yearly reaching several millions. It is printed at Pekin and is a monopoly of the Emperor, no other

almanac being permitted to be sold in that country. Although containing reliable astronomical information its chief mission is to give full and accurate information for selecting lucky places for performing all the acts, great and small, of everyday life. And as every act of life in China, however trivial, depends for its success on the time in which and the direction (point of compass) toward which it is done, it is of the utmost importance that everyone should have correct information at all times available to enable him so to order his life as to avoid bad luck and calamity and secure good luck and prosperity. So great is the native faith in its infallibility that not long since the Chinese Minister to Germany refused to sail on a day that had been appointed because it was declared in the almanac to be unlucky.

During the past month the event of greatest interest and importance to feminine Canada has been the ninth annual meeting of the National Council of Women, which was held in St. John, New Brunswick, in the early part of July. The National Council of Women, being rather a federation of societies than a primary organization, embraces a vast range of interests, its affiliated branches reaching out to cover the wide fields of religion, philanthropy, education, history, literature, art, social progress, political reform, the improvement of the condition of the poor, prison reform, and, in brief, all that tends to the uplifting and betterment of mankind.

From all parts of the Dominion earnest and enthusiastic delegates gathered together in the beautiful little city of St. John to exchange reports and arrange plans for the furthering of their work. Each branch was able to give an encouraging account of what had been and was being done, and highly satisfactory reports were read from the following committees: Committee on Laws for the Better Protection of Women and Children, Committee on Domestic Science, Committee on the Custodial Care of Feeble-Minded Women, Committee on Promotion of Industrial and Fine Arts, Committee on Care of the Aged Poor, Committee on Women on School Boards, Committee on Raising of Loan for Doukhobor Women, Committee on Pernicious Literature, Committee on Immigration, Committee on Bureau of Information, Committee on Press. Formal papers were contributed by Mrs. Torrington, of the Toronto College of Music, who read a paper on Music—Its National Influence; by Miss Danard, of the Victoria Alumnæ Association, who spoke on the Necessity for Purity Teaching in the Public Schools; by Mrs. Nicholson Cutter, of the Toronto Conservatory School of Literature and Expression, who read an essay on Physical Culture—Its Place in Education; by Dr. Rosebrugh, who sent in an admirable paper on Prison Reform; by Mrs. Rose Holden and Mrs. Marion Baxter, who treated of Provident Schemes for Women; and by Mrs. McNaughton, who gave an instructive paper on Penny Savings Banks.

Addresses were also delivered by Mrs. J. L. Hughes, Mrs. Hoodless, Mrs. J. K. Barney, Rev. Canon Richardson, Judge Ritchie, Dr. Fraser, Rev. G. Campbell, Prof. Robertson, Dr. Worcester, Dr. Inch, Rev. Y. de Soyres, and others.

Among the most interesting reports read were those from the Woman's Art Association, whose chief object is the dissemination of knowledge and cultivation of artistic taste by means of lectures, art loan exhibitions, etc.; the King's Daughters, who are doing much good work in many directions, and the Victorian Order of Nurses, whose work is not as widely known or appreciated as it should be. The Order reports eight hospitals now in use, three of which were opened during the past year. Three new ones will be opened in September, and three more places are under consideration.

Dr. Worcester, head of the training school at Malden, in speaking of the efficient services of the Victorian Nur-

ses, paid a tribute to Lady Aberdeen, the founder of the Order, and to Miss Charlotte McLeod, who is its present superintendent.

Perhaps the most interesting papers were those on Manual Training, Domestic Science and Prison Reform.

Dr. Rosebrugh's able and comprehensive paper on the latter subject showed that though much had been done in this direction, there yet remained more to do, and among the means that have been found to be of most service in prison reform he mentioned :

Classification, by which old offenders should not be permitted to associate with other offenders ; industrial employment ; indeterminate sentence, by which prisoners can earn their discharge by good conduct ; conditional liberation, which is a modification of the ticket-of-leave system ; and finally that educational proficiency in studies and in acquiring a trade should be made a *sine qua non* to a discharge. He also emphasized the necessity for adequate religious instruction and the imperative need for police matrons and the custodial care of feeble-minded women and children.

A particularly pleasant feature of the meeting was the letter of warm sympathy and helpful suggestion from the Council's Advisory President, Lady Aberdeen, who also provided each delegate with a fresh flower daily, tied with blue ribbon—the Council's color—to be worn in remembrance of her. Great regret is felt by every member of the Council in the resignation of Miss Teresa Wilson from the office of Corresponding Secretary, an office whose arduous duties she has discharged so faithfully and efficiently for the past three years.

At the close of the Council meeting it was moved by Mrs. Griffin and seconded by Mrs. McNaughton : "That the National Council of Women, at this their annual meeting, in the city of St. John, N.B., 1902, desire to place on record their deep sense of the great loss which they sustain in the resignation of Miss Wilson as Corresponding Secretary of the National Council, and to express their sincere appreciation of those qualities in Miss Wilson which have made her work invaluable to the Council, and her business ability, unfailing tact and kindness, and her earnest devotion to the highest aims of the Council. We wish to extend to Miss Wilson our best wishes for the happiness and prosperity of her future life."

The Council is to be congratulated, however, in its choice of a successor to Miss Wilson, for Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, the newly-elected Corresponding Secretary, has long been a tower of strength to the Council, and her whole-hearted devotion to its interests, her untiring energy and her practical knowledge of every branch of the organization cannot be too highly estimated.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year :—

President—Mrs. Robert Thomson.

Vice-Presidents — Lady Laurier, Lady Taylor.

Provincial Vice-Presidents—Ontario, Mrs. Hoodless ; Quebec, Madame Dandurand ; New Brunswick, Lady Tilley ; Nova Scotia, Mrs. R. L. Borden ; P.E. Island, Mrs. Anderson ; Manitoba, Mrs. McEwan ; North-West Territories, Miss Kate Cummings ; British Columbia, Miss Perrin.

Treasurer—Mrs. Learmont.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Willoughby Cummings.

Recording Secretary—Miss Laidlaw.

M. MacL. H.

TO-MORROW

To-morrow you will live, you always cry ;
In what far country does this morrow lie
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive ?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live ?

'Tis far fetched, this sorrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool doth say,
Why e'en to-day's too late, the wise lived yesterday.

Anon.

THE COLONIAL QUESTION THEN AND NOW

By John A. Ewan

TO James Anthony Froude should be awarded the merit of foreseeing how great a part Britain's Colonial possessions might yet play in the fortunes of the Empire. Thirty years ago neither of the great British parties could see much advantage in the possession of Colonies, and they would have witnessed any of them cut loose from the Motherland with calm resignation. Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville and Mr. Bright had all expressed themselves in this sense, and there seemed to be no one of equal eminence to say them nay. The test of all things then was, How much British goods do they buy? The statesmen who had this for their standard were quite logical when they said that an Englishman who emigrated to the States was quite as useful to the United Kingdom as an Englishman who emigrated to the Colonies, because he, at least, was as free a purchaser of British goods in one situation as in the other. This was the sort of political philosophy in vogue thirty years ago, and which Froude combatted vigorously with his trenchant pen. In one of these, an essay published in 1870, there are matters upon which there will not be universal agreement, but there are also forecasts that the light of events has shown to be close previsions of the truth. He begins by saying that between 1845 and 1870 four million British subjects had become citizens of the United States of America. The burden of his complaint was that no effort had been made to turn the stream of this emigration to the Colonies, the maxim of British statesmen being that it was a matter of perfect indifference whether an Englishman settled on the Mississippi, the Murray or the St. Lawrence. The essayist deplores this view and scornfully asks if there is another European Power which, having a surplus population and Colonies in which to place them, would put forth absolutely no effort to prevent them straying under the folds of another flag. "We want land on which to plant English families," he says, "where they may thrive and multiply without ceasing to be Englishmen. The land lies ready to our hand. The Colonies contain virgin soil sufficient to employ and feed five times as many people as are now crowded into Great Britain and Ireland. Nothing is needed but arms to cultivate it, while here among ourselves are millions of able-bodied men unwillingly idle, clamouring for work, with their families starving on their hands. What more simple than to bring the men and the land together? Everything which we could most desire; exactly meeting what is most required, is thrust into our hands, and this particular moment is chosen to tell the Colonies that we do not want them and they may go."

He warns his countrymen that the whole tendency of the time is towards the augmentation of nations, and prophesies that the German States will before long become one country, a prediction that was realized in less than two years thereafter. If Great Britain does not care to assume the leadership of the Anglo-Saxon race he feels sure that the United States will take it up. "If we throw off the Colonies," he says, "it is at least possible that they may apply for admittance into the American Union, and it is equally possible that the Americans will not refuse them. Canada they already calculate on as a certainty. Why may not the Cape and Australia and New Zealand follow?" He goes on to say that if Australia and the Cape were American we could not hold India except at the Americans' pleasure. British commerce would be equally at their mercy and the best prospect for Britons would be to be one day swept into the train of the same grand confederacy. This line of reflection he concludes as follows:—"From the day that it is

"CEASE FIRE!"

A notable Cartoon which appeared in *Punch* to celebrate the end of the South African war.

confessed that we are no longer equal to a conflict with her [America], if cause of rupture should unhappily arise, our sun has set: we shall sink, as Holland has sunk, into a community of harmless traders, and leave to others the place which once we held, and have lost the energy to keep."

The great historian not content with merely theorizing about the Colonies paid a memorable visit to some of them fifteen years later and embodied the results of his observations in "Oceana." It is notable that although he returned from the antipodes by way of the United States he did not visit Canada, partly because he believed the problem of Empire here was so complicated by the neighbourhood of the overshadowing Republic that it constituted a case by itself.

Thirty years ago his was a voice crying in the wilderness. What would he think were it given to him to return to earth for a few short hours or days in this year of grace. Indeed before his departure he had seen, so rapid had been the change of sentiment, the first Colonial Conference, that of 1887, held, but he did not live to see that Canada whose geographical position made her case special and less hopeful in his eyes, leading the Colonies in the agitation for closer connection of sentiment, if not of more material things, with the Motherland. "We laugh at sentiment," he says in the conclusion of Oceana, "but every generous relation between man and man, or between men and their country, is sentiment and nothing else." This is so obviously a fact that we can only marvel at those who resolutely shut their eyes to it.

It may be asked what the various Colonial conferences have accomplished. It may be admitted in advance that the list would not be a long one, but the sentimental connection has been strengthened to that degree that has made Colonial participation in the South African war possible. Whatever view one may take of war, or of that war in particular, there can be but one opinion of the generous fire which prompted every Colony to range itself alongside the Motherland to help perform a task that was not without its difficulties and dangers.

The Colonial Conference of 1887 mainly discussed Imperial defence.

The discussion of commercial relations resolved itself chiefly into considerations for increasing the facilities for postal and telegraphic communications. Mr. Hofmeyer, the South African delegate, broached the subject of preferential trade, his plan being for a small duty on all non-British goods to be arranged by mutual legislation were also decided upon.

The next meeting was in 1892, but it was wholly a commercial gathering, although inevitably the subjects discussed trenched upon the political field. Being a meeting of Chambers of Commerce the result could be little more

THE COLONIES IN LONDON—THE CANADIAN ARCH ERECTED ON WHITEHALL FOR THE CORONATION

imported into the Empire, the proceeds to be applied to military and naval defence. A decision was arrived at to increase the Australian naval squadron; and the Canadian Pacific Railway plans for steamship service on the Pacific ocean, which have since been realized, and the all-British deep-sea cable between this country and the antipodean Colonies were amply and usefully discussed. A number of lesser but practically important matters than educative, and it was inevitable that there should be sharp differences of opinion. The very first resolution submitted was that of Mr. Neville Lubbock, who moved "that a commercial union on the basis of free trade within the Empire would tend to promote its permanence and prosperity." It is needless to say that that proposition did not find universal acceptance among the Colonial delegates at least. The majority of the Con-

gress nevertheless approved of it. It was at this Conference that the abrogation of the German and Belgian treaties was first publicly urged.

The next step in the growth of the movement was Sir Mackenzie Bowell's visit to Australia, at which time it was arranged that there should be a meeting of Colonial Ministers at Ottawa in the summer of 1894. This is known as the Ottawa Conference. The Earl of Jersey represented the Home Government and the Colonies which sent delegates were New South Wales, Tasmania, Cape Colony, South Australia, New Zealand, Victoria and Queensland. The gist of the proceedings of that convention is found in the following paragraph from a resolution moved by Hon. G. E. Foster: "That this Conference records its belief in the advisability of a customs arrangement between Great Britain and her Colonies by which trade within the Empire may be placed on a more favourable footing than that which is carried on with foreign countries." It was also resolved that until such time as the mother country saw her way to such an arrangement, the Colonies should be empowered to make preferential arrangements between themselves.

Another meeting of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire took place in June, 1896. The result of this meeting may be briefly gathered from the compromise resolution which was agreed upon to the effect "that the establishment of closer commercial relations between the United Kingdom and the Colonies and dependencies, is an object which deserves and demands prompt and careful consideration. The Congress therefore respectfully represents to Her Majesty's Government that if the suggestion should be made on behalf of the Colonies or some of them, it would be right and expedient to promote such consideration and the formation of some practical plan by summoning an Imperial conference fully representative of the interests involved or by such other means as Her Majesty may be advised to adopt."

It will be seen that wherever the subject of commercial relations has been raised, there has been found an impassable gulf between free-trade England and the more or less protectionist Colonies. The same difficulty faces the Conference which has been called for this coronation year. The resignation of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach may be the removal of a barrier, and there may be greater freedom in considering some method of preferential treatment for Colonial goods entering Britain, but there will have to be concessions from the Colonies which it would be most inconvenient to grant. It is a subject fraught with difficulties and complications, and the effort to solve them will be watched with absorbing interest. Fortunately the real union of mother country and colonies is in no way dependent on their solution. The greatest impulse which the mutual good relations of the two have ever received was in the granting of the Canadian preference, a step that helped the two parties concerned and injured no one. It may be said, therefore, that the greatest stroke for Imperial unity has come from a scion of one of the races that conquest has incorporated in the Empire.

A SONG

LOVE maketh its own summer-time,
'Tis June, love, when we are together;
And little I care for the frost in the air,
For my heart makes its own summer weather.

Love maketh its own winter-time,
And, though the hills blossom with heather,
If thou art not near, 'tis December, my dear,
For the heart makes its own winter weather.

Virna Sheard

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

AT noon on July 30th, 1860, H.M.S. *Hero* sailed up the harbour of Halifax, and a Royal Prince landed upon Canadian soil.

THE KING AND CANADA.

From that time forward Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, had a warm corner in the heart of the Canadian people. As a youthful visitor we found him cool, self-possessed, urbane and courteous. As he grew older, we watched the development of his powers with a personal interest such as Canadians never gave to any sovereign with the exception of his august mother.

During the fateful December weeks of 1871, the despatches told of his stern battle for life and the crowds who watched for the bulletins were as sympathetic as those who gathered about the gates of Marlborough House to scan the bulletins from Sandringham. He was our Prince as he was theirs.

A few years ago, while journeying through Belgium, he was narrowly missed by an assassin's bullet. And there was a strange thrill when we heard of his devout exclamation on that occasion: "In these affairs we are in the hands of God."

During the dark days which came later when he waited beside the couch at Osborne House, helpless to keep back the Dread Reaper who had come for his mother's spirit, we felt for him, suffered with him. He was losing a great and loving mother, and most of us have had mothers whom we have lost or feared to lose. We had not been British, we had not been human, had we not bowed our heads with his. Father gone, eldest son gone, and now that wonderful little mother whose heart had been large enough to beat for a family of over three hundred millions. We followed him to Frogmore and left him alone with his dead.

A few weeks later and he was called to the bedside of his eldest sister. Our sympathy followed him into the German forest, and our tears fell on the new tomb.

And we shared too his pleasures. We knew all about his yachts, his horses, his hunting and his walking. We saw him attend Courts and levees, review troops and distribute medals. How we thrilled with pleasure when he won the Derby! We heard the trumpets blow when he was proclaimed King. We watched his coach drive down the streets as he and his lovely Queen went in state to open their first Parliament. We have watched the

Coronation Honours—Sir Daniel H. McMillan, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

Coronation Honours—Sir Frederick W. Borden, K.C.M.G., Minister of Militia for Canada.

Coronation Honours—Sir William Mulock, K.C.M.G., Postmaster-General of Canada.

coronation preparations and have sent our picked veterans and our ablest statesmen to be present at that great event.

At the last moment illness came upon him. The news of the postponement dazed us. Those who read the first bulletins and were the first to spread the news were laughed to scorn. We refused to believe that fate would play us such a trick. When we discovered that it was really so, we were filled with concern—not for the effort and money wasted, but lest a gipsy's vapourings might come true and the first Imperial Edward should not be crowned, lest the man who for years had been "the first gentleman of Europe" should not have the great desire of his heart fulfilled, lest our beloved sovereign should be lost to us so soon. When the better news came, we again took heart, and now we trust that he will be restored to health, given back to us, and crowned with due pomp and glory.

Because the King is human, we sympathize with him. While he has been a great Prince, he has not ceased to be a man. He has our affection as well as our confidence, and many times during the past few weeks we have, with the other peoples in the seven seas, exclaimed

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The first great Imperial pageant was the Jubilee of 1887, the second was in 1897, and the third has been postponed. Those who desire to see the Empire grow into closer unity, must regret the circumstances. Yet all is not lost. There was a Canadian arch in London, which even Mr. Chamberlain honoured by being injured close by, there were Colonial troops in the mud and water at Alexandra Palace, there were Colonial premiers at the Cecil, and there are also some conferences. Much has been accomplished. The Empire is gradually beating its way to a more perfectly organized unit, bound by closer ties and stronger sentiment. When the Australians and the Canadians meet, they will learn something of each other and find where they think alike and unlike. When Mr. Seddon of New Zealand meets Colonel Denison of Canada there will be mutual congratulations and a taking of fresh

Coronation Knighthoods—Hon. Henri Elzear Taschereau, Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Canada, Knight Bachelor.

Coronation Decorations—Robert Harris, Montreal, President R.C.A.; Companion of St. Michael and St. George.

courage. There may even be some agreements for preferential trade, new steamship lines, better Imperial cable service, cheaper Imperial postage and other possible advancements. Events have not gone just as we had expected, but there is no need to be downhearted. The Empire has blundered through one century without further dismemberment, and it is just possible that the twentieth may bring back what was lost in the eighteenth.

CANADA AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

A writer in the London *Speaker* of May 31st says that the tax on corn has been imposed in order to prepare the way for an Imperial Preferential Tariff. He objects to favouring the Colonies and is especially angry at Canada which at present "contributes to the cost of the Imperial Navy not one penny."

Another writer, in the issue of a week earlier, laments the erroneous impression which John Bull has, that the taxpayers of Australia and Canada are helping to pay for the war, because they sent troops there. He wants to know why Australia, Canada and South Africa should not contribute 15 or 20 millions to the 60 millions (pounds) which Great Britain spends annually on Imperial Defence.

May a humble Colonial ask these gentlemen a question? Did the Colonies ever ask or vote for an expenditure of sixty million pounds on Imperial Defence? Let those who vote away that sum of money provide for its payment. The Colonies have nothing to do with it. If it is a wise expenditure, those who think so must pay the piper. If they cannot afford to pay so much let them reduce the amount, withdraw their war vessels from the Cape, from Australia, from Halifax and from Esquimault. Retrenchment is easy.

In fact, such a step must inevitably be taken if there is to be no general Imperial Council or Parliament and no Imperial purse. It is quite reasonable to ask Canada, Australia and Cape Colony to defend their own shores. A sudden change might be unwise, but a gradual withdrawal of battleships might work as satisfactorily as did the gradual withdrawal of Imperial troops.

But this school-boy howl of the Ra-

Coronation Decorations—Lieut.-Col. Percy Sherwood, C.M.G., Commissioner of Dominion Police.

Coronation Decorations—Lieut.-Col. Fred White, C.M.G., Controller North-west Mounted Police.

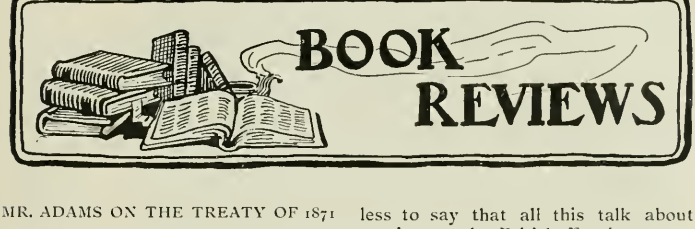
dicals about our penuriousness in not contributing to the British navy has gone far enough. We contribute only where we have joint management. If we were to help pay for the British navy, we would require to have a share in its management. If they have any proposition of this kind at the Cobden Club, they might submit it to Messrs. Laurier, Sprigge, Barton and Seddon and it will no doubt be given due consideration. In the meantime this little howl might be bottled.

Of course, it might be added that we are contributing to Imperial Defence in many ways which the writers in the *Speaker* overlook. But judging by the attitude of these gentlemen, the setting forth of such information would be a case of love's labour lost. They are puny chaps who have not the broad view and thorough information of Mr. Chamberlain and some of the other British statesmen.

The occasion of the coronation has brought some new honours to Canadians. These are not too numerous and are given to men who have earned them by meritorious work. Sir William Mulock has made a name for himself as Postmaster-General and has done notable work in connection with Imperial letter postage. Sir Frederick Borden, as Minister of Militia, had much to do with the organization and equipment of the contingents sent to South Africa, and the work in this connection has been recognized. Sir Daniel H. McMillan is a popular Lieutenant-Governor and a man who has long been prominent in the political affairs of Western Canada. The other gentlemen who have been honoured stand high in the estimation of the community and thoroughly deserve the recognition given to them. The knighting of Sir Gilbert Parker is a compliment to Canada and Canadian literature, and has created much satisfaction among litterateurs.

Royal decoration, like membership in a trust, is something which many people in the United States and a few people in Canada decry, but the candidates for both classes of distinction grow in number with the years. The truth is that honours and titles, like riches, have not yet lost their significance nor their usefulness.

John A. Cooper

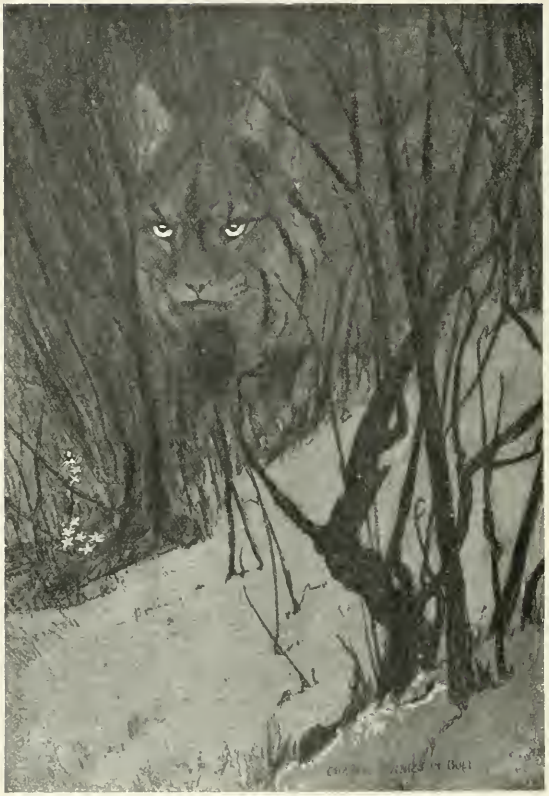


MR. ADAMS ON THE TREATY OF 1871

IN the new volume of addresses by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, of Boston,* the most interesting to Canadian readers is that on "The Treaty of Washington." Mr. Adams' father was the United States Minister to Great Britain during the Civil War, and represented his country later on at the Geneva arbitration upon the *Alabama* claims. The son clearly possesses a great deal of knowledge, learned at first hand, about the diplomatic relations between the two countries from 1861 to 1871. He has also had access to the private papers (not yet published) of Mr. Hamilton Fish, who was U.S. Secretary of State when the treaty was negotiated. To us in Canada the most vital references in Mr. Adams' chapters in this book are those dealing with the proposal, discussed casually and semi-officially during the two or three years preceding the treaty, to "hand over" the Dominion as the price of peace. That this cool proposition was ever seriously entertained by the British Government there is no evidence. That the idea of cutting loose from all the colonies, especially Canada, was a favourite theme of Mr. Cobden and the Manchester School of economists is well known. Persons in official positions also countenanced the opinion, and *The Times* voiced it, drawing from Tennyson his eloquent rebuke. It was suggested that a vote of the electors of Canada should be taken upon the proposal to sever their connection with the Empire. Needless to say that all this talk about carving up the British Empire emanated from citizens of the United States, excepting, of course, the members of the Manchester School whose theories ran away with them. Mr. Adams quotes Sir Edward Thornton as having said that England "did not wish to keep Canada, but could not part with it without the consent of the population." And later on Sir Edward remarked to Mr. Fish on the same subject of giving up Canada: "Oh, you know, that we cannot do! The Canadians find fault with me for saying so openly as I do that we are ready to let them go whenever they shall wish; but they do not desire it." That was the Canadian view in 1870, and still more emphatically in 1902. No one who approaches the matter to-day with an unbiased mind will say that the political union of Canada and the republic will ever come about. Mr. Adams himself does not say so, and he honestly recognizes the vast difference which exists between the English attitude in 1870 toward colonial ties and the present attitude of the Mother Country. Perhaps, if the United States diplomatists had played their cards better, the hostility of Canada toward the republic might have been modified. But their policy on the matter of reciprocity and the fisheries was one of bullying and coercion. They helped to bring about the change in British sentiment and indirectly if unconsciously contributed to the growth of Imperial Unity.

Two other features of Mr. Adams' admirably written paper on the Treaty of Washington will arouse more than passing interest. One is the light

*Lee at Appomattox, and Other Papers. By Charles Francis Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



"TWO GREEN EYES, CLOSE TO THE GROUND."

Illustration from "The Kindred of the Wild"

in the preliminary negotiations. This has not, we think, been hitherto generally known. It has usually been supposed that Sir John Rose, who went down to Washington in 1869 as a member of Sir John Macdonald's Government, and who shortly after left Canada to reside in London, approached the Washington authorities entirely on Canadian affairs. It now appears that he was a confidential agent of the Imperial Government in 1871. It must have been in this capacity that he presented the confidential memorandum about which there has often been much dispute, and which was said to embody a plan of commercial union between Canada and the States. Sir John Rose, who was a very able and distinguished man, had no official connection with Canada after 1869, so much so that when it was proposed to have him represent the Dominion on the High Commission of 1871, Sir John Macdonald took the ground that the representative must be some one directly associated with the interests of

thrown upon the omission of Canada's Fenian Invasion claims from the list of matters which formed the basis for negotiations in 1871. That this was designed to prevent Senator Sumner from defeating the Treaty in the Senate by raising the Irish-American party seems pretty clear. The other episode brought out by Mr. Adams is the influential part played by Sir John Rose

Canada. As events proved, this was but another illustration of Sir John Macdonald's marvellous foresight. We can commend Mr. Adams' book as an extremely useful chapter in the history of this country's diplomatic relations with the United States.

NEW PERIODICALS

There are some new Canadian publications worthy of mention. The *National Monthly*, of Toronto, makes its first appearance with a June issue. It contains some new material and looks promising. The first issue is no better than might be expected, but others will no doubt have a broader range. The *British Pacific* published at Cumberland, B.C., is a good ten cent magazine, but it cannot succeed. To be even in sight of success it would require to be published in either Vancouver or Victoria. *The Westminster*, of Toronto, becomes a religious monthly with the July issue. Its editors and contributors are mostly clergymen, yet its articles and stories are of general interest. It is difficult to see, nevertheless, how it can succeed at $1.50 a year under the present adverse conditions. If the duty were taken off paper, or if the postage on United States periodicals was raised, there might be some chance for a monthly of this character. True, *The Methodist Magazine* has succeeded, but its success is entirely due to the loyalty of the Methodist Church.

Would any student of Canadian affairs care to have a list of the most valuable Canadian books, with a short note on each, then let him get "The Literature of American History" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). This volume contains 600 large pages, of which 50 are specially devoted to Canada. The idea of the work came from the brain of a gifted and energetic Canadian, George Iles, of Montreal, who secured the co-operation of the American Library Association. The Canadian part is the work of William McLennan, the novelist, assisted by such men as Dr. James Bain, Ernest Cruikshank and Professor G. M. Wrong. The book is a marvel.

Morang's "Annual Register for 1901"* is a bulky volume of over 500 pages. "It is intended to afford the Canadian people from year to year a record of the principal events connected with the history and development of the Dominion." It is divided into sections as follows:

Agriculture, Mineral Development, Forests and Fisheries, Manufacturing Industries, Trade and Commerce, The Finances of Canada, Canada and the Crown, The Royal Tour, Canada and the War, Education, Transportation Interests, Population and Immigration, Government and Politics, The Canadian Militia, Financial Interests.

With this yearly volume, the two half-yearly volumes of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and the Statistical Year Book, a man should have all the information he would be likely to need about current events for any particular year.

Rockhaven,† by Charles Clark Munn, who also wrote "Uncle Terry," is a charming story. From its first page to its last it abounds in humour. The scene is laid in one of the islands on the northeastern coasts of Massachusetts, and the various characters introduced are portrayed admirably. Mona, the heroine, is introduced in the first pages of the book, and the reader follows her career from that of a simple village maiden fond of music, to being the idol of the fashionable and cultured musical world, with an interest which never flags. Mona's story is interwoven with that of the hero, Winn Hardy, who was the manager of a joint stock company, whose sole object was the spoliation of the islanders where Mona had her home, and the aggrandizement of its promoters.

*Edited and compiled by J. Castell Hopkins. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, $3.00; Morocco, $4.00.

†Toronto: McLeod & Allen.

IDLE MOMENTS

THE PRINCE'S AMBITION

LITTLE Prince Edward of Wales, whose picture will be found elsewhere in this issue, has fully made up his mind to be a sailor.

A few days ago the Prince of Wales went unexpectedly into the Royal nursery, and found his bonny son very busily engaged drawing on a bit of scrap paper the picture of a ship.

"Well, my little man," said the Prince, quite proud of his son's creditable performance, "I'm very pleased to see that you are fond of ships and sailors. I am a sailor, you know."

"Yes, daddy," cried Prince Edward excitedly, "and I want to be a sailor, too, when I'm grown up."

"Ah!" said the Prince of Wales, smiling, "and you want to be a sailor, do you? Because daddy's a sailor I suppose?"

"Not because of that, I think," said the young Prince, thoughtfully; "because I don't like doing my lessons always, and you needn't be clever to be a sailor, need you, daddy?"—*Selected.*

THE LETTERS WERE POSTED

"Now I'll stick these two letters in the band of your hat, so that you won't forget them when you go to town this morning, as they must go to-day," said she to her husband, the Little Fat Man.

"All right," said he, "I won't forget them;" and after breakfast he hurriedly donned his coat and hat and rushed out to connect with the street car.

A lady sitting opposite in the car smiled pleasantly at him, and each new arrival glanced his way, then looked again and smiled.

"Everbody seems to be in good humour this morning," he mused; and then he smiled himself so as not to appear odd. The conductor came along to collect the fares. "Got a job in the post office, eh?" said the car pilot with a wink.

"Must be absent-minded," remarked a grey-headed man in a corner seat, as he nudged his neighbour and nodded towards the Little Fat Man.

"Some people tie strings on their fingers to remember things," observed an elderly lady, with a meaning look in the direction of the Little Fat Man.

The car stopped, and the latter got out.

"See the new letter carrier!" yelled a newsboy to his brethren.

"Shoot the hat!"

"W'at's the tags fer?"

These and similar remarks came from the boys at the corner.

Everybody whom the Little Fat Man met looked steadily at him. Some smiled; some wore a surprised expression; others looked puzzled, while not a few affected a wise gaze as the Little Fat Man walked along the street in the direction of his office.

An elderly man with gold eye-glasses, walking briskly along, stopped suddenly when he saw the Little Fat Man, and was about to speak, when he changed his mind. "Ha, ha! I see," he laughed, and he resumed his brisk walk.

"Now, I wonder what ails that fellow?" mused the Little Fat Man.

A stout lady with an armful of bundles came along, and when she saw the Little Fat Man she started suddenly, dropping a bundle or two.

"Allow me, madam," said the Little Fat Man, as he picked up her bundles.

The stout lady thanked him. Then she laughed merrily, poking him in the ribs with her umbrella.

"I see," she said. "You are just like all the rest of the men."

"Everybody's gone mad this morning," said he. "Wonder what insane asylum is giving its inmates a holiday

now? I begin to feel queer myself."

A young and pretty lady pranced up to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"I beg your pardon," she began; but that was as far as she got, when he interrupted and said to her, in a kindly tone of voice:

"Yes, yes; I know all about it, my dear young lady—run right along now."

She appeared offended, and switched haughtily away from him.

The Little Fat Man turned into the doorway of the building in which his office is located, and as he mounted the stairs he muttered to himself:

"It's no use; I'll have to go and see a doctor. I've either got 'em myself, or else everybody else in the town is crazy."

He walked into the office, but had no sooner stepped into the door than his business partner burst into a hearty laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha! he, he, he! Say, old man, did you come all the way to town in that fore-and-aft rig? Ha, ha, ha! ha-a-a! That's where my wife puts 'em sometimes. Look in the glass, old man!"

Then the horrible truth came home to the Little Fat Man. He snatched his hat from his head and saw the letters sticking up wing and wing in the hatband just where his wife had placed them.—*Selected.*

THE QUESTION THAT HAD MANY ANSWERS

Omar Ibn Al-Fresco had a daughter who was the most beautiful maiden in all the land. She was as the rose that blooms beside the wall; she was as the ruby that graces the setting marvellously wrought; she was as the dawn that studs the lawn with pearls. Now, there were many suitors for the maiden, and one day her father caused it to be published that he would give her to the man who should deliver the best answer to this question:

"If you were in my place and my daughter were your daughter, what kind of a husband would you choose for her?"

The answers were to be spoken in person to Omar on a certain day, and at the time appointed a large number of anxious young men presented themselves.

One said:

"I should desire that her husband might be brave, honest and kind to her."

Another answer was:

"I would have her become the wife of a man of great wealth."

A third said:

"If I were your daughter's father, I would not permit her to become the wife of any man who was not of noble birth."

Others declared that they would demand greatness and glory and mildness and patience and strength and beauty if they were choosing a husband for the girl, while the old man sat smiling and nodding as they approached, gave their answers to the question he had propounded, and then stood around waiting for his decision.

At last, when all of the suitors present had been heard, Omar Ibn Al-Fresco turned to a servant, saying:

"Summon my daughter."

The servant returned presently, and, falling upon his face before the old man, said:

"Thy daughter has fled with one who went to tell her his love while these were answering thy great question, my master!"

Omar Ibn Al-Fresco looked around upon the agonized young men who confronted him, and, permitting a smile to break over his face at last, cried out:

"There be many fools and only one who is wise. She has him. It is well."—*Selected.*

A STORY OF WILLIAM BLACK

Sir Wemyss Reid tells a good story about William Black. At a banquet of the Royal Academy at which he was present two rich gentlemen, with "self-made" written large over them, inquired with an air of patronage what line of business he was in. On his meekly replying that he wrote novels,

they expressed their surprise and pleasure at meeting a person of his class. The first gentleman said, "I like to meet littery people. I buy books. I've got a library of six hundred volumes all bound in full calf. I've got all the works of Thackeray and Dickenson, and if you'll tell me the names of yours I'll buy them too. I've never read them."

The second gentleman, anxious to atone for his friend's indiscretion, kicked his shins under the table and said, "Oh, yes, you have, but *you've forgotten them.*"—*Selected.*

PING-PONG

Ping to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pong with mine;
We twain may win the challenge cup
If ping with pong combine.
The craze that in my soul doth rise
Is doubtless keen in thine;
I'll take the role of pinger up
If thou'lt be pongstress mine.

—*Westminster Gazette.*

CLEVER MARY

"Mary, didn't I tell you I liked my beef well done?"

"You did, marm, but I didn't say anything, did I? People can have ther whims, if they want to, for all o' me."—*Selected.*

THE GREAT AMERICAN

In London, recently, an American, boasting of the superiority of his country, was interrupted by an Englishman, who said:

"There's one thing in which this country surpasses America. You never saw on the other side of the Atlantic any fog that could match the one which hangs over London to-night."

"Fog! Fog!" came the unhesitating reply of the irate American; "why, this is nothing compared with some of the fogs we have around New York harbour. Sometimes the fog is so thick around there that it's a common thing for the captains of the ferry-boats to put on extra crews simply to pump the fog out of the cabins. Why, there's a corporation organizing in New Jersey right now to can American fog and supply the British people with 'the real thing.'"—*Argonaut.*

TWO NEW NEGRO STORIES

"Yo' say Mistah Johnsing am industrious?"

"Yeas, sah. Why, he spent two whole days tryin' to get his wife a job."

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in the court-room, speaking to an old negro.

"No, boss," was the reply. "I ain't done nothing to be called names like that. I'se got a lawyer here who does the defensing."

"Then who are you?"

"I'se the gentleman what stole the chickens."—*Selected.*

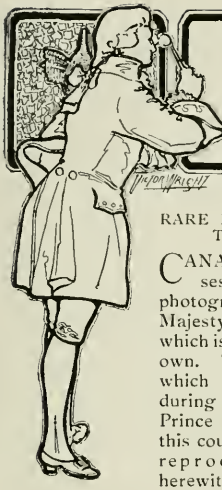
HER PART

An English paper tells a story of some children's theatricals. A party of children were giving a little drama of their own, in which courtships and weddings played a leading part in the plot. While the play was in progress one of the "grown ups" went behind the scenes and found a very small girl sitting in the corner.

"Why are you left out?" he asked. "Aren't you playing, too?"

"Oh, I'se not left out," came the reply. "I'se the baby waiting to be borned."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going ping-ponging, sir," she said. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?" "Yes, if you like, kind sir," she said. She led him away to the ping-pong net; and then came an hour he'll never forget; for his shoulders ache from the many stoops to pick up the balls, and his eyelid droops, where she smote him twice with her racket small, which left her hand as she struck the ball; and he'll never ping where she pongs again, for she heard him swear when she pinged him then.



ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES

RARE ROYAL PICTURES

CANADA possesses at least one photograph of His Majesty the King which is entirely her own. This is one which was taken during his visit as Prince of Wales to this country, and is reproduced herewith. For a youth of twenty years of age, he had a prepossessing appearance, and as a youth he is still remembered by many people in Canada. There are still living some sweet old ladies who treasure a copy of this photograph, and remember with pride the honour and pleasure of a dance with the Prince. He danced a great deal when here, and it is reported that he enjoyed the pleasure almost as much as his partners. He seldom missed a number on the programme and was never in a hurry to leave the balls given in his honour. Of course that is a long time ago, and with the change in personal appearance comes a change in desires and pleasures, and no doubt the King to-day, even when in good health, would hardly appreciate staying until three or four o'clock in the morning at a ball, even a Canadian ball.

There is also a rare portrait of Her Majesty in this country. It is an oil-painting made in London in 1863, and presents Queen Alexandra in her wedding dress. It was painted by the late M. Berthon, who afterwards came to Canada and settled in Toronto, bringing this portrait with him. M. Berthon was one of the best portrait-painters who ever lived here, and many of his portraits of leading Canadians now hang in Osgoode Hall, Toronto. The photograph reproduced herewith will give some idea of the excellence of his work. There can be no doubt, com-

KING EDWARD VII—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHEN HE VISITED CANADA IN 1860

FROM THE PAINTING BY M. BERTHON

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS A BRIDE

paring it with other pictures of the then Princess, that it is an excellent likeness of this most beautiful woman. An interesting comparison may be made between this photograph and the one published elsewhere in this issue.

A FLINT SPEAR-HEAD

A rather remarkable photograph is presented herewith showing how an Indian was killed. Not long ago, while excavating for a street in Sarnia, Ont., some workmen found a piece of skull, in which was embedded a flint spear-head. This curiosity was sent to the Provincial Museum, and a photograph of it was secured for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. It shows in a striking manner how severe were the wounds caused by the primitive Indian weapons. The man killed was probably a Huron or an invading Iroquois.

Such finds as these, and they are quite numerous, keep the North American peoples reminded of the progress that has been made in the past two centuries. The Indian's hunting grounds are now overrun by macadamized roads, steam railways and electric lines. Even the method of killing has improved and the leaden pellets flow from the Lee-Enfield at the rate of many per minute.

A PIECE OF AN INDIAN'S SKULL, WITH AN ARROW OR SPEAR-HEAD IMBEDDED IN IT. FOUND AT WINDSOR, ONT.

REVIEW OF THE COLONIAL TROOPS IN LONDON, JULY 1st, 1902

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CORONATION

By W. J. Thorold

ALL our Empire looked toward Westminster Abbey on August 9th. Throughout these mighty Islands and the British Dominions beyond the seas there was jubilation, but beneath moved an undercurrent of intense anxiety. There were divers rumours, alarmist reports had gone out, the news factories were working overtime. All this was accentuated by depression of commerce and by the cold calculations of those cynics in algebra called actuaries; for many solicitous weeks insurance underwriters had been constantly keeping the barometer near the throne. June, with its direful calamity, had so recently passed, even though this calamity had proved to ourselves and the world the marvellous esteem, amounting almost to reverent personal affection, in which our Sovereign is held. Greater Britain was disappointed once: millions feared they might be twice. Men realized as rarely before the tremendous issues which depend upon one man—and that one man a constitutional monarch.

The Ninth loomed full of possibilities. There were prophecies and presentiments: all felt it would be memorable —one way or the other. Some had pictured the worst. As the day of the ceremony drew near the anxiety of the people increased; as the hour approached this had grown to nervous excitement. But when at last the news was flashed to waiting London and vibrated throughout the Empire that the coronation of King Edward VII

THE CANADIAN ARCH AS DECORATED FOR THE RETURN OF LORD KITCHENER

and Queen Alexandra was completed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York, then myriads of their Majesties' loyal subjects and the great ones who sit in the seats of the mighty among the nations of the earth breathed more freely and felt that a great weight had been lifted from mind and heart.

The crowning of King Edward VII was unique in import and glory. No other coronation has excited such universal interest. There is no parallel in modern times in the life of any reigning monarch. Germany and Italy, Holland and Russia, have all had their coronations quite recently but none excited such solicitude throughout the world. The two most renowned in the history of splendid pageants, and as the commencement of new eras, are those of Augustus, in Rome, and Napoleon in Paris; but both these fighting rulers manufactured their own sceptres and made their way to empire through seas of blood. Nor did the ceremony in the Capitol or the one in Notre Dame approach that at Westminster Abbey in either grandeur of display or depth of significance. The coronation of the King of England was pregnant with a larger meaning.

The daily press by its wonderful system of cable reports has rendered familiar to all the world the actual ceremony: the royal progress accompanied by the soldiers of the Empire, troops of all colours and all uniforms, the envoys and ambasssadors of foreign Powers, the premiers of British Colonies and Dominions, the acclaim of countless multitudes assembled along the route from Buckingham Palace, up Constitution Hill and Piccadilly, down St. James's Street and Pall Mall, along Parliament Street to the Gothic pile that has been the scene of so many great historical events—then the gorgeous

A Peeress in Crimson Velvet and Ermine—the Countess of Gosford, Lady of the Bedchamber.

A Peer in Crimson and Ermine over White—the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal.

AT THE CORONATION

ritual and solemn symbolism in the church, with all its pomp and Imperial magnificence, witnessed by the foremost personages in the British Empire and the most distinguished or royal representatives of all the rulers of mankind.

This religious and royal ceremony with fullest details has been made graphic and has passed like a living

before did the subjects of the King, the members of this greatest Empire, realize so thoroughly that important two-edged fact and the almost inconceivable reserve strength that rests therein. There was a vivid lesson in geography and the final result of much changing of maps, the epitome of centuries and the story of a thousand conquests. The assets of the

THE CANADIAN CORONATION CONTINGENT REVIEWED IN FRONT OF THE CANADIAN ARCH BY SIR WILFRID LAURIER, JULY 1ST

panorama before the eyes of those who did not have the good fortune to be present on that august occasion. But there are certain facts that have been unemphasized or omitted because they were unusual for the reportorial cable or outside the province of a daily newspaper.

The supreme significance of the Coronation was the vastness and solidarity of the British Empire. Never

Empire were counted over—political, territorial, moral—it was a gigantic stock-taking. The inventory was huge. Participating in the Coronation were men from every latitude and longitude in both hemispheres, from every temperature and climate in the arctics and the tropics, of every shade of skin from white to black, from mountains and plains, from deserts and jungles, from Canada to Egypt, from India to

WINDSOR CASTLE

The ground on which it stands was bought by William the Conqueror, and the first castle was built by him. It was enlarged by succeeding sovereigns, and modernized under George IV and Queen Victoria. Here King Edward will now live.

Australia, from Jamaica to South Africa—all representing millions of men proud to be Britishers, happy to serve the King, and all ready to fight at the tick of a cable or the call of a bugle for the honour of Old England. The soldiers and premiers, the envoys and princes from afar, dressed in their brilliant robes and escorted by their swarthy retinues, speaking most of the languages of the civilized and savage worlds, helped to make this gratifying fact more visible and convincing. And this ocular evidence of the vastness and solidarity of the British Empire was observed and noted by numerous foreign representatives and visitors, both political and military—for the purpose of being reported to and weighed by a few kings and presidents with new empires in their brains.

The Coronation revealed the secret of our Empire's vastness and solidarity: the deep feeling of kinship that prevails even to its utmost shores, and that binds with strongest bonds of willing loyalty its nearest and most distant portions to the crown and King of England. Herein lies the wisdom of Downing Street. Whenever Great Britain subjugates and annexes any country or race she at once proceeds to annex the sympathies and enlist the loyalty of the vanquished by taking them into partnership and making life more preferable under the Union Jack than under any other flag. This is the logical and philosophical method; after the appeal to force, the appeal to sober self-interest—then follows national development under allegiance to Great Britain. It is a business proposition that soon results in patriotism. Here is the secret of the potent imperial sentiment that dominates the Empire.

The Coronation meant a unanimous tribute from the people of the Empire to the personal popularity of King Edward VII, and signified the unbounded admiration felt for him. It was an assertion of the universal belief in the diplomatic and statesmanlike ability as well as the pre-eminent kingly qualities, amply developed through a long period of preparation as Prince of Wales, that fit him and entitle him to occupy the throne of this vast Empire—all this in addition to his unchallenged and incontestable right of heri-

tage as the eldest son of Queen Victoria, the most gracious and the noblest queen of all ages. If a revolution were possible in Great Britain—and, of course, it would stand about the same chance as an icicle in the Sahara—there is no living Englishman, not even excepting the Duke of Devonshire or the Marquis of Salisbury, who so completely expresses British character and the British mind, who is so astute a politician, so profound a counsellor, so consummate an administrator; in short, not one who could meet the stupendous responsibilities so successfully discharged by the imperial scion of the Guelphs who has just assumed the crown.

The Coronation signified the reaffirmation by the various peoples of this vast Empire of their belief in the principle and practice of monarchy limited. It is obvious that neither despotism nor republicanism can thrive or even find any place to take root in the realms of King Edward. No change could be even dreamed of, much less desired for even a single instant, while such sovereigns as he wear the crown and direct our destinies. With him and his family monarchy is as safe and unshakable as Gibraltar. He stands for national advancement and imperial progress, for liberal ideas of life, and the policy of keeping level with the spirit of the times in every department of healthy effort—in science, art, education, commerce, industry, mechanics, literature, sport. He stands for and expresses the truth of one blood and the union of the Empire, making men glad to owe him allegiance and to do him homage.

The newest significance of the Coronation lay in bringing into prominence the importance of the Colonies to the Empire and the importance of the Empire to the Colonies. Each needs the other; it is the strength of union and the union of strength. From the present point in our national and imperial growth this mutual need will be more fully felt every year. The Coronation was a milestone in British progress; it signified the beginning of a new epoch in colonial and imperial relations—with

OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT

Which the King has presented to the British Nation in memory of Queen Victoria, who died there. It will be converted into a "convalescent home for officers of the navy and army whose health has been impaired in rendering service to their country."

RT. HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR

THE HEAD OF THE BRITISH CABINET

SIR WILFRID LAURIER—CANADA

SIR GORDON SPRIGG—CAPE COLONY

SIR EDMUND BARTON—AUSTRALIA

ROBERT J. SEDDON—NEW ZEALAND

FOUR COLONIAL RULERS

an acknowledgment of the resultant interdependence. This means that Canada and the other British possessions, will be more important in the Empire and in the world, that the Parliaments at Ottawa and other distant capitals will have more weight in London—it means the elevation of the British dominions beyond the seas to a place in the councils of the Empire. The conference of Colonial Premiers was the first step, the thin end of the wedge. For this immensely improved status the oversea portions of the Empire thank the far-seeing Joseph Chamberlain as Minister of a far-seeing King.

There was a time in the history of England when Colonies were things to tax and to exploit. Now all that has changed. The Coronation of Queen Victoria meant the beginning of the change—that of King Edward VII signified its consummation. Without a navy and without an army, or the need of either of her own, completely without the fear of the millstone of standing militarism, simply by virtue of being and remaining one of the most loyal countries in the British Empire—world-influence belongs to Canada.

ROBERT BURNS*

By Professor William Clark, D.C.L.

MR. PRESIDENT, Mrs. Walker, Ladies and Gentlemen, I feel it to be a great privilege and a great honour that I am allowed to address this large gathering on an occasion so interesting and so touching as the unveiling of the statue of our great Poet, and I sincerely congratulate you, sir (Mr. Walker), on this termination of your loving labours, since to you, more than any one else, we owe it that this statue of Robert Burns has been raised in our great city. On this day, July 21, in the year 1796—one hundred and six years ago—there was taken from this world one of the keenest and brightest intellects, and one of the warmest and tenderest hearts that ever beat under hodden gray or a tartan plaid. To this man we are met to do honour this day, or rather we are doing honour to ourselves by keeping his name in remembrance. It will be apparent from these remarks that I have no idea of adopting any apologetic tone as befitting those who are commemorating our greatest Scottish poet. We might say that there had been, perhaps, too much of this in the past, and it is rather out of place. Burns undoubtedly had his faults. To use a French saying, he had "the defects of his qualities," but his qualities were great, and for the sake of these, we can put up with his defects more easily than with those of the men who speak harshly of him. We may say of Burns that, if he had faults, he yet had a high ideal of life, as his writings declare, and if he did not fully realize that ideal, as might be said of most men and of the very best of men, he was always ready to acknowledge his shortcomings—which is not the case with all men. Indeed, Burns was most certainly a man essentially good, noble, generous—head and shoulders above his detractors. For ourselves and our own estimate of Burns we might say that we greatly prefer the author of "Holy Willie's Prayer" to Holy Willie himself.

Happily it is no longer necessary for individuals to argue a question which the world has decided. When the world has spoken the exceptions do not count for much. "Securus judicat orbis terrarum." Scotchmen all know Latin and do not need to be told that the whole world is a safe judge—or, in the language of Talleyrand, as rendered into terse English by Dean Stanley, "There is some one who is wiser than anybody, and that is everybody." Well, we have this testimony—the testimony of everybody—of the world. I venture to say that there is hardly a poet who, like Robert Burns, sprang into fame at once and never lost the place that they had gained. Think of Cowley. Once on a time he was thought the equal of Milton. But how many of us here have read ten pages of Cowley? Think of Tennyson, Wordsworth, Byron, how long they had to wait before they obtained general recognition, and how uncertain has been the place of Byron and of Wordsworth in the years which have followed their death! How different is the case with Burns! No sooner was the Kilmarnock (the first) edition of his poems published than he took Scotland by storm, and obtained recognition from many men who read with difficulty the dialect in which many of his poems were written. For example, the testimony of that true poet, William Cowper, was immediate and enthusiastic. And not only was his success instantaneous; it has also been continuous, uninterrupted, increasing. There is no time and no place in which men have been able to read the poems of Burns in which they have not been admired. And we may confidently predict that even if the dialect in which they are written should cease to be spoken (which is not unlikely) men will

* Substance of Oration delivered at the unveiling of a Burns statue in Toronto, July 21, 1902.

be willing to learn the language of Burns that they may enjoy the poems he has written. And this is true not merely of Scotchmen, but of all men who speak our common tongue, and even of many belonging to other lands. For Burns was not merely the Poet of Scotland, but the Poet of mankind. Dearly and tenderly as he loved his native land, he yet more passionately loved humanity. And so it has come to pass that he has gained the love of Saxon and of Celt, of Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen and many besides.

Some well-meaning persons have endeavoured to draw a distinction between Burns the Poet and Burns the man. It is seldom indeed that such a separation can be made; but it certainly could not be in the case of Burns, whose poetical utterances were the expression of the man himself from beginning to end, through and through. Burns, we have said, was essentially a good man. He came of a good stock. His father was a man of high character, of acknowledged integrity among his fellows—a man who recognized the fine genius of his son, and sometimes trembled when he thought that it might be misused. Burns has shown us what manner of man his father was in his "Cotter's Saturday Night;" and Burns has shown us what he was himself in all his poems.

Let it be granted, he was sometimes defiant, scornful, when dealing with classes of character with which he had scant sympathy. But he never was scornful of real goodness or refused recognition of loyalty to God in man. The hypocrisy which assumed an air of superior sanctity aroused his wrath, and in his anger and contempt he sometimes exceeded the bounds of moderation. But he was never unreal.

Perhaps we might say that this deep sincerity of Burns was the foundation of all that was most excellent in him. It pervades all that he said and did. There was no posing, no attitudinizing, no make-believe in Burns. His geniality, his open-heartedness, his human affection and tenderness come out in all his writing. His poetry was sincere, spontaneous, the utterance of a man with no second thoughts, no self-consciousness, of one who spoke out his deepest convictions and gave voice to his present emotions. There has been no more sincere writer in the English language than Robert Burns, and none more spontaneous and natural. Although he did not disdain the use of art, he was emphatically the poet of nature. Compare him, for example, with one who was indeed a very considerable poet in a previous age—Alexander Pope—one in whose works we might see the perfection of artifice, as in Burns we see the perfection of nature.

One of the evidences of the greatness and manliness of the character of our poet is afforded by his conduct during his stay in Edinburgh, after the publication of the first edition of his poems. He showed himself free alike from vanity and arrogance. He was never for a moment puffed up by the adulation which he received, nor did he ever forget his independence of thought and spirit in his intercourse with those who might suppose themselves to be his superiors. Wherever Burns went he carried with him a kind of rustic dignity, without pretence or affectation, without any exaggerated humility. Indeed, one might say that the only time he mixed with those who might be regarded as his equals was during his residence in Edinburgh.

Testimonies to this effect come from all quarters. The Duchess of Gordon said she had never met with one who could talk like Burns, who, in conversation, carried her "fairly off her feet." Walter Scott, who was only a boy when he saw Burns (and he never saw him again), spoke of the wonderful power of his eye. Such an eye, he said, he had never seen in a human head, although he had known all the greatest men of his age. The eye of Burns, he said, literally glowed, when he spoke with emotion. A testimony to the poet's power of no less force might be mentioned in the fact that, when it was known that Burns had come into an hotel, even if it was after

midnight, the waiters and ostlers would get out of bed and crowd round the room in order to have the delight of listening to his conversation. Surely a wonderful proof of the power of this natural eloquence! And all this during the period of his residence in Edinburgh, which did not turn his head! How many men, how few men could have borne it all! Adversity is often very hard to bear; but it is still harder to bear prosperity thrust suddenly upon us. But Burns bore it. Surrounded by men of the highest eminence, by great scholars, philosophers, historians, he bore himself with great dignity, speaking only when he had something to say, never obtrusive, never unequal to the occasion.

When we understand something of Burns, we shall be prepared to understand his poetry, and we learn from himself what were the sources of his poetical activity—they were patriotism and love. In his epistle "to the guid wife of Wauchope" (Mrs. Scott) he declares of his youthful days :—

"E'en then a wish, I mind its power—
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast—
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or beuk could make
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thrissle, spreading wide,
Among the bearded bere,
I turned the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear."

But there was something still more powerful than the love of country that stirred his poetic pulses, and that was the love of women, a love not always exercised "wisely, but too well." It is a subject on which we cannot here dwell at length. It was the secret of Burns' strength and his weakness. Here, as elsewhere, and like other men, he had, as we have said, the defects of his qualities, and we forgive the defects for the sake of the qualities. Burns, at any rate, tells us how he was inspired by his loves. In the epistle from which we have already quoted, he tells us :—

"I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up my jingle,
Her witching smile, her pawky e'en
That gars my heart-strings tingle."

There are splendid illustrations of these two tendencies in Burns' poems; as for his patriotism, there is "Scots wha hae," which has been described as the noblest war song in all literature, a song composed by Burns on horseback in the midst of a tempest—as we can well believe.

But if the glory of Burns is his songs, the glory of his songs is his love songs, which are of supreme beauty and excellence. Many examples might be given. For instance, there is that charming song, "Green Grow the Rashes, O." Perhaps the most delicate compliment ever paid to woman was contained in the last stanza of this poem :—

"Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O,
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O.
Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man
And then she made the lasses, O!"

Most exquisite is the song, "My Nannie, O." And then there is that love-song which many have thought the most perfect composition of its kind—"O' a' the airts the win' can blaw." The second stanza of that song is certainly of surprising beauty :—

"I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean."

I am an old man, and some of those behind me are no longer young, and yet our hearts are thrilled by these strains; how much more must they move the hearts of the young!

Then, again, where do we find such songs of friendship as those of Burns? In every country in which our language is spoken, men find as the sweetest expression of friendship, fellowship and good-will, Burns' "Auld Lang Syne." To my knowledge and the knowledge of many others, that song has not only been the momentary expression of a genuine emotion, but the means of uniting hearts and minds that had been

parted asunder. Think, again, of his "Epistle to Davie, a Brither Poet"—who, perhaps, did not quite deserve such a tribute—it is a poem on which most of us dwell with real and great delight.

But here a question may arise with regard to a claim put forth for Burns—had he any claim to be a teacher, or was he merely a singer? In my opinion Burns was a great teacher, and it need not be difficult to prove this assertion. Take, for example, his "Epistle to a Young Friend," and examine the counsels which he there puts forth:—

"To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where you feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences,
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences."

It would not be easy to find any counsels more sound, more practical, more necessary for a young man to meditate and act upon than those contained in these simple, trenchant words. These are counsels which are not only worthy of their author, not only deserve to be weighed and acted upon by young men, but which may be worthy of meditation by those who are the teachers of the Church, the ministers of divine truth. Have they always seen the right use and the right place of the "fear of hell" as Burns saw it? And then the close of the epistle shows at once the clear moral perception and the real humility of the writer:

"Adieu, dear amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting:
May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed'
Still daily to grow wiser!
And may you better reck the rede
Than ever did the adviser."

PROFESSOR CLARK DELIVERING HIS BURNS ORATION
PHOTO BY McCLELLAN

Before passing from this aspect of the subject before us, we cannot fail to draw attention to that noble ode which has become incorporated in the life and thought of mankind—one of the finest utterances of the spirit of the Gospel—

"A man's a man for a' that." Who does not wish that these burning, thrilling words might be graven on the memory of high and low, of rich and poor, of peer and peasant? For example:

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

And again,

"A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he manna fa' that!"

And above all, these concluding lines, so oft repeated, so deeply impressed, which, we may pray, will before long become the common prayer and aspiration of mankind:

"Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er all the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be, for a' that.

As we meditate on the work done by Burns we cannot help thinking of what he might have accomplished under more favourable circumstances. We have said that the poetry of Burns was lyrical. We are not without indications that he might have produced a great drama or an epic poem. Many regard his "Jolly Beggars" as among the first and greatest of his compositions, and it gives evidence of a dramatic genius of a high order. "Tam o' Shanter," which I must agree with Sir Walter Scott and Burns himself in regarding as the most powerful of all the productions of his genius, is not only full of the happiest phrases and of the most vivid descriptions, but exemplifies very high powers of narration. Many of its lines have passed into something like household words. For example:

"Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm;"

And again,

"Oh, gentle dames, it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened sage advices
The husband frae the wife despises."

And those delicious lines,

"And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam loved him like a vera brither,
They had been fou for weeks thegither."

Everyone knows the fine lines beginning

"But pleasures are but poppies spread."

Nor should we overlook the comical gravity of the moral at the end of the poem:

"Now wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys ower dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's meare."

When we consider all the unfavourable circumstances of the poet's life, we shall rather wonder that he did so much than complain that he did not do more. We do well to keep his work in remembrance, and we are met today to do honour to his memory. Whatever we may do we shall be in his debt, not he in ours. For him we can now do nothing. His own generation was found wanting. God sent them one of the rarest souls of our human race, and they sent him to be a gauger. He has passed far beyond our pity and our censure. We can only keep his words in remembrance, and follow him with our love, our gratitude, and our tears.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. XXXVII.—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DENISON

TO be noted as a staunch Canadian, jealous of the rights and dignity of his native country, and yet to be President of the British Empire League in Canada which seeks to preserve inviolate the tie between the Dominion and the Mother State; to be a political force which wise politicians prefer to enlist on their side rather than fight against, and yet to

have no clearly defined party affiliations ; to have written books thought worthy of translation into several foreign languages, and yet not to be a member of the Canadian Society of Authors ; to be one of the most effective and eloquent of orators, and yet rarely to deliver a public address of more than fifteen or twenty minutes' duration—these are a few of the complexities and apparent contradictions which make the character and personality of Colonel George Taylor Denison an interesting study.

Considering the popularity which Colonel Denison enjoys on account of his courage, rectitude and inflexible patriotism, it is not too much to say that he is a remarkable man. Considering that the usual road to fame and influence in a young state is by way of party politics, it may fairly be contended that to win distinction by other equally honourable means argues exceptional gifts, mental and moral. On this account, if you were asked to name quickly the dozen or so of Canadians who stand in the forefront of public life by reason of personal qualities, recognized position, and the exertion of influence you could not know your Canada very well if you omitted to mention Colonel Denison.

Born at the family residence, near Toronto, August 31, 1839, George T. Denison inherited from distinguished progenitors, on both the paternal and maternal sides, the military instinct and a devoted attachment to his country. On the maternal side he is a direct descendant of the famous Capt. Lippincott, whose attachment to the Crown in the American Revolutionary War incurred the bitter hostility of Washington, and who ultimately joined the United Empire Loyalist emigration to Upper Canada. On the paternal side Colonel Denison comes of fighting stock for several generations, his great-grandfather, grandfather and father having all been in the military service of the British Crown in one way or another, being especially noted for their unselfish and patriotic efforts to maintain British rule on this continent. He was educated at Upper Canada College, Trinity University and the University of Toronto, holding the degree of LL.B. from the latter institution. Adopting law as a profession, he was called to the bar of Upper Canada in 1861. In early life he took some part in municipal and political affairs, was for a short time an alderman in Toronto, and was once a candidate for Parliament in Algoma in the Liberal interest. In 1877, during an absence in Europe, he was selected by the Government as police magistrate of Toronto, an office requiring those qualities of scrupulous honour, steadfast courage and sterling sense which are among the distinguishing characteristics of Colonel Denison. From this date onward, attaching himself faithfully to the duties of the post and discharging them with a capacity and fairness that have earned the complete confidence of the community, he eschewed what may loosely be termed party politics.

Cut off, in this sense, from ordinary political action, Colonel Denison prosecuted with zeal his interest in the volunteer militia service and his devotion to the cause of Imperial Unity. He was for many years an officer in, and ultimately a colonel of, the cavalry corps raised and for a time maintained by the Denison family—the Governor-General's Body Guard. He was on active service in two campaigns, first in 1866 during the Fenian Raid, and secondly in 1885, during the North-west Rebellion. His books "Modern Cavalry" and the "History of Cavalry"—the latter winning the prize given by the Czar of Russia, and open to writers of all nationalities—have been translated into several foreign languages and are recognized text-books in the military schools abroad. His connection with the Imperial movement was equally productive of good work for which no other rewards were either sought or bestowed except the public regard and the consciousness of duty done. He was elected President of the old Imperial Federation League in 1893, and on the dissolution of the parent League in England he was a prime factor in the

establishment of the British Empire League, and, as far as the Canadian branch was concerned, its virtual founder. It would be useless to attempt to recount in full the lectures, addresses and magazine and newspaper writings which have marked his energetic labours on behalf of Imperial Unity.

Few Canadians are so well known in Great Britain as Colonel Denison. By frequent visits to England during the past thirty years he has utilized his excellent opportunities of presenting the Canadian point of view on all Imperial matters, his intrepid independence enabling him to tell Englishmen rather what they ought to know about Colonial feeling than what they like to hear.

In social life Colonel Denison has a wide circle of friends all over Canada who respect him for his sincerity and absence of self-seeking, and who place great confidence in his advocacy of Imperial Unity as being dictated by insight and courage of a high order. His genial temperament and ready wit veil a strong and determined will. No man in Canada to-day has exercised by voice and pen and personal effort the quality of leadership in a more pronounced manner. By strength of conviction, resolute conduct and unimpeachable integrity he has become the sheet-anchor in the Dominion of all men who profess and call themselves Imperialists, and it is a safe prediction to declare that whatever place or influence the Imperial cause may hold in Canada during the next ten years will, in no slight measure, bear marks of the vigilance, fostering care and guiding hand of Colonel George T. Denison.

LIEUT.-COL. G. T. DENISON

PHOTO BY FRASER BRYCE

E. Q. V.

OUR AUTUMN NIGHT SKIES

By Elsie A. Dent

Mother of balms and soothings manifold,
Quiet-breathèd Night whose brooding hours are seven,
To whom the voices of all rest are given,
And those few stars whose scattered names are told,
Far off beyond the westward hills outrolled,
Darker than thou, more still, more dreamy even,
The golden moon leans in the dusky heaven,
And under her one star—a point of gold:
And all go slowly lingering toward the west,
As we go down forgetfully to our rest,
Weary of daytime, tired of noise and light:
Ah, it was time that thou should'st come; for we
Were sore athirst, and had great need of thee,
Thou sweet physician, balmy-bosomed Night.

LAMPMAN'S poetic apostrophe to a balmy, restful night, following upon the heats and worries of the day, may be paraphrased in the prose of the silver-tongued Flammarion, who says that the profound silence of a starry night presents an appropriate scene to our contemplative faculties, and that no other time is more propitious to the elevation of the mind towards the beauties of the heavens, for night is, in truth, "the hour of solitude in which the soul is regenerated in the universal peace."

Now, as the glowing month of September is one of the most suitable months for a contemplation of the splendours of the night sky, and as many of our readers are under country skies where these splendours may be best observed, it may be opportune to invite their attention especially, and that of others generally, to some of the advantages presented by this season of the year for learning something useful and pleasurable of the stars.

Carlyle in his old age grumbled because "somebody" had not taught him the constellations and made him at home in the starry heavens, "which," he exclaimed, "are always overhead, and which I do not half know to this day." The Sage of Chelsea spoke—nay, still speaks—for thousands. Who is there who loves Nature and yet loves not the stars, possibly the most splendid exemplification of the works of Nature? Who does not on a brilliant starlight night almost involuntarily turn to look for familiar stars and conspicuous star groups, which as one's knowledge increases become more and more like old friends, and therefore, as they reappear from season to season, more and more welcome? Many a vigil has been less lonely, many a long ride or drive less irksome, and many a trackless voyage less dreary because the watcher or the traveller was able to commune, as it were, with well-known constellations or objects about which group mythological lore and legend, or which call to mind famous observers or discoveries in the work of research, or suggest passages in the poets, who have all loved the stars. One finds also that in coming to know the stars, he has greatly improved his ability to appreciate some of the finest passages and most beautiful illustrations to be found in the verse of our best writers. Milton and Tennyson, for example, have almost countless astronomical allusions, the true beauty of which is perceptible only to one who has some knowledge of astronomy. The significance of even so simple a reference as that by Tennyson to the Charioteer and starry Gemini when they "hung like glorious crowns o'er Orion's grave low in the west," is unfortunately lost on many readers. To one who knows something of the stars it indicates the time of the year, as does also to the wildflower lover the reference to the "shining daffodil dead." How many readers of the lines referring to

"A single misty star
Which is the second in a line of stars
That seem a sword beneath a belt of three,"

know where to find that misty star in Orion, as misty now as when Merlin

dreamed of "some vast charm concluded in that star?" Lampman, our own Canadian poet of Nature, found a constant source of inspiration in the starry firmament, as his many astronomical allusions show, allusions to which a very slight knowlege of the heavens lends new meaning.

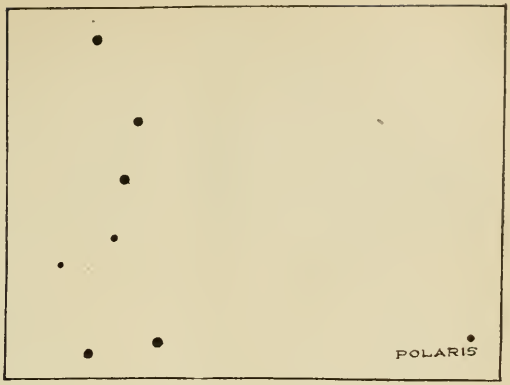
Naturally, to the surprise of an ordinary townbred observer who finds himself under the broad blue-black sky of Muskoka, for instance, the stars seem nearer, because brighter than in the city, and myriads more in number. Truly, for him the floor of heaven becomes "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold." Undisturbed by passers-by and other distractions, he can enjoy the almost intense silence and the opportunity to think connectedly of what he sees—and in the whirl of this busy age the opportunity to think is fast becoming a luxury. He recognizes by its steady glow some bright celestial object as a planet, which reminds him that he has read that it belongs to the same "family" as the earth, that it is lighted and warmed by the same sun and revolves about it in the same way that he knows the earth moves. All the twinkling stars he knows, in a vague way, are suns, in comparison with many of which our own source of life, light, heat and activity is but as a taper compared with an electric lamp.

A practical working knowledge of the stars is by no means difficult to attain. A starting point on the sky is all that is really necessary. Anyone who can find the Great Dipper is quite competent to make a good beginning, and as one's acquaintanceship widens from night to night, one soon becomes familiar with the chief constellations, star groups, clusters, nebulæ, and double, triple and multiple suns of all hues and colours which bedeck and lend variety to the vault of heaven. Contrary to the general impression, no instrument or mathematical skill is required by the beginner, though an opera-glass would be found to be of assistance in "picking up" many objects.

Our Canadian skies are famous for their clearness and suitability for astronomical work and constellation study. A good opera or field glass and a planisphere or elementary manual are not expensive, and their use, if only for a few minutes every fine night will prove most helpful and enjoyable, and not to oneself alone, but to others, for the star-gazer is always willing to share his knowledge with and impart some of his enthusiasm to his friends. Of course, a glass is not necessary in order to learn the constellations, but, as already mentioned, it is of assistance in picking out the interesting features of the constellations, such as double stars, star clusters, nebulæ, etc.; to one who has never seen the moon except with the naked eye, a good opera or field glass will afford a revelation. A note-book should be kept and a record made, as carefully and accurately as possible, of anything remarkable which may occur, such as a peculiar sunset, a brilliant meteor or shooting-star, a display of Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights, a mirage—anything which may appear to be unusual. Let anyone try the experiment, and see how much it adds to his pleasure and interest in the natural phenomena by which he is surrounded.

It is a stately procession which passes us as the stars go trooping across the sky, a procession which lasts a year. Even the casual observer will notice that any star he may be watching rises earlier and earlier from night to night. As a matter of fact, it rises about four minutes earlier. For this reason, any star which rises at nine o'clock to-night will rise to-morrow at 8.56, on the following night at 8.52, and so on, four minutes earlier each day throughout the year, so that a star which rises at nine o'clock on the first of September will rise at seven o'clock, or thereabouts, on the first of October, and at five on the first of November, making a gain of two hours a month, or twenty-four for the year, exactly one day, so that on the first of September next year we shall see the very same skies and constellations that we see on the first of September this year.

Let us suppose that the writer is asked to guide a party of beginners in star-study through a few of the constellations in the early autumn sky. We may commence by taking any star as our starting point, but perhaps the best star is Polaris, the North Star, an object not remarkable in any way in appearance, that is as to brilliance or colour, but which is the pivot of our heavens, on which the whole northern sky apparently turns. This object may be found by drawing an imaginary line on the sky through what are known as the "pointers" of the Great Dipper, these being the two stars farthest away from the "handle." On the first of September at nine o'clock the Dipper will be found in the north-western sky. Produce the line through the pointers upwards about four times the distance between those stars and we arrive at Polaris, "the Star of the Sailor."

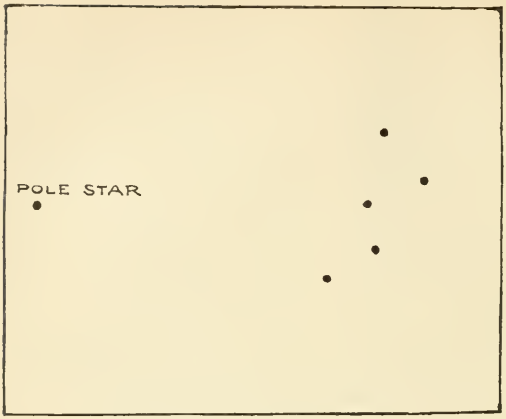


THE GREAT DIPPER AND THE NORTH STAR

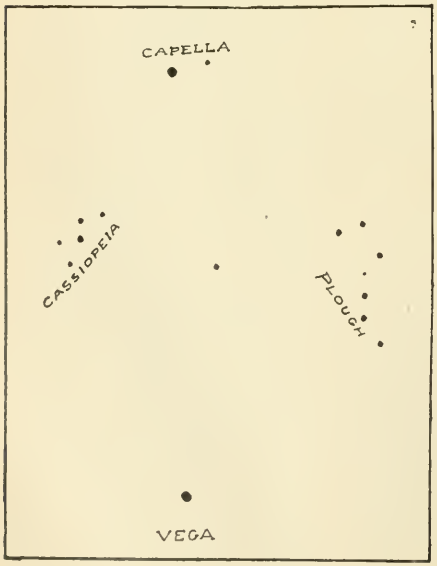
If we watch the sky, if only for a few minutes, every clear night, we shall see that, while all the other stars in the heavens change their places from hour to hour, this one alone is stationary, and that the others move in a circle around it from east to west. Of course, if we stop to think, we know that it is the earth which is moving and not the stars, but for the sake of simplicity and brevity we speak of the stars as they appear to us, that is, as themselves rising above the eastern horizon and moving across the sky.

Now that the Dipper and the Pole Star are identified, the next most prominent object in the northern heavens will be found directly on the opposite side of Polaris to which the Dipper lies, and at about the same distance from it, the Constellation of Cassiopeia, the five bright stars of which it is composed forming a great, though irregularly shaped, W.

Now, if we look almost overhead, but a little west of the meridian (which is an imaginary line drawn on the sky from north to south, and passing directly overhead), a bright bluish star will be seen and two fainter ones close by, which with it forms an equal-sided triangle. The bright star is Vega, in the Constellation of the Lyre. Then, if we can see down to the northern horizon, a little east of the meridian, we shall see another bright star, Capella, in the Constellation of Auriga. Now we have four starting points, from which we may find any constellation in the heavens. The next diagram should be held overhead, so as to bring Capella to the north, when the relative positions of the Dipper, Cassiopeia, Vega and Polaris will at once be seen. To us in Canada, these constellations and all the stars embraced within a line drawn around their boundaries, and known as "Circumpolar Constellations," are always visible, as they never pass below our horizon. The diagrams of necessity show only the most prominent stars in each constellation. As a proof of how little they really do show, it may be mentioned that Cassiopeia has fifty-five stars visible to the naked



THE "W" IN CASSIOPEIA



THE FOUR BRIGHTEST STARS NEAR POLARIS

eye, whereas the diagram shows only five. Once the characteristic stars of a constellation become familiar to the observer, however, he will not find it to be at all difficult, if he desires to do so, to come to a better knowledge of its less prominent features, with the aid of easily procured books and charts.

Now we turn to a group about half-way between the zenith, that is the point directly overhead, and the western horizon, and find a group of small stars.

This is Boötes, the Bear Driver, so called because he appears to chase (around the Pole) the Great Bear, a vast constellation of which the Dipper forms the most conspicuous part. The beautiful first-magnitude star in this group, Arcturus, is one of the brightest in the heavens, and may be quickly found by following the direction of a line passing through the two outermost stars in the handle of the Dipper.

Almost touching Boötes there is a semi-circle of stars, the lovely little constellation of the Northern Crown (Corona Borealis).

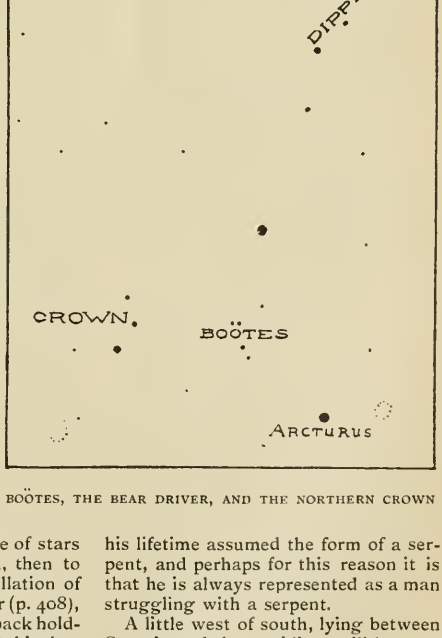
One of the most interesting constellations in the sky may be seen between Vega and the Crown, Hercules — interesting, however, not by reason of any unusual features in the stars of which it is

composed, but for a remarkable star-cluster lying between the stars Eta and Zeta (p. 407), forming the western side of the quadrilateral figure known as the "Flower-pot." This cluster, which may sometimes be seen with the naked eye on a clear night as a hazy spot, is one of the wonders of the sky, being really a cluster of suns about fourteen thousand in number, as computed by Sir William Herschel, and appearing in a telescope like bright needle points.

Near the south-western horizon a fiery red star is seen, Antares, Scorpion's Heart (p. 406). The Constellation Scorpio lies with head to the west and tail upraised toward the east. In the days of the astrologers, Antares was regarded as exercising a sinister influence, portending war, tempests, plague or some other misfortune to humanity. An opera-glass shows a pretty pair of stars below Beta. Lampman has several references to the constellation:

"Antares from the Scorpion burns afar,
With surge and baleful gleam, the fierce red star."

"Lustrous and large out of the gathering drouth
. . . . the baleful Scorpion
Trails her dim fires along the drousèd south."



BOÖTES, THE BEAR DRIVER, AND THE NORTHERN CROWN

The Serpent outline is easy to follow, the head, a little triangle of stars, lying south of the Crown. The line of stars trails first towards the south, then to the east, crossing the Constellation of Ophiuchus, the Serpent-bearer (p. 408), who stands on the Scorpion's back holding the writhing snake. Ophiuchus is said to commemorate Æsculapius, the father of medical knowledge. He was so skilful a physician that he restored the dead to life, which caused Pluto to complain to Jupiter that his domain would soon be depopulated if this quite unprofessional conduct was persisted in by the physician. Jupiter was a deity not to be trifled with, and he at once put an end to the medical career of the offender by striking him with a thunderbolt. However, his conscience must have troubled him afterward, for he finally placed him among the constellations, which was probably soothing to the injured feelings of the late physician. Æsculapius was believed to have frequently in his lifetime assumed the form of a serpent, and perhaps for this reason it is that he is always represented as a man struggling with a serpent.

A little west of south, lying between Scorpio and the meridian, will be seen the Constellation of Sagittarius, the Archer (p. 408), who in mythological charts was represented as a centaur, a creature with the head and shoulders of a man and the body and legs of a horse, aiming an arrow at the Scorpion's

THE CONSTELLATION OF THE SCORPION

heart, Antares. This region of the sky is full of fine objects for the opera-glass observer. Downward, and a little to the right of Mu (μ) there is a cluster, and upwards and a little to the left of the same star another.

We have visible in September, at nine o'clock or thereabouts, six first-magnitude stars, Capella in the north, white in colour; Vega overhead, electric blue; Arcturus, orange red; Antares, red, and two not yet mentioned, Altair in the Eagle, a pale yellow star, on the meridian to the south, and Fomalhaut just rising in the southeast, of a reddish tint. The magnitude of a star, it must be remembered, refers to its apparent brilliance as seen by us, and not to the real size of the object.

The writer can hear quite distinctly an impatient comment from the usually gentle reader: "Of course, I would like to know the stars and something about them, but why in the name of Betsy Trotwood have such names been attached to them? Why the Lyre for a triangle? Why Cassiopeia for a capital W? Why Hercules for an object which you confess looks, or part of it does, like a flower-pot? Why names which have not the slightest resemblance to the groups in which the stars seem to be naturally arranged?" In reply to this the humble scribe can only reply that there is a voluminous amount of mythology connected with the stars and their names, but that this mythology, while it is interesting from one point of view, is of little assistance in helping a beginner to a practical knowledge of the heavens. The mythology connected with star names will be touched upon when speaking of the features of the constellations in detail, not because it has any value as a practical help in star study, but for the sake of knowing something of what the ancients thought they knew about the heavens. For instance there is a little group now very near the horizon, Berenice's Hair, so named, the story goes, in honour of the young Egyptian Queen Berenice, who in gratitude for a victory won by her husband, sacrificed her magnificent hair as an offering to Venus. During the night the precious locks disappeared from the shrine where they had been placed, and great consternation reigned, diligent search being made for the missing treasure, but without success. The Court Astronomer was then consulted, and he must have been, like Kipling's sailorman, "a person of infinite resource and sagacity," for he at once solved the mystery by pointing to a very inconspicuous and hitherto unnoticed little star group which, he solemnly averred, was the offering stolen by Jupiter from Venus and placed in the sky by him. This plausible explanation was accepted without question, all parties being satisfied, the queen delighted with the compliment of the great god, and the reputation of the astute astronomer higher than ever. Now, all that can be seen of

Berenice's Hair with the naked eye are a few insignificant stars and a rather misty-looking spot. The story, though interesting as a curiosity of tradition, is of no assistance in finding the constellation or of studying it when found. The prosaic telescope must be employed in order that the real wonder of the group may be revealed—a great spiral nebulous mass of suns, lying at an enormous distance. A similar state of facts exists respecting most of the other constellations and their legendary stories. It is well, then, to drop from our minds the expectation of seeing anything that really looks like a ram, or a bull, or a lion in the sky, and be content to take it for granted that the early astronomers who named them saw, or fancied they saw, a resemblance to the objects with which they were most familiar. As a matter of fact, the amateur who identifies all the groups mentioned in this paper has made substantial progress towards a knowledge of the constellations, a knowledge which will be of more real service to him than a familiarity with the "fairy tales" of the heavens and their application to each identical star.

SEPTEMBER PREDICTIONS

For those of our readers who are sufficiently interested to attempt a little practical work, and we hope they are many, we append the following predictions for the month of September :

The moon will be new on the 2nd and full on the 17th, being called the "Harvest Moon," as, rising for several nights almost at sunset, she prolongs the working day for the harvesters in their busy season, instead of rising each evening, as is usually the case, about fifty minutes later than the preceding night.

Jupiter is an evening star, blazing in the Constellation of Capricornus, due south, at dark. Jupiter is attended by five moons, and if your opera-glass reveals a glimpse of one or two of them, you may be well satisfied with its performance. A good field glass finds all four easily, not all at once, of course, for some of the satellites may be behind or directly in front of the planet, when they will not be visible. The moons change position very rapidly from night to night, so it is interesting to keep a record of these observations. It is not easy to realize that Jupiter, a member of our own solar system, and a near neighbour to the earth, in comparison with the fixed stars, is 1300 times larger than the earth, his diameter being some 90,000 miles. Although this planet lies so far from the parent sun, receiving, therefore,

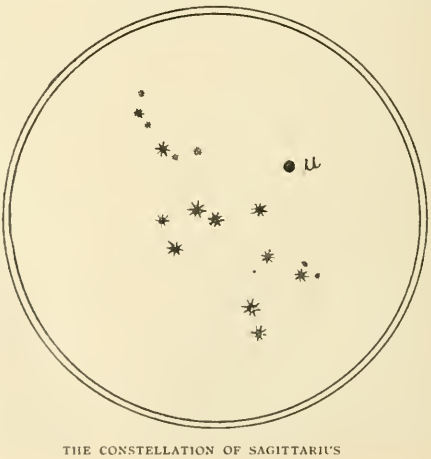
THE CONSTELLATION OF HERCULES

SERPENS AND OPHIUCHUS

much less light than Venus, the earth or Mars, it often shines with a greater lustre than even Venus, owing to its superior size. The orbit of Jupiter is enormous, twelve years being the time required for it to make its journey around the sun. Jupiter has retained much of his original heat, and the surface of the planet has not cooled to solidity. It is the scene of constant convulsions of nature, tornadoes and cyclones, in comparison with which a terrestrial hurricane is as a zephyr. Presumably, there can be no life on Jupiter. There are many interesting markings on the planet, but few that our friend the opera-glass can reveal. The bright disc is mottled with belts, formed of cloud-masses, irregular in outline and variously coloured. By watching their motion the time of rotation has been determined as being about ten hours. Of the moons, the largest is comparable in size with Mars, while the smallest is the size of our own Queen of the Night. This is truly a planetary family on a magnificent scale!

Saturn is also an evening star, lying in the Constellation of Sagittarius, not far from Jupiter. Saturn is perhaps the most interesting object to the amateur observer, but a telescope is required to see his magnificent system of rings and nine little moons. The orbit of the planet, which is six hundred times as large as that of the earth, lies far outside of Jupiter's track, twenty-nine years being required to complete his journey around the sun.

Mercury may be seen by a sharp-eyed observer for a few evenings before and after the 24th of the month, just after sunset, and a little south of the point where the sun disappears. He lies so close to the sun that, being im-



THE CONSTELLATION OF SAGITTARIUS

mersed in the flood of light surrounding it, he is only visible when at his furthest distance from the sun, and just before sunrise or after sunset. Once caught sight of, however, there is no mistaking the ruddy planet as it dances and twinkles over the horizon.

Venus and Mars are morning stars, Venus lying near Regulus in Leo on the 12th, with Mars, a ruddy, compact little orb, above Venus.

Summer descends from her throne and Autumn reigns in her stead on the 24th, when the sun enters Libra, crossing the equator on his way south.

The constellations on the meridian at midnight are: Cepheus, Pegasus, Aquarius and Pisces Australis, the splendid star Fomalhaut in the latter constellation glowing like a great lamp in the south.

SONG OF THE SHADOW

A SHADOW-LIFE and shadow-dance
I live within a world of chance.
Eternal wanderer am I
Across the earth and sea and sky;
Without a goal, with a home,
My fate forever is to roam—
Forever on my course to go
From golden dawn till after-glow.

Within dim temples I abide
Where Truth and Beauty e'er confide;
I grace the dark cathedral loft
And hear strange music wander soft
Above the cloistral aisles of stone
Where pilgrim stands enrapt, alone,—
A vision in his soul there wrought,
Some presence that he long has sought.
'Tis here where towering pillars rise
Beyond all glory of surmise,
I wind and wind forever 'round
The vaults and arches from whence sound
The lyric of the days gone by
And joys that oft recur to die.

Where is my home? I ask and seek—
Unstable will—at morn to wreak
My anger on the purple hills
And Day that every valley fills.
Unwearied still, when Time is through,
Some path again I tread anew,
As in the old, old happy June
When all the world went to the tune
The trysting birds played out so well
Within some chantry of the dell.

'Tis mine to suffer naught of fears
That mark the rising, falling years;
Without a harbour for my sail
I onward flit upon some trail;
Far out my skiff moves toward the night,
While all around a golden light
Sings peace to drifting memories,
Afloat upon the sunset seas.

Inglis Morse

I—ITS HISTORY AND THE N.A.L.U.

By B. W. Collison

WHEN the French saw their Savage Allies play their native game of ball, they gave it the name "La Crosse"—the bat—on account of the peculiarly-shaped stick used, and ever since that time the stick has been called "Crosse," and the game has been known as "Lacrosse." This, however, was not the name used among the Indians until recent years. Originally each tribe designated the game by its own peculiar word for our word "ball." In the tongue of the Iroquois this name was "Tehontshik(8)aheks"; in the tongue of the Ojibways, "Baggataway," and in the tongue of the Algonquin, "Teiontsesiksaheks." The stick was called "Teionstikwahektawa," in the tongue of the Iroquois, and the goal posts were known in their dialect by the word "Toohenosetoohokla."

The "Crosse," as far back as we can trace, was similar to that used to-day, only flat and stiff, being strung with either deerskin, catskin or veins from the cow's back. The ball used was of different kinds, generally it was a piece of deerskin, stuffed with hair and sewed up with the sinews of some wild animal. The most popular game, according to the stories of the Red Man who played some seventy-five years ago, was played with seven men on each side. The goal posts were between forty and fifty feet apart, and the games were reckoned by the number of times the ball was shot through these goals, the team scoring the first three out of five winning the match.

The great historical or traditional games were played on the Indian anniversary days, which were celebrated with great pomp and ceremony, and "when all wars and rumours of wars" were dropped temporarily in order to allow all the natives, both young and old, male and female, to witness the struggle for supremacy between the herculean and handsome young savages of the different tribes or villages on the ball field.

These games were, as a rule, between two native tribes or villages, and great were the preparations indulged in for months prior to the game. While it is a traditional fact that the knack of running, the agility, the strength of muscle, the grace of motion and the endurance which are so characteristic of the Indian, come as natural to him as his peculiar dialect, when the players who were to compete in these great matches were selected, they were compelled to deprive themselves of excesses of all kinds, eat very little, and do everything possible to harden themselves so as to be able to endure the great exertion which they would have to undergo on the day of the eventful struggle. It was as great an honour to the dusky gallant of those days to be selected as one of the players to compete in one of these great matches, as it ever was for the Grecian youth to wear the historic crown of olives at the Olympian games.

The field upon which these anniversary games were played varied in length all the way from five hundred yards to half a mile, according to the

number playing, and as there never was a set number on each team as at the present time, the length of the field was never a fixed quantity. The referee, or "game director," as he was then called, was usually a chief of some disinterested tribe or village, and the only rules governing the game were such as were laid down by him in a "pow-wow" with the players before the beginning of the match. After the players had taken their respective positions, he put the ball into play by throwing it up in the air, or by placing it at a marked place in the centre of the field, whichever method was previously decided upon, and at a word from him the peculiar lassitude and indifference exhibited by each player during the preparations, would drop from him and be replaced by a fiery energy which he would give vent to by rushing pell-mell after the ball. There was no system whatever practised, and as a rule the fleetest runner would succeed in getting the ball. The art of dodging was seldom indulged in, the player would run with or bat the ball until caught, when he would throw it as far as possible in the direction of his goal. If the custom of the best three in five was not decided upon, several chiefs, usually old players, kept count of the games by means of ten small sticks, which they pulled out one at a time when the ball was shot past the goals, replacing one to count eleven when they got to ten. Matches consisted of ten, twenty and even one hundred games, and would often last two or three days. The braves who were away on the chase or warpath always looked forward to the great anniversaries. Although as a rule there was not a very large quantity of "wampum" to be staked, the men wagered their clothes and the women their shawls, rings, ear-rings and necklaces on the result. A stand was built at one side of the field, and the articles of about the same price or value which constituted the different "bets," were tied together and placed on this stand under the supervision of several old chiefs. When the match was over and the result declared, those who had won the stakes took everything, the losers often going home almost naked.

To the Indian the faculty of playing the game of his savage forefathers comes as natural as his "sago," and it is hard to find one without an aptitude for the game. We cannot but realize the truth of this fact when upon visiting the reservations of Caughnawaga, St. Regis and Cornwall Island to-day we see the adroitness with which the young Indian manipulates the "Crosse," which is put into his hand by his wise and wily father as soon as he is unstrapped and taken from the "korhoun."

Lacrosse with these original "lords of our soil and masters of our domain," was not only a means of amusement and pastime as it is with the young men who take part in the game at present, but was also a means for the physical development and training of the noble young warrior who might be called upon at any time to ward off the attack of an hostile tribe upon his native city.

This game and training, while it was only sport to the untutored gallant of those days, was a much too violent exercise for the paleface to endure. It, however, exhibited many ideas which completely captivated a few whites, fore-

A FORWARD THROW

THE GOALKEEPER RELIEVES

most among whom was the late Dr. W. Geo. Beers, of Montreal, who devoted much time in investigating the merits of the game, and in 1850 he first proposed it as one suitable to the Canadian youth, and published through the medium of the press several letters setting out its fundamental principles as they suggested themselves to him. He was rewarded by receiving answers from all parts of the country from men who, falling in with his ideas, were only too willing to take up the work and assist him in establishing it on a firm footing. He afterwards arranged several exhibition matches in Montreal between the Caughnawaga Indians. As a result a Montreal Club was organized about 1850, to take up the game, and remodel, amend, and play it in a manner acceptable to the whites. A number of matches were then played with the Indians, only one of which, however, the Montrealers were able to win.

The early life of the new Club was, indeed, not a very promising one. The man who was behind the movement, nothing daunted, kept up his propaganda, and finally through the influence of his indomitable, hopeful spirit, his resourceful methods and administrative abilities, the ultimate success of the game was accomplished, and on the day on which the different provinces of Canada were united into one grand Dominion—July 1st, 1867—the game Lacrosse was established as the national game of the New Dominion.

In the early part of 1860, owing to the success of the Montreal Club, meagre as it was, several other clubs were organized in the city, the principal of which were the Hochelaga and Beavers. A number of matches were played between these clubs, but the first real stage of prosperity began when the Hochelaga and Montreal Clubs amalgamated under the name of the Montreal Lacrosse Club. Upon the visit of our present King, then the Prince of Wales, to Montreal in 1861, it was proposed to have a match played before His Royal Highness between the Montreal and Beaver Clubs and the Caughnawaga Indians. The game proved to be a very interesting one and was fought very stubbornly by both teams. It ended, however, in a dispute in which the Indians were at fault, and the match was awarded to the whites. Shortly after this the nucleus of a club was formed in Ottawa through the efforts of a Montreal enthusiast, and it was not long before arrangements were made for a match to be played in Cornwall between the newly organized Club and a picked team from the Montreal and Beaver Clubs, which when played re-

sulted in a decisive victory for the Ottawa Club. This outside competition instilled new life into the game, and in September, 1867, a convention of representatives of the different clubs then in Canada was called for the purpose of organizing an association, draw up a constitution, and decide upon a set of rules for the government of the game. The Convention met in Kingston September 26th, 1867, and as a result the "National Amateur Lacrosse Association of Canada" was organized. With the inauguration of the new association the modern history of lacrosse practically begins.

It was not long before almost every city, town and village between Montreal and Toronto had organized a club and began playing the national game. The constitution of the association and the rules of the game as adopted at Kingston, however, did not find favour with all the new teams, and a reorganization meeting was held in Toronto on May 4th, 1876. At this meeting the original constitution and rules were revised and amended so as to meet, as far as possible, the requirements of all clubs represented. The Association has met from time to time ever since in either Toronto, Montreal, Cornwall or Quebec, and although many amendments have been made, the rules are practically the same as those adopted in 1876.

By no means the least noteworthy feature in the growth of the popularity of the game has been the visits of Canadian teams to Great Britain and Ireland. On three different occasions have these trips been made since the formation of the N.A.L.A. The first was made in 1876, under the personal management of Dr. Beers, and so successful and far-reaching were the results of the adventure that in 1883 he again undertook the enterprise, not only taking a team of white gentlemen as he did on the previous occasion, but a team of Caughnawaga Indians as well. The success of this visit was even greater than that of the first, the teams playing a special match before our late beloved Queen at Windsor Castle, where they were afterwards entertained at luncheon and each player presented by Her Majesty with a photograph of herself. A third visit was made by the Toronto Lacrosse Club of Toronto during the present year. As the result of the visits of the Canadian teams in 1876 and 1883, a team from Ireland made a return visit to Canada in 1887, and played a series of matches in Montreal, in which, however, they were wholly outclassed, as they had opposed to them a combination of the best players of the principal teams in Canada at that time.

Prior to the year 1888, all matches were decided in favour of the team scoring the first three goals out of five, and in case of darkness intervening, in favour of the team which had scored two goals to their opponents' nothing. With the great advancement which had been made in the science of the game, however, it often occurred that one team would take another entirely by surprise and succeed in scoring the required number of goals before the crowd of anxious spectators had taken their seats on the stand. This fact caused considerable dissatisfaction among the followers of the teams and at the annual meeting of the N.A.L.A. held at Cornwall in 1888 a slight deviation was made in

WATCHING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY

this respect, the rules being amended so as to guarantee a certain length of time for playing the match, the team scoring the greater number of goals before the expiration of that time to be declared the winner.

In 1887 the Toronto Lacrosse Club seceded from the N.A.L.A. and together with several other Clubs in Western Ontario organized the "Canadian Lacrosse Association" and although the new Association did much towards popularizing the game further west, and is now a very prosperous one, it met with but little success at first and in the year 1889 the Torontos were again back with the Eastern Teams.

The Cornwalls for the first time became champions of the world in the year 1887, and no team that ever competed for championship honours, not only in Lacrosse but any amateur sport, deserved more credit. In a town of some seven thousand inhabitants, two-thirds of whom were factory hands who worked incessantly from early morn until late at night, week in and week out, systematic practice had been almost an impossibility. The Club, however, notwithstanding all the difficulties which it had to contend with, competed for intermediate honours, the old Brockville team being its strongest opponent and winning out in the season of 1886, entered the Senior series in 1888, and with a team composed of strictly homebred players, landed the world's championship.

In 1889, the Capitals, Cornwalls, Shamrocks, Montrealers, and Torontos, decided to break away from the moribund N.A L.A., and at a meeting of delegates of their respective teams held in Montreal "The National Amateur Lacrosse Union" was organized, and it has since controlled the destinies of these teams, meeting annually for the purpose of amending the laws of the game and drawing up a schedule of matches. The personnel of the Union has been almost the same since organization. In 1898 the Montrealers dropped out and their place was taken by the Nationals, another Montreal team. In 1899, the Montrealers were again admitted and with them the Quebec and Sherbrooke teams. This, however, made the series entirely too long and with the year 1900, Quebec and Sherbrooke dropped out and again entered the Interprovincial series.

A list of the clubs winning the championship of the N.A.L.U. since its organization may not be amiss here and I will give it briefly :

1889, Montrealers	1895, Capitals
1890, Cornwall	1896, Capitals
1891, Cornwall	1897, Capitals
1892, Shamrocks	1898, Nationals
1893, Capitals	1899, Shamrocks
1894, Shamrocks	1900, Capitals
1901, Shamrocks	

The Indians have now practically abandoned their old style of play and have adopted the rules as laid down by the whites and compete yearly for a banner representative of the Indian Championship of the world. The first match for the possession of this banner was played in Montreal in the year 1880, between the Caughnawaga and St. Regis Indians, and was won by the former who held it until the year 1883, when the Cornwall Island team won it from them, holding it ever since. A convention of delegates representing the different Indian teams met at Caughnawaga in the year 1893 for the purpose of organizing an association or league similar to the N.A. L.U., but for some reason the project was not carried out until 1900 when the "National Indian Lacrosse Association" was formed, and a schedule of games between the Cornwall Island, Snye and St. Regis teams was decided upon. The Cornwall Island team has won the championship of this League for the seasons of 1900 and 1901, playing through the season of 1901 without a single defeat and are now the undisputed Indian champions of the world.

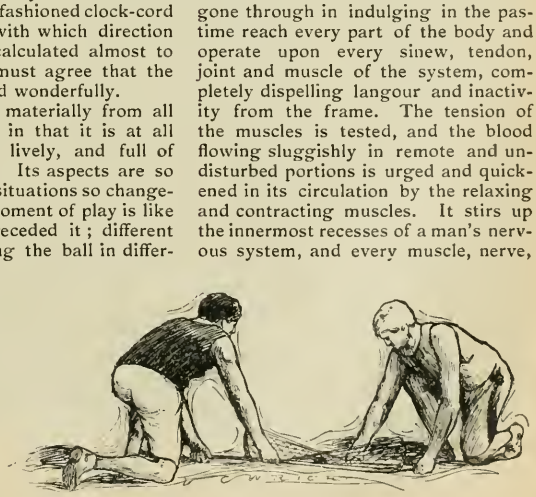
Nothing perhaps has won more esteem for lacrosse than its moral tendencies, and the necessity it involves of abstaining from habits which are only too often associated with other games. The nature of the game in

itself is such that it will not permit indulgence in liquor or tobacco, and one night's dissipation has been proven to counteract at least two weeks of hard, steady training. It always has been and still is denounced by a certain class as one of the abominations that is sapping the foundations of the social system and undermining the morals of the rising generations. But true to their narrow conceptions of right and wrong, these people refuse to regard it apart from the associations by which, like all other games or means of recreation, it is sometimes beset, and through the very vehemence of their opposition materially aid in establishing it in more public favour.

The game is, in itself, susceptible of constant improvement, as has been shown by the changes made from year to year since it became a white man's game. Many of the old players will remember the uncouth, peculiarly-shaped, flat stiff sticks used, when the game first became popular with the whites, and which, if used to-day, would make the player weep with vexation. And when they contrast these with the elegantly fashioned clock-cord sticks of to-day, with which direction and force can be calculated almost to the fraction, they must agree that the game has improved wonderfully.

Lacrosse differs materially from all other field games, in that it is at all times fascinating, lively, and full of exciting incidents. Its aspects are so vacillating and its situations so changeable that no one moment of play is like the one which preceded it; different players are handling the ball in different manners, and every circumstance in the field as well as every crisis at the goals has a certain fascination of novelty about it. Indeed there are few more striking sights than those presented upon a lacrosse field, where the athletic prowess of the competing teams takes the form of mimic warfare, well calculated to thrill the spectators and stir the blood of the old veterans. The players are always on the go, so to speak, and no one player or either of the competing teams has time to sit down and rest, or on the other hand, have they a monopoly of the play. It is so arranged as to afford the same privileges of play to either team, and on this account the interest and excitement is kept up continuously, and the result is always in the balance. The system of play is of such a nature that it is scarcely less interesting to the spectator than to the participant. It is all before the eye, and any person, even a child, witnessing a match can grasp at a glance its object, and can at any time know the exact situation.

The genuine worth of any physical recreation is in keeping the physical above the mental, for once the mind is paramount to the body the object of bodily exercise is frustrated, and as regards the action of lacrosse upon the body or muscular anatomy of man there can be no doubt. The motions gone through in indulging in the pastime reach every part of the body and operate upon every sinew, tendon, joint and muscle of the system, completely dispelling langour and inactivity from the frame. The tension of the muscles is tested, and the blood flowing sluggishly in remote and undisturbed portions is urged and quickened in its circulation by the relaxing and contracting muscles. It stirs up the innermost recesses of a man's nervous system, and every muscle, nerve,



A FACE-OFF

vein and artery is set tingling with pleasing excitement. It educates the body to speed and agility, and gives a player a feeling of freshness and lightness which is the true sign of good health. It knocks timidity and nonsense out of a young man, trains him to confidence, temperance and pluck, and teaches him to govern his temper if he has too much, and to rouse it if he has too little. It develops judgment and calculation, promptness and decision. In short, its moral, physical, and social influences are beyond dispute, and this fact contributes greatly to its masterly results.

Notwithstanding this popularity and the great success of the game, there are two objections being urged against it the last few years, namely, the great exertion of the players and the prominence of rough play. In regard to the former, I think I can state, without fear of contradiction, that the player who plays scientifically does not, by any means, over-exert himself; in fact, young men who have played lacrosse in summer, football in the fall, and hockey in the winter, inform us that the exertion put forth in football and hockey is much more trying than that put forth in lacrosse. Allowing, however, that it does require considerable exertion, hard work, although done on a lacrosse field, should be no great drawback as long as there are no bad results, and those who have played the game for years are unanimous in the verdict that they have never had any after-effects which they could attribute to the hard work or exertion put forth on the lacrosse field, and, as a rule, the best preserved and finest types of men we see on our streets to-day are those who at some time or other were proud candidates on some one or other of the earlier teams. In regard to the latter charge, however, I cannot but agree that roughness has become much too prominent the last few years, and there is nothing that so deteriorates the general character of the game and so vitally concerns its future prosperity. If we wish to retain the game in its present status of science, the rough play will have to be eliminated, and the best and in fact the only, way in which this end can be accomplished, is by the appointment of good efficient men to act in the capacity of referees at all the matches. If they enforce the rules as they should, it will only be a question of a short time until this great detriment will be abolished and the player who "uses his head" to the greatest advantage will be the victorious one.

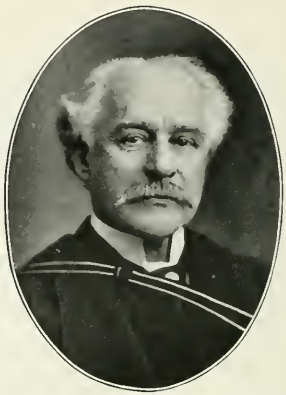
THE N.A.L.A. BANNER OF 1867

A very important feature in the history of the game last season was the inauguration of the "Minto Trophy," emblematic of the lacrosse championship of the world, which was generously donated by His Excellency the Earl of Minto.

At the suggestion of His Excellency, the first match for the pos-

AN INDIAN TEAM OF SOME YEARS AGO—CORNWALL ISLAND

W. K. McNAUGHT, ESQ., TORONTO—A VETERAN LACROSSE PLAYER



DR. W. GEORGE BEERS, THE "FATHER OF LACROSSE" IN CANADA

session of the trophy was played in Ottawa on Sept. 20th, before their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, now the Prince and Princess of Wales, between the Capitals, the champions of the "N.A.L.U." for the season of 1900, and the Cornwalls, the leaders of the series for the season of 1901, and was won by the Capitals by a score of 4 to 2. The game was witnessed by all the Royal party as well as Lord and Lady Minto, His Royal Highness facing the ball. It was without a doubt a battle-royal in which His Royal Highness showed great interest, and upon being presented with a handsome stick and new ball after the game, positively refused to accept any ball but that with which the game had been played, as he wished to put it among his much-prized collection of souvenirs. Shortly after this match, upon the Shamrocks winning the championship of the N.A.L.U. series for 1901, the coveted trophy was handed over to them and they now hold it. The competition for the trophy is regulated by trustees, appointed by His Excellency the Governor-General, and a team winning the championship of any recognized senior league is at liberty to challenge and play a series of games for its possession. Late in the season as it was, when the Shamrocks obtained the cup, they were called upon to defend it by the Y.M.C.A. Club, of Vancouver, who came east and played in Montreal. The Shamrocks, however, had no difficulty in defeating them the first two games and retaining the cup. They were again called upon to defend the Trophy this season by the New Westminster team which came east and played in Montreal on June 28th and July 1st. Both matches were very evenly contested and the Westerners proved themselves worthy exponents of the game, but were defeated in both games by a good margin and the Shamrocks are still the proud possessors of the Trophy and the recognized champions of the lacrosse world.

THE CANADIAN LACROSSE TEAM WHICH VISITED GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND IN 1883. DR. BEERS IS IN THE CENTRE OF THE GROUP

II—THE NEWER ASSOCIATIONS

John K. Munro

WHEN you travel westward from the Ottawa River and leave the historic N.A.L.U. behind, you drop memories and pick up substance. The younger lacrosse associations are not rich in literature or the raw material used in its manufacture, but they are strong numerically, and powerful factors in the upbuilding of the sport that is national, not so much because it has been officially declared so as because it is indigenous to the youth of Canada, spreading with them away out across the prairies to the Pacific, and successfully fighting all those frosts and droughts that would prove fatal to a less hardy sport.

CANADIAN LACROSSE ASSOCIATION.

The Canadian Lacrosse Association, which takes in all Western Ontario, has not contributed much to history. It is only fifteen years old, and it has devoted those fifteen years to scattering lacrosse seed over the territory under its charge; to fostering the younger clubs rather than helping the older ones write their names on the scroll of fame; to laying the solid foundation for what it knew was destined to be a splendid structure. To-day that structure is far from being complete, but already the "C.L.A." can boast that it is numerically the largest lacrosse association in the world.

Prior to 1887 all lacrosse in Ontario was under the jurisdiction of the National Amateur Lacrosse Association. The West was represented in the senior series by the Torontos and Ontarios, both of Toronto, while the rural territory was divided into intermediate districts, where such old-time clubs as the Dufferins, of Orangeville, the Athletics, of St. Catharines, Excelsiors, of Brampton, Lornes, of Mount Forest, Thistles, of Fergus, Orillia, Ontarios, of Port Hope, Peterboro, Barrie, Richmond Hill, Brantford, Woodstock and others fought and

bled for the honour of holding the championship flags. The legislation for all this lacrosse country was largely dealt out from Montreal, and there was a growing dissatisfaction over the trouble and expense of adjusting those disputes that must occasionally arise in playing a game so full of energy and absorbing interest as lacrosse. In the spring of 1887 the inevitable rupture came.

SHAMROCK LACROSSE TEAM, MONTREAL—PRESENT CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD

In the previous season the Toronto and Montreal Clubs finished the senior series as follows:

	Won.	Lost.	Draw.
Montreal ...	10	2	0
Toronto.....	9	0	1

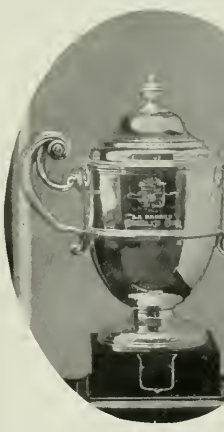
The drawn match having been with the Ontario Lacrosse Club, on the 13th November, under order of the Committee of Management, the Torontos and Ontarios met, and the match resulted in a victory for the Torontos, leaving Montreal and Torontos tied. Then on November 20th the Torontos played at Montreal, the match resulting in a draw after playing for two hours, Montreal having 1 game to Torontos none. The Committee of Management met and Torontos were ordered back to Montreal to play again on November 27th. On that date a foot of snow covered the ground. The Torontos had refused to go, so the Montreal Club lined up their team, scored 3 goals without opposition, and Mr. John Lewis, the referee, awarded the match to Montreal Club.

THE CORNWALL LACROSSE TEAM, 1901

Following this the Torontos appealed to the Council, claiming the season was not fit for lacrosse and that the vote of the Committee was illegal, as the Cornwall Club had not been represented, but had voted by telegraph. This appeal was discussed by the Council and the Torontos were fined $50.00 and the championship awarded the Montreal Club.

The Annual Convention of the Association was held the following year at Montreal, when the Council's Report was presented, and a motion was made by Mr. Chas. Nelson and seconded by Dan. A. Rose, that the Report be not approved; this was defeated by a vote of 46 to 13.

Toronto straightway withdrew from the Association, paying the fine of $50.00, and though a rivalry so keen as to almost amount to a feud existed between the two Toronto teams, the Ontarios went out with them, and all the intermediate teams in Western Ontario followed suit. On April 22nd, 1887, a meeting of delegates from these insurgent clubs was held in the Rossin House, Toronto, and the Canadian Lacrosse Association was formed, with twenty-three clubs on its membership list, and amongst the well-known stalwarts of lacrosse who were present we find Lt.-Col. R. B. Hamilton, Dan. A. Rose, H. J. P. Good and J. D. Bailey, Toronto; Peter McMillan, Beaverton; E. W. Nesbitt, Woodstock; H. O'Loughlin, St. Catharines; and George Thompson, Orillia. Lt.-Col. R. B. Hamilton was elected President, with R. H. Gerry as Secretary-Treasurer. That was a red-letter day for lacrosse in the West, for the new association began to build from the



THE MINTO CUP—EMBLEMATIC OF WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

ground up. Senior, intermediate and junior series were formed, the teams being grouped according to their relative strength, and the result was keen competition in every part of the territory covered by the association and a steady growth in the general interest in the game and the number of clubs playing it.

In 1889 the Torontos, finding the senior company of the new association did not secure as large gate receipts as did the Montreal association, deserted it, and made their peace with the eastern association, and though they have since maintained a nominal membership in the C.L.A., they have to all intents and purposes belonged to the N.A.L.U., as the National Association was renamed on their return to the fold. The Ontarios too passed out of existence, and the senior series has had a rather varied experience. Sometimes it was big and strong, taking in Orillia, Paris, Stratford, Seaforth, Brampton, Orangeville, St. Catharines, Fergus, Shelburne, Galt, Brantford and the Tecumsehs, who had sprung up in Toronto and taken the place of the deceased Ontarios; at others it almost ceased to exist. But the intermediate and junior series prospered always. The delegates from the smaller places dominated the annual conventions and elected executives whose interests were tied up in the smaller clubs. The results were the steady encouragement of the younger clubs, the splendid association of to-day, and the ultimate growth of a senior series that to-day numbers eight clubs, at least three or four of which play as fast lacrosse as can be seen anywhere on the globe, and also securing a most hearty support from the public.

But just a few figures to show the proportions to which the C.L.A. has grown and how it continues to prosper. In 1901 the association was made up of 73 clubs, 1,197 certificates to members to play in championship matches were issued, while the total membership of the various clubs is estimated to have been not less than 4,000.

THE GAME PLAYED LAST YEAR AT OTTAWA BEFORE THE DUKE OF YORK
CAPITALS VS CORNWALL. THE FACE-OFF

This year the clubs scheduled to play in the different series number 93, an increase of 20 for the year. As the time for issuing players' certificates does not expire till August the number that will be taken out can only be estimated, but they will number at least fifteen hundred, while the association must have a total membership not far short of 6,000 souls.

But no history of the C.L.A., however short, could be written without some space being given to the annual

conventions. These are held on Good Friday of each year, and are the annual reunions of the lacrosse people of Ontario. Then the old players and followers of the sport from all parts of the Province meet, and the games of other days are played again. The election of officers, too, takes on all the interest of a political campaign, while the speakers who take part in the many arguments show that the same energy and determination that made them successful lacrosse players has later in life made those same

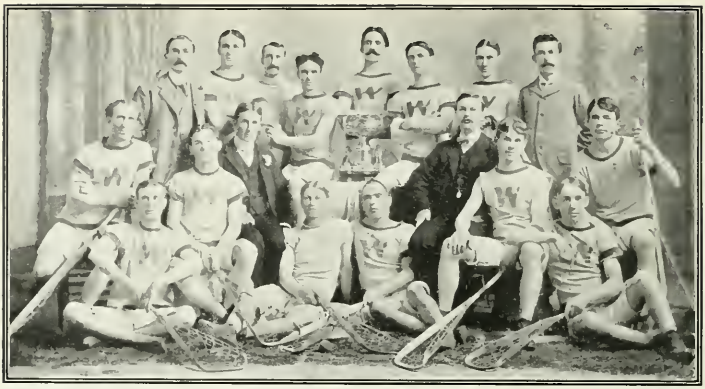
and W. H. Hall, of Toronto, being the successful candidates, while a representative council of ten was selected from no less than twenty-five candidates. The 73 old and 20 new clubs which were represented at that convention are divided as follows: Senior, 8; Intermediate, 43; Junior, 42. The Seniors are divided into two districts: Brantford, Orangeville, St. Catharines and Tecumsehs of Toronto in one, and London, Woodstock, Paris and Stratford in the other. The Intermediate clubs are divided into nine districts,

THE TORONTO LACROSSE TEAM WHICH VISITED ENGLAND IN 1902 AND SUCCEEDED IN AROUSING MUCH ENTHUSIASM THERE. THEY HAD THE HONOUR OF PLAYING BEFORE THE KING

players successful men of the world.

At the convention held in Toronto on March 28th one hundred and seventy delegates took part, while the visitors without credentials swelled the audience in the convention hall to between four and five hundred. The election of officers was quieter than usual, C. R. McKeown, of Orangeville, and Francis Nelson, of Toronto, being elected President and Vice-President respectively by acclamation. However, there were warm fights for the second Vice-Presidency and Secretaryship, J. F. Lennox, of Stouffville, and the Juniors also into nine districts. The winners of districts in each series are drawn against each other, the losers dropping out till one is left—the champions for the season. Last year these contests resulted: Senior champions, Dufferins of Orangeville; Intermediate champions, Iroquois of Stratford; Junior champions, Bracebridge.

And the C.L.A. promises to keep on prospering. Its members are loyal to the core, and justly proud of the great organization they have built up. They claim that the seeds of lacrosse once planted in a community will never die.



THE WINNIPEG TEAM CHAMPIONS OF MANITOBA, 1901

The plant may droop for a season only to blossom more fully the next. So they go on acquiring new territory, confident that the game can look after itself in the old. This year Sudbury, Coppercliff and other clubs away up in New Ontario have come into the fold, and the game is following the march of civilization well up into the wilds of Muskoka and Parry Sound. The lacrosse flags are flying wherever the Canadian flag is planted, and the mystic letters C.L.A. are something to conjure with over the most populous and prosperous portion of the banner Province of the Dominion.

WESTERN CANADA LACROSSE ASSOCIATION.

Lacrosse has taken kindly to those great natural play-grounds the prairies of the West, and the shout of the lacrosse enthusiast may be heard from the time the last blizzard roars its farewell in the spring till the Red River is again covered with ice. Here the Western Canada Lacrosse Association holds sway, and its proud boast is that it controls more territory than any other lacrosse body on earth. Its domain is bounded on the east by Lake Superior, on the west by the Western limits of Manitoba, on the south by St. Paul and Minneapolis, and on the north by the horizon. It has a membership of thirty-five clubs divided into Senior, Intermediate and Junior series. The President is J. W. Baker, and the Secretary-Treasurer R. H. Smith.

The national game found its way into Manitoba over thirty years ago, and in 1871 Prince Rupert's Lacrosse Club was organized in Winnipeg. But it was 1886 before the new Province had enough clubs to form an association. Then the Winnipeg teams, Minnedosa, Souris, Brandon and Portage la Prairie joined in organizing the Manitoba Lacrosse Association. Boom days in lacrosse followed, but in four years they had spent their fury. The association became disorganized, and though the game never entirely died out it was played only in occasional spurts till 1896. Then it had worked its way back into popular favour, and the Western Canada Lacrosse Association was organized with a total membership of three clubs, playing, of course, only one series. But the game had caught its feet again and the association grew and prospered, each season's contests carrying the interest further afield, till to-day the game is the most popular and widely played in the Prairie Province. For two years past the Winnipeg Lacrosse Club, one of the best known sporting organizations in the West, has succeeded in carrying off the Senior Championship

THE NEW WESTMINSTER TEAM—CHAMPIONS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

and with it the handsome Drewry Cup. Other clubs that have won Manitoba's premier lacrosse honours are: Victorias, Winnipeg, 1899; Hartney, 1898; Port Arthur, 1897; and Winnipeg, 1896.

The season of 1901 was the banner year for lacrosse in Manitoba, and as the game is peculiarly fitted to the strong, wiry youths who have made the prairie famous on the veldt of South Africa the promoters of the sport are enthusiastic over its prospects for the future.

BRITISH COLUMBIA AMATEUR LACROSSE ASSOCIATION.

A dozen years ago the people of British Columbia took up lacrosse, and they did it with all their might. Clubs were organized in Victoria, Vancouver and New Westminster. The keen rivalry that has always existed between these three cities added zest to the game, and the interest aroused was intense. With well matched teams they drew enormous crowds to see the games, and all the good nature the Coast climate produces was necessary to keep more than one of them from resulting in open warfare. Then they took to strengthening by looking to the east for players. Such well-known players as Bob Cheyne, Archie McNaughton, and others found it convenient to move to the Coast. They drilled the younger generations of British Columbians in all the mysteries of the great national sport, till out of the crowds of junior players senior clubs of really high class were evolved.

New Westminster, the smallest of the three cities, at last succeeded in getting the greatest team, and in their enthusiasm the citizens resolved to send their champions to battle with the lacrosse giants of the east.

They came, and their coming did not cause much excitement in eastern lacrosse circles. The first game was a victory over an N.A.L.U. senior team, and lacrosse Ontario and Quebec began to open its eyes. And the Westerners said never a word, but went right on with their work. Montreal, Nationals, Shamrocks, Capitals —all the cracks of the east fell in succession before them by decisive scores, and in a week Westminsters had played themselves out of semi-obscur-

C. R. McKEOWN, PRESIDENT OF C.L.A.

ity into lacrosse fame. Their one check came in Toronto when, after a hard battle with the Capitals of Ottawa two days before, they were unable to do better than play a draw with Torontos.

But when they had departed for the west it was felt that there was a new factor in the lacrosse world, and for the first time the need of a trophy to represent the lacrosse championship of Canada was felt. Lord Minto filled the want with the Minto Cup. It was given to the champions of the N.A.L.U. But British Columbia feels that she has a claim on it. Last year the Vancouver Y.M.C.A. team came east and tried, but failed to win it. This year the true champions of British Columbia, New Westminsters, made another attempt and though defeated in two hard matches by the champion Shamrocks they proved their right to a place in the front ranks of lacrosse and went home determined to have yet another try next year.

The B.C.A.L.A. was organized March 22nd, 1890, with a membership of three clubs, viz., Vancouver, Victoria and New Westminster. The Senior Series now consists of four clubs, Nanaimo having been added. It also has an Intermediate Series, in which some exceedingly lively lacrosse is played. New Westminster has held the championship for eight of the twelve years of the Association's existence, 1890, 1894-95, and the past five years; Vancouver 1891, 1892 and 1896; Victoria in 1893.

Three times have teams from British Columbia visited the east at their own expense. In 1893 the Victorias came and played a draw with Shamrocks, and were beaten by Capitals. In 1900 Westminster made their victorious tour, and last year Vancouver Y.M.C.A. team tried unsuccessfully for the Minto Cup. Twice also have the Westerners paid the expenses of teams west and beaten them. In 1899 the Torontos were taken to New Westminster and soundly beaten in a series of three games. Last year the Winnipegs, champions of Manitoba, were similarly treated. Truly the British Columbia Association is neither very old nor very big, but it is a wonder.

OTHER ASSOCIATIONS.

These are the most prominent among the new lacrosse associations, but they are not all of them. In the Territories there is a budding association, where Moose Jaw, Regina, Calgary and other teams fight for lacrosse honours with all the enthusiasm of candidates for the Minto Cup. It is new yet, but so is the country in which it is planted. It will grow up with the country. And among the hills of the Kootenay, Rossland, Nelson and other towns that thrive on those minerals with which the hills abound, find time to play the national game in a little league of their own. It, too, will see better days, for time is teaching that the lacrosse stick is destined to become as emblematic of Canada as the maple leaf, and is even better fitted to grow and prosper in some of the various climates of this great Dominion than the national emblem itself.

THE QUEENS OF EUROPE

By Margaret Sherrington

IV.—THE GERMAN EMPRESS

THE German Empress is one of the most domesticated of all royal ladies. Her heart is bound up in her husband and children, and she prefers private life to State ceremonials. She shows no inclination to mix herself up in politics or exert an influence on Cabinets, but rather lives as quiet a life as her position allows. Of late years her health has been such as to prevent her from attending many of the big Court functions that she would otherwise have graced, or to take a leading part in tedious social festivities entailing a tax upon physical strength. But she manages, as usual, to give a good deal of time to philanthropic work.

She is specially interested in charities that are connected with children and with old folks, and also in schemes for bettering the home conditions of the working classes, for the Empress is a true *hausfrau* in her love of the household. After the death of the aged Empress Augusta, she made it her special work to continue the interest that her husband's grandmother had bestowed on certain pet charities, and wrote to the Berlin People's Kitchen Society: "I think I am acting in accordance with the sentiments of the deeply-regretted Empress when I assure your society, as well as all the institutions of which the august departed was the patron, of my warm and lasting interest. I fulfil thereby a sacred duty to the memory of one whose self-sacrificing labours of love were attended with blessed results."

The present Empress, who was born Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, a daughter of the Grand Duke Frederick, was brought up in the domesticated fashion usual to German girls at the little Ducal Court at Dolzig, in Silesia. Her father was not a rich man, as German potentates go, and there seemed very little probability that his daughter would become the Consort of a mighty Sovereign of Europe. Even when she did marry the handsome Prince William of Prussia, it appeared unlikely that she would be Empress even at so early a date as the present. The venerable Emperor William seemed to have many years before him, and the then Crown Prince—the late Emperor Frederick—was a young man with, it was hoped, a long life of sovereignty ahead. Yet, after seven short years of married life, Princess Augusta became Empress of Germany.

If the story that is told of Prince William's wooing of his bride is true, then the courtship of the present Emperor and Empress was one of the most romantic in royal histories.

It was at Prinkenau, then the home of the Grand Duke Frederick, that Prince William and his future bride met for the first time. Prince William had been invited thither as the guest of the Grand Duke, and was, at the time, a gallant, dashing young fellow of twenty. Then, as now, he was fond of surprises, and arrived at the Castle

EMPRESS AUGUSTA VICTORIA OF GERMANY

PHOTO BY REICHARD & LINDNER, BERLIN

rather earlier than he was expected. The story goes that while strolling in the park he came upon a rustic summer-house—a bower of roses—into which he not unnaturally penetrated. What was his surprise when the picture that met his view represented a fair-haired girl asleep in a hammock!

The Prince, taken aback at the vision, paused for a moment and then retreated, wondering who the sleeping beauty might be. As he afterwards told a friend, she reminded him of a little poem known to every German

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA — "CARMEN SYLVA"

PHOTO BY F. MANDY, BUCURESCI

schoolboy, and called in the English language "The Briar Rose." He associated the pretty girl he had seen with the poem, and later in the day encountered his "Briar Rose" again, this time inside the Castle. He was delighted to find that she was none other than the Princess Augusta Victoria, and was so much impressed with her naturalness and charm that in a very short time he was desperately in love with her, and their engagement speedily followed. The date of their betrothal is set down as February 14th,

1880, but owing to the death of the Grand Duke Frederick (the Empress's father) it was not publicly announced until the following June. On this occasion the Princess wrote to the venerable pastor of her native place: "You, respected Herr Pastor, will understand how, on such a joyful occasion, I miss my never-to-be-forgotten father, he who shared in our smallest joy. How he would have rejoiced in my happiness! But he knew how dearly we love each other, and that is a great consolation to me. The life of my father will always be before me as a shining example. Would that I might be even but distantly like him!"

The Princess was in Berlin when her betrothal was announced there, but she returned to Prinkenau for the wedding, where the ceremony took place in February, 1881, on the twenty-second birthday of Prince William, the Princess being some few months his senior.

Following in the wake of two such clever women as the old Empress Augusta and the late Empress Frederick, the present Empress of Germany had a difficult task before her when her husband came to the throne. But she soon endeared herself to the nation by her innate charm and goodness, the simplicity of her tastes, and the practical example she set of a perfect wife and mother. Her Majesty is blue-eyed and fair-haired, with an amiable expression of countenance that portrays her character and gentle manners. The Emperor alludes to her as his "Pearl of Great Price," and the Empress talks of her children as her "most priceless jewels."

Perhaps no sovereign lady cares less for dress than does the Empress of Germany, although of late years she has paid more attention to her wardrobe than formerly, and always dresses with good taste while avoiding extravagance.

It is said that on one occasion, when the Kaiser and Kaiserin were visiting Queen Margherita of Italy and the late King Humbert, the Emperor and Queen Margherita went together to a dressmaker's in Rome to choose a tea-gown for the Empress. A charming gown, covered with diaphanous embroidery, was brought forward, but the Emperor waved it aside, exclaiming, "Oh! that would be of no use to my wife. She always has half-a-dozen children tumbling about her skirts, and they would make short work of all that pretty stuff!"

The Emperor is very proud of his wife, and has been heard to say: "I could wish no better for the men of my nation than that the girls of Germany should follow the example of their Empress and devote their lives, as she does her life, to the cultivation of the three great K's,—*Kirche*, *Kinder*, *Kuche*." Church, children and cookery certainly have absorbed a great part of the life of Her Majesty, and she has also given a great deal of attention to the servant question. She once wrote to a society of German ladies who were discussing the problem: "To my mind, the unsatisfactory condition of our servants is due to the fact that the mistresses fail to take sufficient interest in their welfare. The chief complaints of domestic servants seem to be that they have too many hours of work and too little personal freedom. But if mistresses were to allow them more freedom, they might expose the servants to serious temptation. They should, therefore, do all in their power to make their servants' leisure hours as attractive as possible within doors, particularly by giving them nice cheerful bedrooms, which, I fear, is often far from being the case. I sincerely hope our architects will bear this in mind when designing houses. Besides, we ought, in various parts of the town, to establish homes for servants, where they can meet of an evening, and more particularly on Sunday afternoons, in order to discuss subjects of common interest, and, if possible, receive instruction in their domestic duties. But the chief question in regard to our female servants is their moral character, for who can exercise greater influence on our young children than servants who are daily in their company?"

The Emperor and Empress have seven children—six sons and a daughter. The latter, little Princess Victoria Luise, is regarded as a Mascotte, for an old prophecy says that when an Emperor of Germany shall have seven sons in succession not one of them shall succeed to the throne. It is easy to believe, therefore, that no child was ever more welcome than Princess Luise of Hohenzollern, who, by her sex, supposedly saved her House from calamity.

Tact and sweetness characterize the beloved Empress who shares the throne of Germany with William II., to whom she has proved the most devoted of Consorts, and whose gentle influence has suited so admirably his somewhat impulsive nature. She is worshipped by her children, and has all along been their companion and playmate as well as their mother, taking an active interest in their education and pastimes, joining in their pony races and rowing with them in their boats. One thing, however, she set her face against was canoeing; and years ago, when her two eldest sons were mere youngsters, and clamoured for a canoe by way of amusement, she absolutely refused to let them indulge in anything so dangerous, for in her opinion they were far too excitable and daring to be trusted with so delicate a craft as a canoe. "But the Emperor has given his consent," observed a friend. "That may be," replied the Empress sweetly; "but although he is Emperor of Germany I am Empress of the nursery."

Owing to her practical upbringing the Empress can sew and knit as well as any woman in the Empire. In her maiden days she used to trim her own gowns and hats, and her habits of economy can be traced in the fact that she has employed a dressmaker in the palace for the sole purpose of renovating her gowns when more extravagant women would cast them aside.

Those about the German Court say that no cry of real distress ever reaches the Empress's ears without being followed by relief. The following little anecdote is an instance of her tender heart and sympathy:

One day a poor woman approached the Palace at Berlin and endeavoured to obtain admittance to the Emperor's presence; but as she refused to state her errand to any but his Majesty himself she was naturally prevented by the guard from setting foot within the precincts of the Palace. She lingered about within sight, and appeared so broken-hearted and distressed that the tale of her visit came to the Empress's ears. When her Majesty heard how piteously the old woman had pleaded to speak with the Emperor, she immediately sent an attendant to bring the woman to her presence, and listened patiently while the tale of sorrow was poured forth. The story was to the effect that the poor woman's son, her sole supporter, had been sentenced to prison for some indiscretion. She had walked a hundred miles to beg for his pardon. The Empress was touched, and promised to intercede with the Emperor on the widow's behalf, meanwhile comforting the woman by ordering that she should be fed and clothed and supplied with a well-filled purse. Two days later the prisoner was released by order of the Emperor.

No wonder the Germans adore their Empress. She has a heart of gold, that feels her subjects' sorrows as if they were her own.

One of her strong points is punctuality; and where Queen Victoria gave Indian shawls the Empress of Germany gives clocks.

V.—THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

"CARMEN SYLVA," the poet-Queen, is one of the most original-minded women who have ever graced a throne, and one of the few Queens-Consort whose fame has eclipsed that of their respective spouses. She has extraordinary intellectual gifts, and is, besides, renowned for her broad sympathies and charitable nature.

"Every human being," she once

QUEEN MARIE HENRIETTE OF BELGIUM

PHOTO BY F. COLETTE, SPA

said, "is in need of sympathy;" and it is in the active realization of this truth that she has found her way into the hearts of the people.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania is indeed a remarkable woman, with a curiously imaginative, fanciful temperament, that finds an outlet in writing poetry and other literary work. As a child she was always different from others, and was more inspired by the desire to be of use in the world than to amuse herself after the way of other children. Nothing pleased her so much

as to play the schoolmistress, and it was her great delight to wander away to the quiet lanes followed by a train of village children and share her learning with them. "I am like the Pied Piper of Hamelin," she used to say merrily; "all the children run after me!" So imbued was she with the idea of being a governess that after her father's death she said: "If I do not marry I shall pass my examination as a teacher; to that I have made up my mind."

But with all her seriousness Princess Elizabeth had lively spirits, and could enjoy fun as much as any child. She was wayward and impulsive, and was nicknamed the "Whirlwind" and "The Wild Rosebud of Wied." She herself wrote in after years: "I could not be gentle, and was so passionately impulsive that I was heartily thankful to those who were patient with me."

Her mother, the Princess of Wied, in whom the little Elizabeth had so fine an example of nobility and gentleness, said to her daughter's first tutor: "You will have a little *esprit de contradiction* as a scholar. She does not believe in any authority."

Princess Elizabeth was born at Neuwied on the Rhine in December, 1843, the daughter of Prince Hermann of Wied and his wife, a Princess of Nassau. She soon learnt sorrow, for much of her youth was spent in nursing and comforting her invalid brother Otto, who died young; and her father also became a chronic invalid. After her brother's death, she pathetically observed: "I expect sorrow and many tears; each year demands its sacrifice."

The Court at Wied was a quiet one, and it was not until she was seventeen that Princess Elizabeth began to see the brilliant side of Royal life. At that age she went on a visit to the Court of Berlin, where, as fate would have it, she met her future husband. The story of their first encounter is romantic. Princess Elizabeth, with her usual impetuosity, was rushing down the stairs one day when she suddenly stumbled, and would probably have fallen to the bottom of the flight had not a gentleman, who was ascending at the time, made a quick dash forward and caught the young girl in his arms. This gallant cavalier was none other than Prince Charles, ultimately King of Roumania, and the Princess had unconsciously fallen into the arms of her future husband.

King Charles, who is the second son of Prince Antony, head of the Catholic Sigmaringen branch of the Hohenzollern family, was offered the throne of Roumania when he was serving in the First Regiment of Dragoon Guards at Coblentz. He was twenty-seven years of age at the time. He accepted the offer and came as Prince Carol (Charles) I. to Roumania, which was converted into a kingdom in 1881.

Evidently Prince Charles did not forget the staircase incident, and when he sought a bride his thoughts turned to the charming girl with whom, it appears, he had long since fallen in love, and he arrived at the Castle on the Rhine to woo and win Princess Elizabeth.

She had been wont to declare that she would rather remain single than marry, and, curiously enough, used to add: "I do not want to marry unless I can be Queen of Roumania, for down there something is left for me to do." This remark was intended to silence those of her admirers who sought to win her, for at that time there was no kingdom of Roumania.

Prince Charles reminded the Princess of her words, and said that if she were still willing to rule over Roumania she had only to accept his hand. "It makes me both proud and happy," she said, with great earnestness.

After a short engagement of two months the wedding was celebrated at Wied, and when the Royal pair entered Roumania they were offered the traditional bread and salt on silver platters.

Princess Elizabeth was fired by the ambition to help her husband in his work of building up a nation. No woman ever yearned more sincerely than did this girl-bride for a mission in life. Inspired by the noble conception of her responsibilities, she worked

heart and soul for the interests of her people, and wrote, not long afterwards: "I am beginning to grow to my ideal, which is to become the confidential adviser of the Roumanian State, House, and Family."

Her married life brought with it a crushing blow in the death of her little child, at the age of four years. For months and months she grieved, her bursting heart finding its only consolation in literary work, which she had taken up long before, but which now became a serious occupation with her.

The Queen wrote under the fantastic, pretty *nom-de-plume* of "Carmen Sylva," chosen because of her fondness for song and forest, and in memory of her childhood days, when she roamed about the vine-clad hills of the Rhine. She translated into Roumanian the folk-songs of her native land, and published the book in the wish to give pleasure to little ones and in tender recollection of her own lost child. Her versatile genius has impressed her personality upon the generation, and given to Carmen Sylva a peculiar place among the Queens of Europe.

From the day she entered Bucharest her husband's interest and the people's have been her one thought. She has founded hospitals, schools, convalescent homes and crêches, and has endeavoured in every possible way to encourage national industries. With this object she insisted, during her holiday visits to King Charles' beautiful Castle at Sinaia, in the Carpathians, that her ladies should don the national dress of Roumania, she herself affecting the same attire; and she made it obligatory that the costume of the nation should be worn at the annual charity balls in Bucharest, thus doing a great deal for the benefit of spinners and weavers and embroiderers. Well has King Charles done to speak of her as his "best counsellor."

To the Roumanian people since the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8, when Roumania was involved, Queen Elizabeth has been known as the "Mother of her People." In that time of distress she succoured the wounded, comforted the distressed, and became a veritable sister of mercy. Out of her own pocket she maintained an hospital for a hundred patients; she organized a Red Cross Society; and by her brave, humane example was the means of exciting the wildest enthusiasm for her magnificent qualities of heart and head, and has immortalized herself in letters of gold in the history of her country.

The Queen's interest in literature induced her to found, a few years after her marriage, a society for the publication of books suitable for schools and the people. Many graceful stories from her pen find their way into magazines from time to time. Historic dramas, too, have found an author in the Queen of Roumania, who read one such work to our late Queen Victoria while visiting Her Majesty at Windsor not many years ago. On another occasion Queen Elizabeth summoned Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry to one of the West End hotels, and there read one of her plays to them.

The Queen has been in the habit of rising early and working with her pen before breakfast. It is only the early morning hours, she declares, that she can really call her own—in which she can be "woman and author." For the rest she must be Queen.

Her Majesty finds a sweet, sympathetic companion in Princess Marie of Roumania, the wife of the Crown Prince. As the King and Queen have no child of their own, the successor is Prince Ferdinand, the son of King Charles' brother, Prince Leopold. Princess Marie is eldest daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and has a trio of charming children.

VI.—QUEEN MARIE HENRIETTE OF BELGIUM

WHEN, in 1853, the betrothal of the young Duke of Brabant, son of King Leopold I of Belgium, to the Archduchess Marie Henriette of Hungary, a great-granddaughter of the famous Empress Marie Theresa of Austria, was announced, there was general rejoicing in all quarters concerned by the news.

The bride-elect was the daughter of the Archduke Joseph, Palatine of Hungary, and Marie Dorothea, Princess of Würtemberg, and was a charming girl of barely seventeen years when she met, at the Austrian Court, King Leopold and his son.

The latter was a handsome, manly young fellow of eighteen, and, in celebration of his majority was travelling with his father through Germany, King Leopold wishing to introduce his heir to other Courts, and no doubt give him the opportunity of making the acquaintance of some of the marriageable Princesses.

On leaving Berlin the King and the Duke passed on to Austria, and it was while at Vienna that the Duke met and fell in love with the girl who was henceforth to influence his life. The young Archduchess was a beautiful, accomplished girl, and her marriage to the heir of the Belgian throne was celebrated after a short engagement.

Marie Henriette, Queen of Belgium, was born in 1836. She and her sister Elizabeth, who was destined to become the mother of the present Queen Regent of Spain, were brought up very simply, for their father died when his eldest daughter was only ten years old, and, in consequence, the young Archduchesses lived very quietly, and there was little thought of their making brilliant and important marriages. But with the blood of Marie Theresa in her veins, the Archduchess Marie was, of course, a worthy bride for the Royal Belgian heir, and their wedding was celebrated with great pomp and magnificence, first by procuration at Vienna, on August 10th, 1853, and twelve days later by a religious ceremony performed in the fine old church of St. Gudule, Brussels.

The young Duchess, though naturally feeling the separation from her mother rather bitterly at first, was made so welcome in her new country that she soon settled down, and felt at once that she was among friends. She received a hearty, loving welcome both from her husband's family and King Leopold's subjects, and everything was *couleur de rose* with the young couple for a few years. Then came the first grief in the death of their son, the Count of Hainault, a beautiful boy of ten. This melancholy event robbed life of all its sweetness for a time, and changed the Duchess into a grave, sad woman. It was years before she shook off the effects of the blow that had robbed her of a son and Belgium of an heir.

Her three daughters are Princess Louise, who married Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg; Princess Stephanie, who became the wife of the hapless Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, and is now the Countess Longay; and Princess Clementine. In their girlhood they passed a very unostentatious existence, and were brought up almost as girls in an ordinary station of life.

In her younger days Queen Henriette was famous as an equestrienne. Indeed, she and her cousin, the late Empress of Austria, were considered the finest horsewomen, outside the professional arena, in Europe. She could ride a bare-backed horse as easily as one with a saddle, and could perform really astounding feats with her horses; and even had a private circus at one of her palaces, where she used to practise fancy riding.

Next to mounting horses, the Queen's greatest enjoyment lay in driving them. Her favourite ponies were her Hungarian creams, which she used to drive day after day, the Royal phaeton with her Majesty as whip being regularly looked for by her loyal subjects.

A pretty anecdote is told about the Queen which illustrates her thoughtfulness and wish to please.

The King, it seems, had a particular fondness for a certain kind of pastry, which was only to be obtained of a modest little confectionery in the town. Her Majesty was out one day, walking quietly along the street, when she happened to pass this particular pastry-cook's. She remembered the King's little weakness, and immediately went into the shop and asked the young girl at the counter for a bag of the special cakes she wanted. The girl recognized her illustrious customer, and became so nervous at the honour of serving royalty that she handed out the wrong cakes.

The Queen shook her head and smiled. "No, mademoiselle," she said, in gentle tones, "I dare not take these, my husband would be so disappointed. He only cares for those cakes which you have over there, and always asks that they may be procured for him. I am going home, and if you will kindly give them to me I will take them myself, so that they may not be crushed."

And the Queen of the Belgians walked out of the shop with a bag of pastry in her hand and nodding brightly to the little serving-maid, who was rosy-red from confusion.

Of the King, too, many kind-hearted and amusing anecdotes might be told. Not many years ago, when he was staying at one of the large Continental hotels, he had, according to his custom, been indulging in an early morning walk, and on his return found a small crowd of people standing near the principal entrance to the hotel.

Calling a young urchin to his side, his Majesty asked :

"What are you all waiting here for?"

"To see the King," said the youngster.

"Oh," was the answer, "that is not a very interesting sight," and his Majesty quietly walked indoors.

On another occasion the King was walking on Ostend pier when he saw a little boy who was playing on the breakwater skirting the pier slip into the water. With great presence of mind, his Majesty was down the steps in an instant, caught the little fellow in his arms, and stood him on his feet.

"*Voilà, mon petit,*" he said, kindly, patting the boy on the head and giving him a five-frank piece ; "*une autre fois soyez plus attentif. Je ne suis pas ici tous les jours!*"

His Majesty's hobby is horticulture, and the glasshouses at Laeken are quite an exhibition in themselves. He is also devoted to scientific research and inventions, but has no ear for music—in fact, he detests it—while with the Queen music is a passion. She is not only fond of music, but she is a remarkably clever musician, playing the piano and the harp like a professional. She has even written an opera, called "Wanda ; ou, la Puissance de l'Ænone," and it was once presented at Court. Her Majesty used frequently to improvise little concerts at which she and her ladies performed.

In addition to being a skilled musician, she is an artist of no mean merit, and has on several occasions substantially aided charities by sending paintings from her own brush to adorn the stalls at bazaars. In this way and a thousand others she has identified herself with the needs of the people, and has won her way into their hearts, so that the name of Marie Henriette is virtually one to conjure with, and is beloved by the Belgian nation.

At one time Queen Henriette used to go regularly to Ostend, which is her favourite watering-place, walk about on the esplanade, and do her own shopping, to the delight of those who recognized in the quietly-dressed visitor the Queen of the Belgians. Her Majesty's every-day dress is of the simplest cut and style. She has a soul above *chiffons*, and spends very little time over the affairs of her wardrobe. She is a woman of high intellect, and appreciates art in any form. With notable books of the day she is always well acquainted, and likes to be kept *au courant* with affairs. In this way she

has preserved her youthfulness and kept her mind fresh and active, storing it with varied and intellectual subjects, and having wide sympathies.

The Belgian Court is not what would be termed a brilliant one. Excepting a few official dinners and a couple of Court balls, there are few fêtes at the Palace during the year. Dinner with the Belgian Royal Family is a very simple affair, for both the King and the Queen prefer plain fare.

Now that her Majesty's days of breaking-in horses are over, she amuses herself by visiting the stables and feeding her ponies with lumps of sugar.

Another accomplishment her Majesty used to indulge in was conjuring.

When, in 1882, the famous magician, Professor Hermann, arrived in Brussels on his way to the sea baths at Ostend, one of the Queen's chamberlains called at his hotel and inquired if he was the same Professor Hermann who had formerly given sleight-of-hand performances at the palace of the Queen's father. On ascertaining this to be a fact, he informed the Professor that her Majesty would be glad to receive him in private audience the next day.

The Queen received her visitor most kindly, and, after talking of old times, expressed a wish to learn sleight-of-hand. Professor Hermann gladly consented to teach her, and during the following four weeks he daily spent several hours in initiating her as an adept of magic.

These lessons took place with locked doors. The Queen displayed remarkable talent, and many were the tricks which she subsquently practised on her attendants.

The Professor refused to accept any remuneration for his services. The Queen, however, met the difficulty by sending a magnificent bracelet and a pair of diamond earrings to his wife.

Queen Henrietta bears her years lightly. She is still tall and upright of figure, though her hair is snowed.

The present heir to the Belgian Crown is the Count of Flanders, the King's brother; but it is almost certain that he will resign in favour of his son, Prince Albert, who has always been a great favourite of the Queen's.

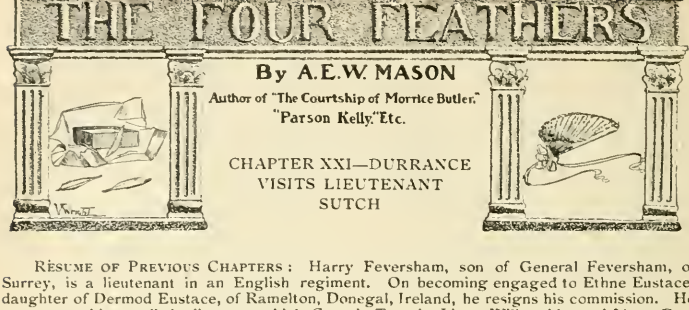
THUNDER CAPE

The top of Thunder Cape, Lake Superior, when seen at a distance, presents the outline of an immense, reclining human figure, to which the Indians give the name of Nanibozhu, or the Sleeping Giant.

THE Sleeping Giant rests in purple pall
With folded arms upon the dusky height;
Around his feet the breakers rise and fall,
While o'er his breast the sea-gulls wing their flight,
The gusty night-wind sighs with sobbing sound,
Singing a requiem to departing day,
Darkling are crisped in foam the waves around;
The lights are twinkling in the distant bay.

Amid the storm or sunshine calm he lies,
While ebbs and flows the tide of human life,
With face intent he looks upon the skies,
While mankind frets and fumes in weary strife.
So rests the eye of faith unswervingly
On heaven above, amid life's changing sea.

J. Henderson


THE FOUR FEATHERS
By A.E.W. MASON
Author of "The Courtship of Morrice Buler."
"Parson Kelly." Etc.
CHAPTER XXI—DURRANCE VISITS LIEUTENANT SUTCH

Resume of Previous Chapters: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermod Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland, where there is to be a ball to celebrate the engagement. On the evening of this great event, Feversham receives by post a box containing three white feathers and three visiting cards bearing names of brother officers. They had deemed him a coward who would resign his commission on the eve of war. Feversham talks of the affair with Ethne, explaining that all his life he had been afraid that some day he should play the coward. For that reason, and because of his engagement, he had resigned. She returns the little box of feathers to him, and lo! he finds she has added a *fourth* from her fan. The engagement is ended and Harry Feversham disappears, but not before communicating to his mother's friend, Lieutenant Sutch, that some day he hopes to win back his honour.

After three years' service in Egypt, Durrance returns to London and is surprised to hear of the broken engagement and of Harry Feversham's disappearance. Under the circumstances, he feels free to visit Ethne Eustace at her home in Donegal. He does so, and presses his suit unsuccessfully. He returns to his post at Wadi Halfa. In the meantime Harry Feversham is learning Arabic in Upper Egypt.

Another June comes round; Durrance returns to England for another furlough, but makes no progress with his suit. He goes back to Egypt.

Still another June comes round; and two letters cross in the Mediterranean. One is from Ethne to Col. Durrance, saying that she has reconsidered the matter and will marry him upon his return to England. The other is from Col. Durrance to Ethne, in which he tells her that a sunstroke has deprived him of his eye-sight. Ethne had learned of Durrance's misfortune by cablegram from a friend of his and immediately sent her letter, thinking Durrance would not know of the cablegram.

The self-sacrificing fiancée meets her lover, on his return to England, at the home of their mutual friend, Mrs. Adair. Shortly afterwards Capt. Willoughby brings Ethne one of the four feathers with a strange story of how Harry Feversham has redeemed it by a gallant deed in Egypt. Her old affection and regard for Harry is thus awakened, and even her blind lover notices the change in her. His blindness makes him all the more susceptible to changes in tone and spirit. He tells her of meeting Harry at Tewfikieh on the Nile, disguised as a musician and attempting to play a zither. The tune was a mere memory of Ethne's favourite piece, the Musoline Overture, and was wretchedly played. Finally, Durrance guesses the story of the feathers, partly by what he learns from Mrs. Adair, who is secretly jealous of Ethne, and partly from General Feversham whom he visits. He begins to understand.

TELEGRAMS came rarely to the cottage of Lieutenant Sutch, and caused no small flutter when they did come. The cottage looked out upon a tiny chine on the northern side of the Isle of Wight, and the Lieutenant was at his drawing-room window with his old brass telescope on his knee, when the housemaid hurried in with the brown envelope in her hand. There was nothing which Lieutenant Sutch expected less, and, in truth, he was a trifle disappointed to receive it. A great Peninsular & Oriental steamship had smoked out of Southampton that morning and run past his windows towards the channel. The housemaid's excitement had prepared him for news

that she had run upon the Shingles, or at least that her boilers had broken down. And it was caused by a mere telegram.

"You need more self-restraint, Mary," he said rather testily. "A telegram! It might come on any day."

But as he took it in his hand he began to feel interested. He turned it over. He held it up to the light.

"Now, who will have sent it, Mary?" he asked, and Mary impatiently reminded him that the boy waited for an answer.

"True," said the Lieutenant, "we will open it," and as soon as he had opened it, the look of anticipation upon his face changed to one of perplexity and apprehension.

"There is no answer, but I am to expect a friend this afternoon. He will stay the night, Mary. He is blind, and brings a servant."

Sutch had followed Durrance's career with a great deal of interest, as General Feversham had truly said. But it was not a particularly friendly interest; he was jealous of Durrance for Harry Feversham's sake. Indeed he had even experienced some difficulty in suppressing a throb of elation when he had first heard that Durrance had gone blind. For he had grown to care for Harry Feversham with a woman's concentration of love. Afterwards, however, he had obtained news that blindness had not proved the obstacle which he could not but hope it would prove. Durrance became engaged to Ethne Eustace, and the Lieutenant, as he thought of that wild plan of Harry's, of which he alone held the secret, wondered with an increasing apprehension what the upshot would be. Something plainly had happened, something untoward, since Durrance was coming in such haste to visit him. He drove his trap into Yarmouth that evening and picked up Durrance at the pier gates. The Lieutenant was a kindly man apart from his jealousy, and as he looked at the drawn, kind face and the grey hair of the man whom a very few years ago he had looked upon as a type of brute courage, pity welled up in him.

"I am sorry," he said gently, as Durrance was led to the step of the cart. "I know what it is myself to be suddenly stopped when one is young, though my ill luck, of course, is nothing to yours. Still," and his jealousy came back—"you have some compensation."

Durrance smiled rather bitterly.

"You mean Ethne?"

"Yes."

"It is about her that I want to speak to you," and Lieutenant Sutch nodded. Something had happened.

"Do you remember that when I met you last in the courtyard of the Club, you refused to tell me what you knew of Harry Feversham?"

"And I still refuse," said the Lieutenant firmly.

"I no longer ask you to tell me. For I know. I want you now to do much more, I want you to help," and he cried out suddenly, "Oh what a mistake you made that afternoon in the Club. But I will tell you about it to-night," and he recovered his composure as quickly as he had lost it."

Sutch glanced suspiciously at his companion. That outburst of weariness rang true or was most cleverly counterfeited. He wondered whether by any means Durrance could have found out what Feversham was bent upon. But he himself was the only man who knew. He preferred to believe that Durrance's confidence was mere bluff, and he had no doubt that he could keep his secret. Lieutenant Sutch had lost none of his pride in his powers of observation, and he thought it would be a strange thing if so close a student of human nature could not turn a blind man round his fingers.

But he began to change his mind after dinner. For Durrance related to him in a clear and consecutive fashion the history of the Three Feathers—the reason, the manner of their coming, and the names of the officers who sent them.

"I knew them all—Trench, Castleton, Willoughby. I met them daily in

Suakin, just ordinary officers, one rather shrewd, the second quite commonplace, the third distinctly stupid. I saw them going quietly about the routine of their work. It seems quite strange to me now. Men who can deal out misery and estrangement and years of suffering, without so much as a single word spoken, and they go about their business and you never know them from other men until a long while afterwards some consequence of what they did, and very likely have forgotten, rises up and strikes you down. Well!"

"And who told you this?" asked Sutch, and the next moment he answered his question. "I know. Miss Eustace."

"She told me nothing. You don't know her. She could keep a secret through a delirium if she chose. No, General Feversham told me what he knew. But I was able to tell him something in return; I mean Harry Feversham's object in disappearing from England and travelling to the Soudan."

Lieutenant Sutch started in his chair.

"You know that too?" he exclaimed. "How?"

"Captain Willoughby came back two days ago to Miss Eustace in Devonshire. He brought back one of the white feathers."

"Then he withdraws his charge!"

Lieutenant Sutch sprang up and burst into a laugh. "I knew," he said; "I knew he wouldn't fail. Oh I am glad you came to-day, Colonel Durrance. It was partly my fault, you see, that Harry Feversham ever incurred that charge. I could have spoken—there was an opportunity, and a word might have been of value—and I held my tongue. I have never ceased to blame myself. I am grateful for your news. You have the particulars." And he resumed his seat. "Captain Willoughby was in peril and Harry came to his aid."

"No, it was not that way."

"Tell me! Tell me!"

Sutch leaned across the table in an extreme excitement. He had no thought of position now that Harry Feversham had redeemed his honour. Durrance was no more than a voice telling him good news; he feared to miss a word. Durrance related the story of the Gordon letters and their recovery by Feversham. It was all too short for Lieutenant Sutch.

"Oh, but I am glad you came," he cried.

"You understand, at all events," said Durrance, "that I did not come to beg your secret from you. I know all that you know, and indeed more."

More—yes that was true. But all—no. There was a fourth feather of which Durrance apparently knew nothing. However, Sutch saw no necessity as yet to speak of that. He determined to keep silence, and just as he so resolved Durrance said quietly across the table.

"Oh! So there is something else."

Sutch was not aware that he had moved, he had certainly not spoken. He looked at Durrance, and realizing how much of this story he must have guessed, and how patiently he must have worked his guesses together until they fitted, he began himself to feel rather helpless. It was no longer he who would turn the blind man round his fingers. Rather the blind man, were he so minded, would turn him.

"The something else," he said hurriedly, "is of no importance;" and Durrance acquiesced.

"Now, listen to me! Lieutenant Harry Feversham must be brought back and you must help. I am a blind man, tied to a chair. You are Harry's friend, you must go out to the Soudan and bring him back. Will you?"

"Will I?" cried Lieutenant Sutch. "To-morrow, if you like;" and then an objection entered his mind and sobered him. "But when I have brought him back—what then? Have you thought of it, Durrance? What then?"

"I have thought of it," Durrance answered. He added in a slow, steady voice, "Ethne has not forgotten."

This time there was no doubt that Lieutenant Sutch moved. He could

not help it. His first feeling was a sudden throb of pride that in spite of his disgrace Harry had retained this girl's love, a great sense of gladness that after his long trial he would find his reward.

"You are glad of that," said Durrance quietly. "Well, it is true, though it is not an easy thing for me to say. Ethne has not forgotten."

Sutch was seized with compunction. He tried to give to his voice a note of doubt.

"Are you sure? You may be quite wrong. Women are difficult to judge, and after all she accepted you."

"Out of pity, because I was blind," answered Durrance. "Before that time she refused me and more than once. But when she knew of what had happened, she knew that I had lost everything I cared for—except her. And out of her staunch friendship she wrote to me and offered what she had refused before. I was not aware that she knew what had happened, she pretended that she had written before the news came to her. But it was only a pretence. She has not forgotten;" and again he burst out with his reproach, "Why didn't you tell me all the truth that afternoon in the courtyard of the Club? Why in the world didn't you tell me?" And he beat upon the table with his fists.

"I couldn't," Sutch protested. "I solemnly promised Harry Feversham that I would tell no one, until he came back himself. Even if he never came back I was to tell only his father, and even his father not all—It is hot here, I will open the window," he said abruptly, and he rose from his seat. By the window he remained some while looking out upon the water and torn by indecision. On the one side his love of Harry Feversham bade him keep silence, on the other side, pity for Durrance bade him speak. He came back at last into the room.

"You said there was something else—something which I knew and you did not. I will tell you what that something else is. Three feathers were sent to Harry by his fellow-officers, but he took away from Ramelton a fourth. It was added to the rest by Miss Eustace. She is not to be blamed for it, I know, nor is it on that account that I tell you. But Harry understood her to mean that when he went away, he went away for all his life, and I think she meant it. Harry had no hope, and indeed no wish that she should wait for him to redeem his honour. I don't deny for an instant that she was the spur which urged him to it. But there was not a hope in his mind that she would ever even be his friend—in this life at all events. So what I said to you in the courtyard of the Club, I now repeat. There will be no disloyalty to friendship if you marry Miss Eustace."

Lieutenant Sutch resumed his seat. He had spoken with an effort and he now watched anxiously for the answer. Even as he sat he regretted that he had spoken at all. But Durrance smiled and with a great friendliness.

"It is kind of you to tell me that, Lieutenant. For I can guess pretty well what the words cost you. But Ethne has not forgotten, and I have my point of view. Marriage between a blind man and any woman, leave alone Ethne, could not be fair unless there was more than friendship upon both sides. No. Feversham must be brought back, and I'll make room for him."

"And Miss Eustace knows of your plan?"

"Not a word. She has her view, too. Two lives shall not be spoilt because of her. That's her resolve. She believes that in some way she was the reason why Harry resigned his commission. So there's one life spoilt. Suppose I go to her and say, 'I know that you pretend out of your charity and kindness, but in your heart you are no more than my friend,' why I hurt her and cruelly. For there's all that's left of the second life spoilt too. But bring back Feversham! Then I can speak; then I can say freely, 'Since you are just my friend I would rather be your friend and nothing more. So neither life will be spoilt at all.'"

"I understand," said Sutch. "It's the way a man should speak. So till Feversham comes back the pretence remains. She pretends to care for you, you pretend you do not know she thinks of Harry. While I go eastwards to bring him home, you go back to her."

"No," said Durrance. "I can't go back. I burnt my boats two days ago. I was a fool. I was waiting, hoping that some day there would be a change in her voice, some new softness and rare depth, a thrill of the heart when she played her violin, a throb of gladness when she laughed—something in a word to prove to me that the friendship had altered into the something more. Well, two days ago I heard just that for which I had waited, the softness of voice, the thrill in the music of her violin, and I burned my boats. On that afternoon Willoughby had come with his news of Harry Feversham, but I did not know. I took the change to myself and I burned my boats. I told her what I had noticed—the friendship—and what I had missed—the love—until this night. I explained that it was because of what I had missed that I had continually deferred the marriage. I told her even that my pretence of a hope that I might be cured was nothing more than a pretence, designed to make the delay plausible and natural. Don't you see? I can't go back. I must make an excuse."

"What excuse?"

"There's an oculist at Wiesbaden. I have not visited him. A letter containing the account of a wonderful cure has sent me there in a hurry. I shall stay there till you bring back Harry Feversham. But make all haste, Lieutenant!"

Sutch hastened to reassure his companion.

"There shall be no time wasted, take my word for it! If you know where he is it will be a short and easy matter."

"On the contrary, it will be a long and difficult matter. There were three white feathers sent to Feversham."

Lieutenant Sutch stared at Durrance. His face went white, he refused to believe what Durrance meant, and though refusing, none the less believed it.

"But Castleton is dead," said he.

"And Trench is in Omdurman," said Durrance.

Sutch was awed into silence. He knew that Trench was a prisoner, but he had never conjectured that Harry would carry his purpose so far as to join him in his prison. Besides, Harry's honour was redeemed, he cried vainly in his heart. Willoughby's story was sufficient, Harry could have come back himself, he should have come.

"You think Harry has gone to Omdurman?"

"I am sure of it. For I saw him in Wadi Halfa, and from Wadi Halfa he went southwards into the desert, along the river bank. What other object could he have but to join Trench and rescue him? Of course, even now they may both have escaped, they may both be on their way to Assouan. Harry had money, you know, and he had been five years in the Soudan. But I shall have news. Any day a telegram may come. If it says Harry's there, why you must go out and go at once."

Upon that the two men fell to talking of means and routes, of the men to be employed, of the base at which Sutch was to remain. The great forty days' road to the west, the east bank of the river, and the track from Berber to Suakin, the Belly of Stones and Assouan—each was discussed.

It was late before they had had their fill of it. The servants had already gone to bed and two candlesticks stood ready upon the hall table. More than once during that evening Sutch had been led to forget that his companion was blind. He forgot the fact again, and lighting a candle, held it out to Durrance. But as the light shone upon Durrance's face he remembered, and as a consequence of remembering he made a second mistake. For he blew the candle out and set it down again upon the table.

"Yes, I have no need of it," said Durrance with a smile.

Remorse seized upon Lieutenant Sutch.

"I am sorry," he said, and then he blurted out: "I have said very little to you in the way of sympathy, but upon my word it's hard on you."

"Yes, it's hard," Durrance answered simply, and he stood for a moment or two while the light of the candle which Sutch held shone upon his tired face. "When I was in the Soudan I used to pass the white skeletons of camels which had dropped on the march and died there and then with their loads upon their backs. I used to think even then that that was the right way to go out. Imagine if you can how I must envy them now."

CHAPTER XXII—THE HOUSE OF STONE

THESE were the days before the great mud wall was built about the House of Stone in Omdurman. Only a thorn zareeba as yet enclosed that prison; and so long as daylight lasted, the prisoners themselves were even allowed to stumble in their chains down the half mile of broken sloping earth to the Nile bank; so that they might draw water for their use and perform their ablutions. For the native or the negro then escape was not so difficult. For along that bank the dhows were moored, and they were numerous, the river traffic, such as there was of it, had its harbour there, and the wide foreshore made a convenient market place. Thus the open space between the river and the House of Stone was thronged and clamorous all day, captives rubbed elbows with their friends, concerted plans of escape, or then and there slipped into the thickest of the crowd and made their way to the first blacksmith, with whom the price of iron outweighed any risk he took. But even on their way to the blacksmith's shop their fetters called for no notice in Omdurman. Slaves wore them as a daily habit, and hardly a street in all that long, brown, treeless squalid city was ever free from the clink of a man who walked in chains.

But to the European escape was another matter. Relays of camels stationed through the desert, long preparations, and above all devoted natives who would risk their lives, were the first necessities for them. The camels might be procured and stationed, but it did not follow that their drivers would remain at the stations; the long preparations might be made and the whip of the gaoler overset them at the end by flogging the captive within an inch of his life, on a suspicion that he had money; the servant might shrink at the last moment. Colonel Trench began to lose all hope. At times the boy who brought his food into the prison would bid him be ready; at times, too, when at some parade of the Khalifa's troops he was shown in triumph as an emblem of the destiny of all the Turks, a man perhaps would jostle against his camel and whisper encouragements. But no release came. He saw the sun rise beyond the bend of the river behind the tall palm trees of Khartum, and burn across the sky, and the months dragged one upon the other.

On an evening towards the end of August he sat in a corner of the enclosure watching the sun drop westwards towards the plain with an agony of anticipation. For, however intolerable the heat and burden of the day, it was as nothing compared with the horrors which each night renewed. The moment of twilight came and with it Idris es Saier, the great negro of the Gawaamah tribe, and his fellow-gaolers.

"Into the House of Stone!" he cried.

Praying and cursing, with the sound of the pitiless whips falling perpetually upon the backs of the hindmost, the prisoners jostled and struggled at the

narrow entrance to the prison house. Already it was occupied by some thirty captives, lying upon the swamped mud floor, or supported against the wall in the last extremities of weakness and disease. Two hundred more were driven in that night and penned there till morning. The room was perhaps thirty feet square, of which four feet were occupied by a solid pillar supporting the roof. There was no window in the building; a few small apertures near the roof made a pretence of giving air, and into this foul and pestilent hovel the prisoners were packed screaming and fighting. The door was closed upon them, utter darkness replaced the twilight so that a man could not distinguish even the outline of the heads of the neighbours who wedged him.

Colonel Trench fought like the rest. There was a corner near the door which he coveted at that moment with a greater fierceness of desire than he had ever felt in the days when he had been free. Once in that corner he would have some shelter from the blows, the stamping feet, the bruises of his neighbours' shackles, he would have, too, a support against which to lean his back during the ten interminable hours of suffocation.

"If I were to fall! If I were to fall!"

That fear was always with him when he was driven in at night. It worked in him like a drug producing madness. For if a man once went down amidst that yelling, struggling throng, he never got up again, he was trampled out of shape. Trench had seen such victims dragged from the prison each morning; and he was a small man. Therefore he fought for his corner in a frenzy like a wild beast, kicking with his fetters, thrusting with his elbows, diving under this big man's arms, burrowing between two others, tearing at their clothes, using his nails, his fists, and even striking at heads with the chain which dangled from the iron ring about his neck. He reached the corner in the end steaming with the heat, and gasping for breath; the rest of the night he would spend in holding it.

"If I were to fall!" he gasped. "Oh God, if I were to fall!" and he shouted aloud to his neighbour—for in that clamour nothing less than a shout is audible—"Is it you, Ibrahim?" and a like shout answered him, "Yes, Effendi."

Trench felt some relief. Between Ibrahim, a great tall Arab of the Hadendoas, and Trench, a friendship born of their common necessities had sprung up. There were no prison rations at Omdurman; each captive was dependent upon his own money or the charity of his friends outside. To Trench from time to time there came money from his friends, brought secretly into the prison by a native who had come up from Assouan or Suakin; but there were long periods during which no help came to him, and he lived upon the charity of the Greeks who had sworn to the Mahdist faith, or starved with such patience as he could. There were times, too, when Ibrahim had no friend to send him his meal into the prison. And thus each man helped the other in his need. They stood side by side against the wall at night.

"Yes, Effendi, I am here," and groping with his hand in the black darkness he steadied Trench against the wall.

A fight of even more than common violence was raging in an extreme corner of the prison, and so closely packed were the prisoners that with each advance of one combatant and yielding of the other, the whole jostled crowd swayed in a sort of rhythm, from end to end, from side to side. But they swayed fighting to keep their feet, fighting even with their teeth, and above the din and noise of their hard breathing, the clank of their chains and their imprecations, there rose now and then a wild sobbing cry for mercy, or an inhuman shriek stifled as soon as uttered which showed that a man had gone down beneath the stamping feet. Missiles, too, were flung across the prison, even to the foul earth gathered from the floor, and since none knew from what quarter they were

flung, heads were battered against heads in the effort to avoid them.

For two hours Trench stood in that prison ringing with noise, rank with heat, and there were eight hours to follow before the door was opened and he could stumble into the clean air and fall asleep in the zareeba. He stood upon tiptoe that he might lift his head above his fellows, but even so he could barely breathe, and the air he breathed was moist and sour. His throat was parched, his tongue was swollen in his mouth and stringy like a dried fig. It seemed to him that the imagination of God could devise no worse hell than the House of Stone on an August night in Omdurman. It could add fire, he thought, but only fire.

"If I were to fall!" he cried, and as he spoke his hell was made perfect, for the door was opened; Idris es Sair appeared in the opening.

"Make room," he cried; "Make room," and he threw fire among the prisoners. Lighted tufts of dried grass blazed in the darkness and fell upon the bodies of the prisoners. They were so crowded they could not avoid the missiles, in places even they could not lift their hands to dislodge them from their shoulders or their heads.

"Make room," cried Idris. The whips of his fellow-gaolers enforced his command, the lashes fell upon all within reach and a little space was cleared within the door. Into that space a man was flung and the door closed again.

Trench was standing close to the door; in the dim twilight which came through the doorway he had caught a glimpse of the new prisoner, a man heavily ironed, slight of figure, and bent with suffering.

"He will fall," he said; "he will fall to-night. God, if I were to!" and suddenly the crowd swayed against him and the curses rose louder and shriller than before.

The new prisoner was the cause. He clung to the door with his face against the panels, through the chinks of which actual air might come. Those behind plucked him from his vantage, jostled him, pressed him backwards that they might take his place. He was driven, as a wedge is driven by a hammer, between this prisoner and that, until at length he was flung against Colonel Trench.

The ordinary instincts of kindness could not live in the nightmare of that prison house. In the day time, outside, the prisoners were often drawn together by their bond of common misery, the faithful as often as not helped the infidel. But to fight for life during the hours of darkness, without pity or cessation, was the one creed and practice of the House of Stone. Colonel Trench was like the rest. The need to live, if only long enough to drink one drop of water in the morning and draw one clean mouthful of fresh air, was more than uppermost in his mind. It was the only thought he had.

"Back," he cried violently, "back or I strike"—and as he wrestled to lift his arm above his head that he might strike the better, he heard the man who had been flung against him incoherently babbling English.

"Don't fall," cried Trench, and he caught his fellow-captive by the arm. "Ibrahim, help! God, if he were to fall!" and while the crowd swayed again and the shrill cries and curses rose again deafening the ears, piercing the brain, Trench supported his companion, and bending down his head caught again after so many months the accent of his own tongue. And the sound of it civilized him like the friendship of a woman.

He could not hear what was said; the din was too loud. But he caught, as it were, shadows of words which had once been familiar to him, which had been spoken to him, which he had spoken to others—as a matter of course. In the House of Stone they sounded most wonderful. They had a magic too. Meadows of grass, cool skies, and limpid rivers rose in grey, quiet pictures before his mind. For a moment he was insensible to his parched throat, to the stench of that

prison house, to the oppressive blackness. But he felt the man whom he supported totter and slip, and again he cried to Ibrahim :

"If he were to fall!"

Ibrahim helped as only he could. Together they fought and wrestled until those about them yielded, crying :

"Shaitan! They are mad!"

They cleared a space in that corner, and setting the Englishman down upon the ground, they stood in front of him lest he should be trampled. And behind him upon the ground Trench heard every now and then in a lull of the noise the babble of English.

"He will die before morning," he cried to Ibrahim, "he is in a fever!"

"Sit beside him," said the Hadandoa. "I can keep them back."

Trench stooped and squatted in the corner, Ibrahim set his legs well apart and guarded Trench and his new friend.

Bending his head, Trench could now hear the words. They were the words of a man in delirium, spoken in a voice of great pleading. He was telling some tale of the sea, it seemed.

"I saw the riding lights of the yachts—and the reflections shortening and lengthening as the water rippled —there was a band, too, as we passed the pier head. What was it playing? Not the overture—and I don't think that I remember any other tune....." And he laughed with a crazy chuckle. "I was always pretty bad at appreciating music, wasn't I, except when you played," and again he came back to the sea. "There was the line of hills upon the right as the boat steamed out of the bay—you remember there were woods on the hillside—perhaps you have forgotten—then came Bray, a little fairyland of lights close down by the water at the point of the ridge..... you remember Bray, we lunched there once or twice, just you and I, before everything was settled.....it seemed strange to be steaming out of Dublin Bay and leaving you a long way off amongst the hills.....strange and, somehow, not quite right.....for that was the word you used when the morning came behind the blinds—it is not right that one should suffer so much pain.....the engines didn't stop though, they just kept throbbing and revolving and clanking as though nothing had happened whatever..... one felt a little angry about that .....the fairyland was already only a sort of golden blot behind.....and then nothing but sea and the salt wind .....and the things to be done."

He suddenly lifted himself upon an elbow, and with the other hand fumbled in his breast as though he searched for something. "Yes, the things to be done," he repeated in a mumbling voice, and he sank to unintelligible whisperings with his head fallen upon his breast.

Trench put an arm about him and raised him up. But he could do nothing more, and even to him crouched close to the ground the noisome heat was almost beyond endurance. In front the din of shrill voices, the screams for pity, the swaying and struggling went on in that appalling darkness. In one corner there were men singing in a mad frenzy, in another a few danced in their fetters, or rather, tried to dance; before these two men on the ground Ibrahim maintained his guard; and beside Trench there lay in the House of Stone in the town beyond the world a man who one night had sailed out of Dublin Bay, past the riding lanterns of the yachts, and had seen the fairyland of lights dwindle to a golden blot. To think of that sea and the salt wind, the sparkle of light at the ship's bows, the illuminated deck, perhaps the sound of a bell telling the hour, and the cool dim night about and above, so wrought upon Trench that, practical, unimaginative creature as he was, for very yearning he could have wept. But the stranger at his side began to speak again.

"It is funny that those three faces were always the same....the man in the tent with the lancet in his hand, and the man in the back room off Piccadilly....and mine. Funny and not quite right. No, I don't think that was quite right either. They get quite big, too, just when you are going to

sleep in the dark—quite big and they come very close to you and you won't go away....they rather frighten you ...." And he suddenly clung to Trench with a close, nervous grip like a boy in an extremity of fear. And it was in the tone of reassurance that a man might use to a boy that Trench replied, "It's all right, old man; it's all right."

But Trench's companion was already relieved of his fear. He had come out of his boyhood, and was rehearsing some interview which was to take place in the future.

"Will you take it back?" he asked with a great deal of hesitation and timidity. "Really? The others have, all except the man who died at Tamai. And you will, too!" He spoke as though he could hardly believe some piece of great good fortune which had befallen him. Then his voice changed to that of a man belittling his misfortunes. "Oh, it hasn't been the best of times, of course. But then one didn't expect the best of times. And at the worst, one had always the afterwards to look forward to....supposing one didn't run....I'm not sure that when the whole thing's balanced, it won't come out that you have really had the worst time. I know you.... it would hurt you through and through, pride and heart and everything, and for a long time just as much as it hurt that morning when the daylight came through the blinds. And you couldn't do anything! And you hadn't the afterwards to help you....it was all over and done with for you...." and he lapsed again into mutterings.

Colonel Trench's delight in the sound of his native tongue had now given place to a great curiosity as to the man who spoke and what he said. Trench had described himself a long while ago as he stood opposite the cab stand in the southwest corner of St. James's Square, "I am an inquisitive, methodical person," he had said, and he had not described himself amiss. Here was a life history, it seemed, being unfolded to his ears and not the happiest of histories, perhaps, indeed, with something of tragedy at the heart of it. Trench began to speculate upon the meaning of that word "afterwards," which came and went amongst the words like the motif in a piece of music and very likely was the life motif of the man who spoke them. In the prison the heat became stifling, the darkness more oppressive, but the cries and shouts were dying down; their volume was less great, their intonation less shrill; stupor and fatigue and exhaustion were having their effect. Trench bent his head again to his companion and now heard more clearly.

"I saw your light that morning.... you put it out suddenly....did you hear my step on the gravel?....I thought you did, it hurt rather," and then he broke out into an emphatic protest. "No, no, I had no idea that you would wait. I had no wish that you should. Afterwards, perhaps, I thought, but nothing more, upon my word....Sutch was quite wrong.... of course, there was always the chance that one might come to grief oneself—get killed, you know, or fall ill and die—before one asked you to take your feather back, and then there wouldn't even have been a chance of the afterwards. But that is the risk one had to take."

The allusion was not direct enough for Colonel Trench's comprehension. He heard the word "feather," but he could not connect it as yet with any action of his own. He was more curious than ever about that "afterwards"; he began to have a glimmering of its meaning, and he was struck with wonderment at the thought of how many men there were going about the world with a calm and commonplace demeanour beneath which were hidden the quaint and fanciful ideal, never to be so much as suspected, until illness deprived the brain of its control.

"No, one of the reasons I never said anything about what I intended, that night to you, was I think that I did not wish you to wait or have any suspicion of what I was going to try." And then expostulation ceased and he began to speak in a tone of interest.

"Do you know? it has only occurred to me since I came to the Soudan, but I believed that Durrance cared."

The name came with something of a shock upon Trench's ears. This man knew Durrance. He was not merely a stranger of Trench's blood, but he knew Durrance even as Trench knew him. There was a link between them, they had a friend in common. He knew Durrance, had fought in the same square with him perhaps at Tokar, or Tamai, or Tamanib, even just as Trench had done. And so Trench's curiosity as to the life history in its turn gave place to a curiosity as to the identity of the man. He tried to see, knowing that in that black and noisome hovel sight was impossible. He might hear though, enough to be assured. For if the stranger knew Durrance, it might be that he knew Trench as well. Trench listened; the sound of the voice, high pitched and rambling, told him nothing. He waited for the words and the words came.

"Durrance stood at the window, after I had told them about you, Ethne;" and Trench repeated the name to himself. It was to a woman then that his new found compatriot, this friend of Durrance, in his delirium imagined himself to be speaking, a woman named Ethne. Trench could recall no such name, but the voice in the dark went on.

"All the time when I was proposing to send in my papers, after the telegram had come, he stood at the window of my rooms with his back to me, looking out across the park. I fancied he blamed me. But I think now he was making up his mind to lose you .... I wonder."

Trench uttered so startled an exclamation that Ibrahim turned round.

"Is he dead?"

"No, he lives, he lives."

It was impossible, Trench argued. He remembered quite clearly Durrance standing by a window with his back to the room. He remembered a telegram coming which took a long while in the reading, which diffused among all except Durrance an inexplicable suspense. He remembered, too, a man who spoke of his betrothal and of sending in his papers. But surely this could not be the man. Was the woman's name Ethne? A woman of Donegal, yes, and this man had spoken of sailing out of Dublin Bay—he had spoken, too, of a feather.

"Good God!" whispered Trench. "Was the name Ethne? Was it? Was it?"

But for a while he received no answer. He heard only talk of a mud-walled city, and an intolerable sun burning upon a wide round of brown desert, and a man who lay there all the day with his linen robe drawn over his head, and slowly drew one face towards him across three thousand miles, until at sunset it was near, and he took courage and went down into the gate. And after that four words stabbed Trench.

"Three little white feathers" were the words. Trench leaned back against the wall. It was he who had devised that message. "Three little white feathers," the voice repeated. "This afternoon we were under the elms down by the Lennon river—do you remember, Harry?—just you and I. And then came three little white feathers, and the world's at an end."

Trench had no longer any doubts. The man was quoting words and words no doubt spoken by this girl Ethne on the night when the three feathers came. "Harry," she had said. "Do you remember, Harry?" Trench was certain.

"Feversham!" he cried. "Feversham!" And he shook the man whom he held in his arms and called to him again. Under the elms by the Lennon river—visions of green shade touched with gold and of the sunlight flickering between the leaves, caught at Trench and drew him like the mirage in the desert of which Feversham had spoken. He had been under the elms of the Lennon river on that afternoon before the feathers came, and he was in the House of Stone at Omdurman. But why? Trench asked himself the question, and was not spared the answer.

"Willoughby took his back"—and upon that Feversham broke off. His voice rambled. He seemed to be running somewhere amidst sandhills which continually shifted and danced about him as he ran, so that he could not tell which way he went. He was in the last stage of fatigue, too, so that his voice in his delirium became querulous and weak. "Abou Fatma," he cried, and the cry was the cry of a man whose throat is parched, and whose limbs fail beneath him. "Abou Fatma! Abou Fatma!" He stumbled as he ran, picked himself up, ran and stumbled again; and about him the deep, soft sand piled itself into pyramids, built itself into long slopes and ridges, and levelled itself flat with an extraordinary and a malicious rapidity. "Abou Fatma," cried Feversham, and he began to argue in a weak, obstinate voice. "I know the wells are here—close by—within half a mile. I know they are—I know they are."

The clue to that speech Trench had not got. He knew nothing of Feversham's adventure to Berber, he could not tell that the wells were the wells of Obak, or that Feversham, tired with the hurry of his travelling, and after a long day's march without water, had lost his way amongst the shifting sandhills. But he did know that Willoughby had taken back his feather; and he made a guess as to the motive which had brought Feversham now to the House of Stone. Even on that point, however, he was not to remain in doubt. For in a while he heard his own name upon Feversham's lips.

Remorse seized upon Colonel Trench. The sending of the feathers had been his invention, and his alone. He could not thrust the responsibility of his invention upon either Willoughby or Castleton, it was just his doing. He had thought it rather a shrewd and clever stroke, he remembered at the time, a vengeance evidently just. Eminently just no doubt it was, but he had not thought of the woman. He had not imagined that she might be present when the feathers came. He had, indeed, almost forgotten the episode, he had never speculated upon the consequences, and now they rose up and smote the smiter.

And his remorse was to grow. For the night was not nearly at its end. All through the dark, slow hours he supported Feversham and heard him talk. Now Feversham was lurking in the bazaar at Suakin and during the siege.

"During the siege," thought Trench. "While we were there, then, he was herding with the camel-drivers in the bazaar learning their tongues, watching for his chance. Three years of it!"

At another moment Feversham was slinking up the Nile to Wadi Halfa, with a zither in the company of some itinerant musicians, hiding from any who might remember him and accuse him with his name. Trench heard of a man slipping out from Wadi Halfa, crossing the Nile and wandering with the assumed manner of a lunatic southwards, starving and waterless, until one day he was snapped up by a Mahdist caravan and dragged to Dongola as a spy. And at Dongola things had happened of which the mere mention made Trench shake. He heard of leather cords which had been bound about the prisoner's wrists and upon which water had been poured until the cords swelled and the wrists burst, but this was amongst the minor brutalities. Trench waited for the morning as he listened, wondering whether, indeed, it would ever come.

He heard the bolts dragged back at the last, he saw the door open and the good daylight. He stood up and with Ibrahim's help protected this new comrade until the eager rush was past. Then he supported him into the zareeba. Worn, wasted in body and face, with a rough beard straggled upon his chin, and his eyes all sunk and very bright, it was still Harry Feversham. Trench laid him down in a corner of the zareeba where there would be shade, and in a few hours shade would be needed. Then with the rest he scrambled to the hill for water and brought it back. As he poured it down Feversham's throat, Feversham seemed for

a moment to recognize him. But it was only for a moment, and the incoherent tale of his adventures began again. Thus after five years, and for the first time since Trench had dined as Feversham's guest in the high rooms overlooking St. James's Park, the two men met in the House of Stone.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OCTOBER

THE LITTLE SISTER AT SAINT'S LAKE

By W. A. Fraser, author of "Mooswa," "The Outcasts," etc.

AT Saint's Lake was John Dawson, the Government telegraph operator; his daughter, Madge; her Indian gift-brother, Day Bird, and Adolph Deroulede, the Indian agent. There were others, of course, Indians and half-breeds, but they were not what might be called prominent people.

Why it had been called Saint's Lake is impossible of conception, for leaving Madge out of it, and taking the gossip of the place as evidence, there wasn't a soul within a hundred miles that had any possible chance of a decent hereafter. Saint's Lake is on the Saskatoon River in the north-west angle of the Canadian territories.

It was a proper Indian tribal custom that had sandwiched Day Bird into the life of little Madge Dawson.

He was a pure-blooded Cree, and when he was but a wee cub, fat and plump as a little bear, his father, who was Chief on that reserve, brought him to old man Dawson, and said: "My son, who is the young Chief, will be brother to the little maid who is in your lodge."

This was an honour and tribute not to be lightly brushed to one side; it was the generous faith of the red man in the friendship and honesty of the white.

Day Bird's understanding of the compact grew greater as his young limbs stretched themselves into strength like unto that of the moose. The purple violets in the valley of Saskatoon grew for the little white sister; the Great Spirit whispered them into being with the soft chinook wind that Day Bird might pluck them for Madge. The asters, and gaillardias, and silk-stemmed wild peas, all crimson and gold and white blossomed, he carried to the pale-face queen, who smiled at him, and frowned at him, and flicked him with willow wands if it pleased her despotic fancy.

Brother and sister was only the name of the thing; she was the queen and he the slave. But she gave him milk to drink, and sugar to eat, and sometimes said he was not all bad.

The chronicle of his willing servitude would make a book, but this is only a short tale of what came into their lives after the coming of Paul Anson.

Long before Paul came Madge had learned to talk with the key over the wire that stretched from Saint's Lake to Calgary on the one side and to Qu'Appelle on the other. That was because her father was the operator, and the instrument was in their lives even as an organ is in the hearts of a congregation.

And because her red brother brought the grouse and the red-breasted mallards, and the Saskatoon berries, and the blue and white flowers, and all else that was beautiful or sweet in the world, with much deprecation, she also taught his nimble fingers and sharp, forest-trained ear to understand the ways of the white man's medicine wire.

That was all before the coming of Paul Anson to Buffalo Crossing, twenty-five miles from Saint's Lake.

John Dawson was a cynic; his for-

mula of the inception of Paul Anson was, that the Greek gods had fashioned him beautiful, and the devil had loaned a spirit to animate their statuesque conception. That was because John Dawson read a great deal from metaphysical books that put queer ideas in his head.

The other inhabitants of Saint's Lake and Buffalo Crossing were not given to mythological research; nor did poetry abound in their unclassical speech. They said simply that the new operator at the Crossing was a bad lot.

This verdict would never have stood in a court of law. Cross-examination would have revealed its weakness and shown undoubted malice. Two things stand first in the lives of most half-breeds—pork and scandal. The very fattest of pork and the richest scandal are nourishment to their indolent bodies and their unformed minds.

So when one man said that from his own knowledge Anson was bad, twenty repeated that they knew of this thing from individual experience. It was the old, old game of giving a dog a bad name. They played it with a science born of generations of idle camp-gossip.

Paul's physical beauty appealed to their outdoor natures; but his disposition hardly endeared him to their hearts. Their reasons were chiefly domestic and mainly imaginary.

By breeding, training, and the whole course of affairs in his English young life, Anson was a gentleman. In point of fact, and in the Western expansion of it, he was very much otherwise. For although idle gossip wrote uncommitted crime after crime against his name, he could by no means claim a clean sheet. Spotless reputations on the outside edge of civilization are almost as infrequent as celestial visits.

These private affairs are necessary to the understanding of why Day Bird did what he did.

There are comparative degrees in wickedness; also what might be called extenuating circumstances. The beauty that Dawson cavilled at was not Anson's fault, but it made his moral obligations more difficult of observance.

If there had been a higher motive in his life than the keeping in order of thirty-six glass jars which comprised the telegraph battery in the cellar of his office-shack, it would have checkmated the things that pulled him down. But two years of careless life at Buffalo Crossing were piling up an aftermath of hate that would culminate in something tragic, every one knew.

The half-breeds whispered it in their log shacks; the Indians talked it in their canvas tepees; and the gold-miners, who dug on the gravel bars of the Saskatoon, discussed it as they burnt the quicksilver from the gold and ate their fried pork in rude huts.

When Minister Harris came to the Crossing he heard of this, and approached Anson with ecclesiastical gentleness.

Paul laughed, and said it was all bosh. It was the jealous fancies of two or three people, because he kept to himself and was not of their mode of life. There was really a great deal in this statement from Anson; at least seven-eighths of the accusations were groundless imaginings.

Then one day Paul met Madge for the first time. His line wouldn't work eastward; it was "grounded" somewhere—a tree blown across it most likely. He hitched up his horse in the service buckboard, took his axe, nippers and relay box, and started down the line. He found the interruption close to Saint's Lake, and, when he had put it all right, drove on to that place.

Then he saw Madge. That was the beginning of the new era.

Also something new came into the life of the girl—it was new to her, but it was the old, old story.

All the way back to the Crossing, Paul's thoughts were a curious jumble. The prairie spread its tawny plain like a cloth of gold for miles and miles, but he did not see it. The grouse whirred, and with startled "crouk! crouk!" rose close to the trail, but his gun jostled about in the bottom of the buckboard untouched. The horse trotted and walked, bustled down hills and loafed up, but Paul paid no atten-

tion; for the memory of the old English home had been driven tight into his mind, somehow, that day, and there was room for nothing else.

The squalid half-breeds, with their queer ideas of deceit and reckless hospitality, took on a new distastefulness. He shuddered, for the image of the other was strong upon him.

The following Sunday he went to church at the little log mission-house, where Minister Harris preached a poor, jumbled, unrhetorical theology. Harris had been sometimes farmer, sometimes carpenter, and, for the last three years, Methodist preacher, at a salary of fifty pounds.

Paul knew all about that; he could have risen himself and given a more scholarly discourse on the beauty of the Saviour's life. But also he knew there was more earnest honesty in the face of the little square-jawed man who preached so poorly than there was in his whole physically-adorned, useless life.

It wasn't reasoning at all that made him know these things; it was *that something* at Saint's Lake that had harked him back a matter of ten years to the simple goodness of his mother's influence.

The new order of things went on for a year, and the deductions were as extraordinary as the simple chance that had originated it.

Paul took nobody but himself into his confidence—he threshed it out with his own understanding.

"I've been a beastly fool," he said. "It was all right when there was nobody who made me feel it, but when it comes to the stage that I can't look a good girl in the face without squirming, it's time to pull up, eh! Gad! she had eyes like my dear old mater's—I can't swear whether they're blue or grey, but they went clean through me just as the mater's used to. It doesn't matter, anyway, for I'm not good enough, that's sure. I know it; so I'll just keep away."

But he didn't—not altogether; no man could who felt that way.

But the odd part of it was that the little minister thought it was all his doing. He didn't know a thing about the influence of the blue-grey eyes.

Gracious! how he worked. He almost wrecked the thing with his intensity of purpose.

He had a ton of good horse-sense, had the little man, or he would have most effectually driven Paul into the arms of the man in opposition—the Evil One—with his exuberant eagerness of purpose.

Paul floundered about in his endeavor to be what he felt he ought to be. It was a new experience to him.

The boast of a breed or Indian is, that he can trail a moose for a whole day across the much-grassed prairie, or through the deep woods; track him as though he left a spoor like an elephant. With that same instinct the mixed stock at the Crossing trailed Anson in his new course. But they put a proper evil construction upon it—it was hypocrisy, he wished to stand well with the minister, and with Madge's father. For when Paul went once to Saint's Lake they knew it, and told that he had gone three times. Others discussed it, and it became six times; until when it came to Day Bird's ears it read that they met often. That was the evil of it.

So while Paul lashed himself in spirit, and actually prayed for a little help in the better way, they reviled him more than before.

He fought against going to Saint's Lake. "I'm not good enough!" he told the sleepy-eyed broncho that stood most of his time in the stall. "It won't do, old man," he confided to his collie dog; "they don't need us at Saint's Lake, do they? We'll just go out and shoot birds, or take a look at the line, or anything in God's world but go to the Lake."

The collie winked approvingly; whatever his master did was all right. If they went to the Lake it was only a good long run; also Madge fed him until he could hardly trudge home again. But if his master wished to just tramp back to the belt of jack-pines, where the grouse fed on the rich, red,

low-bush cranberries, that was also fine sport. Sometimes Madge talked to him over the wire. "P-A, P-A, P-A" the sounder would click imperiously, and he would rush to the key-board, thinking, perhaps, the Duck Lake Indians were up again and killing everybody. Then would come some babble from the girl with the blue-grey eyes—he could see them staring at him from the key-board.

He couldn't stand it. "Busy—battery's out of order;" or "Excuse me—cattle are in the oat field. Must go." He was always choking her off, as he called it.

It was the utter innocence of the thing that made it the stronger—gripped him the tighter.

My! but the little square-jawed minister prayed hard for increase of power in the labour he fancied all his own—the salvation of this fine, generous, wicked man. "He's a gentleman, too," he used to mutter to himself, "a gentleman."

Why he should labour harder over a "gentleman" than over one of the breeds he probably could not have explained with theological justice; but it seemed a greater pity to allow this vessel of finer clay to be broken. The rude forms of the others were always being shattered—it was sad, also, but he could not hope to do much to arrest the destruction, while he might help this young Englishman in the right way.

Paul went to church regularly, which was an astonishing thing. "How in the world I'm ever going to do any good that way I can't make out," he thought; "but how the deuce am I going to do it any other way." He was simply harking back unconsciously to a strong church belief that man can't stand alone; that is, if he has any predilection for standing on good clean soil.

The little minister would drop into the telegraph shack, and hammer away at his mission in a round-about fashion.

In the pulpit he was handicapped by the years spent among men of outdoor life and untrammelled conventionality, instead of the long university course that would have polished his vocabulary; but for auxiliary work, in this case the getting close into the subject's confidence, it gave him an advantage which he used to the utmost.

After all it only helped a little; the real minister was down at Saint's Lake.

The fight between good and evil would have been of sufficient intentness without the advent of Adolph Deroulede. But no evil could exist within a hundred yards of Deroulede without his scenting it, and, if possible, contaminating the thing. No evil could be so bad that he could not make it a little worse.

He thirsted greedily for smiles from Madge, but there were no smiles for him; so he blamed Paul Anson for it. He told Day Bird that the Englishman at the Crossing had worked magic over the wire on his white sister—had "made medicine," as evil Indians did sometimes.

He took care that others confirmed this vicious statement, until the Indian believed it and it laid hot against his savage heart.

"If this thing is true—if it is not the words of a forked tongue, I will kill this paleface as I would a wolf."

"It is true," said Adolph. "You, who are asleep in your mind, are the last to know it. All the men are saying it, and all the women are laughing about it. The Englishman comes often to see the little sister when we know it not. You, Day Bird, can track the moose, and kill the bear, but this is a thing you are too stupid to see."

But Adolph was wrong. Day Bird could see. He knew that since the coming of Anson, Madge had changed. If she were fond of the white man that did not matter; for, if his sister was happy, Day Bird was content; but if it was the putting on of medicine, the working of magic, as the Agent had said, then he must kill the man who would work misery for his sister.

The next day he shouldered his

heavy clanking Winchester, and trudged to the Crossing.

He went straight to the telegraph shack, opened the door without the little formality of knocking, as is the Indian way, and strode in.

"Hello, Day Bird!" said Paul cheerfully, when he saw it was Madge's Indian brother; "sit down. Hungry?" he asked.

"Huh!" responded the Indian solemnly, laying his rifle down on the floor beside his chair.

"Pitch in, then. I've just finished. I'll fry you some more bacon."

The supper things were still on the table. Paul brewed the tea a bit stronger, fried some more bacon, cut a fresh bannock, and when it was ready, Day Bird slouched awkwardly up to his place and ate silently.

The two men smoked stolidly away the long hours of the evening. The Indian watched Paul furtively with his sharp, black animal eyes. His barbaric mind was working stealthily over the strange problem that had come into his unformed life. Where had this fair-haired white man, tall, and straight as an Indian chief, got the medicine charm he had cast over Madge? Was it in the devil thing that clicked on the key-board? Adolph had said that the medicine had come from the old Nokum who lived on Little Bear's reserve. Deroulede had even asserted that he had seen the charm tied up in a little bag of cariboo skin which the Englishman wore about his neck always. He had paid the Nokum heavily for it; the vicious, withered old Nokum who made medicine to cast evil spells over people.

Day Bird believed this; the faith of an Indian in the power of these medicine charms is like the belief of a Mussulman in the Koran.

Moodily he brooded over the accursed thing that was gnawing at his heart strings as he sat and smoked. One minute he thought it would be good to kill the Englishman at once—for that would surely stop all the trouble. His sister had been happy before this white man with the handsome face had come with his fiendish medicine making. But perhaps it would be better to wait and see the medicine made; that would make his mind easier. He could trail a moose for three days patiently; then why not wait and kill the paleface just as he was in the act of making the medicine?

"Want a shake-down?" Paul asked the Indian. "Sleep here to-night, won't you?"

"Huh!" assented Day Bird.

Paul took him upstairs, spread a buffalo skin and some blankets on the floor, and held out his hand toward the Indian with a cheery "Good night, boy."

Day Bird did not notice the outstretched hand, but busied himself arranging the blankets.

"Wonder what he's mad about?" muttered Anson as he thumped down the stairs. "Fancy the tea wasn't strong enough—perhaps I forgot to give him sugar. They're touchy cusses, these beggarly nichies."

Day Bird did not get between the blankets. He sat on them. For an hour he sat silent, his ear trained on the movements of the man below. He could hear the white man walking up and down the floor, continually muttering to himself. "He not go to sleep," thought the Indian, "he make the medicine."

Presently Paul went into the little front room, which was the telegraph office. Day Bird could not hear what what was being done there. He rose and crept stealthily to the back window. Like a panther stalks a deer, he put his feet down on the board floor; a little soft pressing, but no noise, no false step, no creak of the boards.

The little single square window of four panes was out of the frame. He put his head through the opening and looked.

A telegraph ladder leaned against the wall an arm's length away. He pulled it over, and clutching his rifle went down, rung after rung, to the ground.

Then he passed around the back of

the log shack and crouched in the grey willow bushes that grew almost against the window that gave light to the little office.

This window was also open, for the autumn winds were still warm.

Cautiously he peeped in. A lamp, turned low, was burning in an iron bracket on the wooden wall.

"He's not there," he whispered to himself. The next instant something moved slightly; it was the dark figure of the white man kneeling at a chair. The Indian's small bead eyes glistened ferociously; he brought the muzzle of his Winchester up until it almost grazed the window sash.

"This son of a wolf make medicine," he muttered.

Paul's back was toward him, so he could not quite see what was going on.

Then he heard the Englishman's voice. He had to strain his keen ears, for the voice was low. "He talk with the evil spirits," Day Bird whispered.

He pulled the hammer of the rifle back with two soft little clicks, brought the stock of it up under his arm, and touched the trigger nervously with his forefinger. One slight pull and it would be all over—there would be no more trouble for his little sister.

His blood was on fire, the wild Indian blood that had been distilled in generations of carnage. Should he let down the eager hammer? He would wait; a little time did not matter—he wanted to know about the medicine.

Then the words came stronger. Sometimes Day Bird heard them plainly, sometimes he had to patch them up: it was a rough-hewn prayer of sorts. But it wasn't the words—it was the intense earnestness that carried conviction even to the unsophisticated mind of the happy-hunting-ground acolyte.

The white man was asking his Manitou to make him better, to hide the evil things from him, and there were good words for Day Bird's little white sister.

The finger that had been caressing the trigger of the rifle relaxed; the stock drooped, and the muzzle was pulled back into the trembling leaves of the grey willow. Day Bird was puzzled. That was not working medicine—that was not sending an evil charm—that was Manitou talk. The tongue was not forked because the Englishman thought he was alone—alone with Manitou. Surely the Indian agent had lied.

"P—A! P—A! P—A—" the instrument interrupted irritably. "Bu-r-r! P—A! P—A!"

Day Bird saw the white man rise quickly, turn facing the window, shove the lever over, and answer the caller at the wire.

Then he stopped, and the instrument babbled on again.

"Why do you not come down any more to the Lake?" Day Bird's trained ear read.

It was Madge.

"Who's there with you?" Paul queried back over the line.

"I'm alone," the Morse tongue said; "folks are over at the Agency."

"Can you ground your wire east?" he heard Paul ask; "I want to tell you something—want to talk to you alone—understand?"

"All right, talk away," the girl answered cheerily.

"Well, little woman," continued Paul, "I'll tell you why"

Then the Indian standing there heard all about it—heard the man he was waiting to kill tell a woman he loved, but thought too good for him, many things calculated to tend for her welfare, and keep her from wasting her thoughts on a man who was only fit, in his own estimation, to bolt back to England or any other place so long as he got far enough away from Saint's Lake.

Day Bird silently let the hammer of his rifle down, stepped back clear of the grey willow bushes, threw the cartridge out with the lever, crept up the telegraph ladder and in between the blankets the Englishman had spread for him on the floor.

In the morning he ate the breakfast Paul gave him, and when he had finished, held out his hand saying: "Day Bird likes you, okama; you will be my white brother. Also come to Saint's Lake soon, lest Day Bird kill the Agent, Adolph."

When a man thinks he is extremely bad, that is the beginning of his regeneration, for it thereby becomes possible. In Paul's case it materialized.

The little square-jawed minister rubbed the soft unction of spiritual success against his soul, and said: "I'm glad I was the humble means of making one man better." This was months after. After a fashion perhaps he was indirectly the way, if not the cause. But for his honest example, it is possible Anson would not have been awakened to the memory of his mother's prayer teaching. What Paul said, was: "Little woman, I was drifting badly, but you pulled me up."

"Nonsense!" Madge interrupted him, "you weren't bad, you only thought so."

Which shows what a woman's faith is like.

A CHOICE

IF one might live ten years among the leaves,
Ten—only ten—of all a life's long day,
Who would not choose a childhood 'neath the eaves
Low-sloping to some slender footpath way?

With the young grass about his childish feet,
And the young lambs within his ungrown arms,
And every streamlet side a pleasure seat
Within the wide day's treasure-house of charms.

To learn to speak while young birds learned to sing,
To learn to run e'en as they learned to fly,
With unworn heart against the breast of spring,
To see the moments smile as they went by.

Enroofed with apple-buds afar to roam,
Or, clover-cradled on the murmurous sod,
To drowse among the blessed fields of home,
So near to earth—so very near to God.

How could it matter—all the after-strife,
The heat, the haste, the inward hurt, the strain,
When the young loveliness and sweet of life
Came flood-like back again and yet again.

When best begins it liveth through the worst.
O happy soul, beloved of memory,
Whose youth was joined to beauty, as at first
The morning stars were wed to harmony.

Ethelwyn Wetherald

THE DEPUTY-CLAIMANT

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

"WHY did he not come to England himself?" asked the girl reflectively.

The Deputy-Claimant began to chew a blade of grass. "Well, to tell the truth, I think he was a little bit—ahem—nervous."

"You mean that he was afraid. I am not surprised. All thieves are cowards."

"Thieves!" exclaimed the Deputy-Claimant reproachfully.

"Yes, thieves," said she. "What do you call a man who, just because he happens to be my uncle's son, and my uncle happened to be two years older than my father and happened to have got married without telling any of his relations—just because of a little thing like that—here he comes and takes my home away from me and makes me go and live with Aunt Maria! I hate Aunt Maria!" she finished vindictively.

The Deputy-Claimant repressed a smile.

"Don't you call a man like that a thief?" repeated the girl angrily.

"I—er—that is—the Law—"

"Oh, if you're going to talk LAW," said the girl disdainfully.

The Deputy-Claimant immediately repressed his legal knowledge. Instead he looked up at her and thought how very pretty she was, and how the background of green trees and velvet lawn suited her. He had been thinking these same things ever since he first visited there, four weeks before.

"It is deuc—very hard on you. You seem to be in place here. You were made for parks, you know, and big rooms and servants and pretty dresses, and—er—that sort of thing."

The girl threw out her hands with a little pathetic gesture. "It is my home!" In her eyes there was a home-sick look already. Her glance wandered over the broad terrace, through the branching green of the trees to the flowers in the distance, and the quaint old house basking peacefully in the sun. She went on dreamily—

"It is not so much giving up the servants, or the pretty dresses, or ceasing to be called the lady of the manor, or any of the hundred-and-one things that go with it; it is the thought of having no right here—here, where I have lived all my life and thought I should live always. To go away and be a stranger, and all this belonging to someone else—someone whom I have never seen—an outsider—an alien."

"It is hard luck," said the young man sympathetically. Then, remembering his duty as proxy for the absent one, he continued: "but, you see you ought to be just. You can't help seeing that he could not help his father being two years older than yours, and he could not help the Law—"

The girl gave a weary little sigh. "No," she said, "I suppose not. But he need not have insulted me."

"What?" said the Deputy-Claimant, sitting up straight and nearly choking himself with the grass-blade he had been chewing.

"He could have helped that," said the young lady with emphasis.

"I do not understand," he protested. "Did you say that he has insulted you?"

"Oh," she said, "I thought you did not know. I will tell you if you promise never, never to breathe a word. He wrote to Aunt Maria."

"Yes," he said, "but—"

"He wrote to Aunt Maria," she continued triumphantly, "and he told her that I might have the property back if I would take him with it."

"Oh," said the young man reproachfully, "he did not put it like that!"

"How do you know?" she asked quickly. "But of course he did not put it in just that way. He said that he was very sorry to dispossess the

present claimant, that he understood that the person in question was very young. He said he did not know much about girls, but that didn't she think it would settle things naturally if —if—"

"I see," he said. "He made a terrible bungle of it, poor fellow!"

"Was it an insult or was it not?" asked the girl inexorably.

The Deputy-Claimant looked very miserable. He was certainly in a tight place.

"Looking at it from your point of view," he said finally, "considering your character, your training, your views of life and things like that, it was certainly an insult. I understand that now. But when he—ahem—read me the letter—

"Oh, he did read you the letter!"

—"I did not look at it in just that way and neither did he. You see, we had both lived all our lives out on a prairie farm. We did not know much about girls, as he says He did not understand—well, he did not understand anything," he finished desperately.

"And you think?—"

"I think he did not mean it as an insult. I know he did not."

He glanced at her imploringly, but she looked away. There was a slight pause.

"You are the Jury," he reminded her.

"In that case the verdict of the Jury is, in this case, deferred until—until the Jury gets ready to give it!" she answered, laughing gaily at his rueful face.

"Now," she continued, "I want to know about him. You are a witness, you understand. Is he well educated?"

"He is fairly educated."

"Is he big?"

"He is big."

"What is his given name?"

"His name is Thomas."

"How awful! Is he handsome?"

The Deputy-Claimant turned his face away and blushed.

"He is—ahem—not bad-looking."

"Is he handsome?"

The Deputy-Claimant grew crimson.

"I—I don't know," he answered lamely.

"Oh," said the girl, "and yet they say that only women are envious of another's good looks! Is he in love!"

"He most certainly—that is to say he—I am not permitted to say."

"You refuse to answer that question?"

"I am not permitted."

"Oh, well," said the girl calmly, "it is not of much importance. Now you must tell me more about your own life in Canada. I have heard enough about the men, now tell me about the girls."

"I don't know anything."

"About one girl then."

"Which one?"

"The one you know best, of course. There is a certain Kitty, isn't there? I think I have heard you mention her. Tell me about Kitty."

"Kitty," said the Deputy-Claimant, looking into the bright face above him and speaking in the tone of one who repeats a lesson, "Kitty is the farmer's daughter on the farm next to mine. Her name is Miss Katherine Elizabeth Brown. She is farmer Brown's only daughter."

"Well, go on."

"I don't know any more."

"Oh, yes you do," said the girl, laughing. "What does she do?"

"She helps her mother."

"Oh," in a pitying tone. "Are they poor?"

"No, they are well-to-do."

"Can they not afford a servant?"

"Half a dozen of them."

"Then why don't they have some?"

"Kitty and her mother do just as well. They would think it an unheard-of extravagance."

"Is she pretty?"

"She is very pretty."

"Is she nice?"

"She is very nice."

"Is she accomplished?"

"Her accomplishments are the envy of the country side."

The girl on the bank rose suddenly. "We had better be getting back," she

said. "The sun will soon be here."

"Not for another half hour," he said easily. "And I want to tell you more about Kitty. As I said, she is very accomplished. She can play the organ—"

The girl sat down again.

"Hymn tunes she plays, on Sundays, 'No. 1 Songs and Solos.' Her friend, Miss Robina Merrigold, sings. Miss Merrigold also dances, but Kitty does not approve. She has religious scruples. Miss Merrigold plays cards, in a select company, but Kitty considers this very wrong. Besides her father won't let her. Kitty is also a beautiful hand in the dairy. Her butter—"

"Thank you," said the girl, smiling, "that will do. As you say, she is very accomplished. Now, tell me about Canada. Do you like it?"

"It is the finest country in the world."

"Would I—like it?"

"No, you wouldn't."

"Why not?" she asked sharply.

"Because you are in place here, this is your proper setting, this is your home."

The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"My home!" she said. "It will soon belong to that farmer—that stranger, and my home will be with Aunt Maria in a little two-by-four villa on the outskirts of London. Oh, if you only knew that villa, with its tiny, tiny rooms and its tiny, tiny garden where everything bigger than a rose-tree looks out of place. Oh, I shall suffocate there, I shall dry up and be a mummy—like Aunt Maria!"

The Deputy-Claimant threw the remains of his grass blade into the stream with sudden recklessness. His bright, good-natured face became hard and determined. He did not give himself time to be afraid. Turning to her he took her hand in his and held it firmly. She also had no time to be afraid.

"Alice," he said, "would you like Canada better than that villa—would you like me better than Aunt Maria?"

The clasp upon her hand was strong and firm. She had no chance to be evasive. So with downcast eyes she answered "Yes" confusedly.

"Do you love me, Alice?"

"Yes," she said.

The clasp upon her hand grew firmer, but he did not kiss her. Surprised, she glanced up only to see in his face that which caused her eyes to drop again and dyed her cheek with blushes.

"Alice," he said again and his voice was stern, "are you sure you love—a farmer?"

"Yes," she said.

"Could you," his voice faltered a little, "could you love—a thief?"

"I could love you."

"And think, Alice, a coward?"

"I love you."

"My name," he said, "is Thomas!"

"It is a dear name," she whispered.

"You don't understand," he said desperately, "and I can't take you until you do. I am all those things. I am not the Deputy-Claimant. I am the Real Claimant. I came to take your home from you. I am the thief you spoke of. I am the coward. I insulted you—now, Alice?"

The girl withdrew her hand gently. Her lips were pressed together very tightly. She turned her head away. He could see her slender shoulders shaking with suppressed emotion.

"How long," she said, in a choked voice, "how long have you been afraid to tell me this, Thomas?"

"A whole month," he said despairingly, "four long, cruel weeks."

"Oh dear," she said, "I shall die, I know I shall. I can't stop laughing."

She sprang to her feet and faced him, her eyes bubbling over with merriment, her lips rippling with smiles.

"Four weeks!" she cried, "to think that we have lost four lovely weeks. For, of course, I knew it all the time!"

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By

M. MacLean Helliwell

BIBLIOPHILISTIC UNCERTAINTY

I know my sweetheart like a book,
Each page a tempting word or look.
The title? often "sweet" and "dear,"
But sometimes "Mistress Domineer."
Her type to me is nonpareil,
The binding lambskin pink and pale;
Then, too, the finish is gilt-edge—
And to the make-up I've a pledge
To add my quad of real romance
If I am given half a chance.

. . . . . .

And though I know this dainty tome
So thoroughly—still I become
Perplexed;—just think should she decline
To make this rare edition mine!

GORMAN WHEELER

IN a recent number of a certain English magazine, there appeared an attractive little article, "On the Advantages of Folly as Compared with Intellect." The theory that clever men are *not* drawn toward clever women is of course old and time-worn, but the writer of the article referred to presents his arguments to prove the "advantages of folly" in a very sprightly and convincing manner. "A woman with brains who insists on displaying them is hated by men," he declares emphatically. "Men like *bright* women, but detest clever ones—the half-and-half clever men are secretly jealous of and loathe brains in woman; it is only men of genius who, half-humorously, half-tenderly, allow women to be clever, much as a great Newfoundland dog delights in a little puppy's playful touches." Now, is that not humiliating? Which, I wonder, is the harder for a woman to endure—loathing or a condescending toleration!

"Indeed," sums up this daring essayist, "it is pretty safe to assume that intellect—apart from what it creates—is valuable only for the pleasure it affords its owner, as a private and special belonging to be looked at and enjoyed when alone."

In these days when every woman knows that she is almost if not quite as clever as the average man of her acquaintance, such reading as the above is disagreeable and distressing, and bold, indeed, methinks is the editor who had the temerity to publish it.

Now, quite à propos of this disparagement of feminine intellect comes the announcement that two of the principal American Universities have found it necessary to change the system of complete co-education which has hitherto prevailed, *because* there appear to be ample grounds for the fear that the women will soon outnumber the men, thereby defeating the "original purpose" of the University, i.e., the education of young MEN.

"The aspirations of President Harper and his professors," says a writer in an article on the University of Chicago, "is especially to train young men in a career which they alone can follow. In order to afford to the exceptionally serious, gifted, and ambitious young women a measure of the same training the doors were opened to the other sex, but there has been nothing in the experience of the school to shake the opinion that the supreme work of the University should be the development of the powers of the young *men*. With the tendency of women to rush in overwhelming numbers into the great school and the consequent disposition of the young men to go elsewhere, there is every reason to fear that the high ambitions of the faculty will be defeated."

Another writer on the subject declares unreservedly that "most young men, when given an absolutely free choice and the means to gratify their ambition, will prefer an institution exclusively for men, and the more women crowd into mixed schools the more marked will this preference become."

It is distinctly gratifying, after reading such slurs as these upon the sex, to come across the encouraging words of the President of Columbia, who says: "A wise college president wrote a few years ago that 'this intertraining and equal training takes the simper out of the young woman and the roughness out of the young man.' He was right. The woman who grows up surrounded by women, and the man who grows up surrounded by men, are a long time maturing. Both are abnormal. The family is the natural type, not the monastery or the nunnery."

It is not my intention to discuss the question of co-education. The subject is a broad and far-reaching one, and this drowsy August day does not seem to create quite the atmosphere needed for the carrying on of a lively and instructive discussion. The sole reason, in fact, for the introduction of the subject is that it seems to be a somewhat singular coincidence that in the same month in which the intellectual female is publicly held up to derision and scorn, it should also be publicly confessed that, in one part of the world at least, she is becoming one too many for her intellectual brother. The statement that women are actually crowding men out of the colleges which were originally founded solely in the interest of the stronger sex, is somewhat startling. It is a relief to know that co-education in Canada has not, as yet, brought about so deplorable a condition of affairs.

If it be true that the clever woman is detested and avoided by men, it would be interesting to follow the subsequent careers of all these multitudes of clever maidens who are at present engaged in ousting the poor, unfortunate young masculines of the country from the colleges supposed to exist for their especial benefit—if, I repeat, this be true!

The London *Standard* has been very meritoriously engaged of late in looking up advertisements and signs which furnish excellent illustrations of every-day English "as she is spoke" by the madding crowd and others.

Not far from the Strand a maker of picture frames displays in large letters the following:

"Notorious for our Picture Frames."

In High Street, Clifton, a dress-maker announces in a sign above her door, that she is

"A Milliner and Modest."

In Paris, a restaurant catering to Anglo-Saxon custom, informs the passers-by that

"American Drunks are to be had here."

On a sandwich-board man in the same city this sign appeared:

"Fine Medoc of the '84 vintage, 2 frs.; the same, very old, 3 frs."

And this is the lucid way a Shanghai laundry posts up its excuse for increasing its prices for washing:

"With reference to notify you for the employed in the various laundries of Shanghai. But any washerman is quite inability of disadvantage of washing any public, and though the high price ruling now for rent, charcoal, coal, soap, rice, etc., is never counterfeit. The Committee of the Laundries' Guild are now to notify the general public which must will be increase. If any gentleman or lady will unbelief upward a few lines will can see the daily news is written quietly, distinctly and obliged, many thanks."

One is quite sure that after so full and luminous an explanation the Shanghai public were entirely satisfied to "be washed" at whatever rates the Laundries' Guild should see fit to decide upon.

In Canton, Wong Foo, a merchant has this sign over his shop:—"All kinds good many merchandise in steamer not seldom anywhere and safe"—which is said to intimate that the astute and erudite Wong Foo has

a great variety of things which he sells and will deliver safely.

Over an art exhibition at Tokio is this inscription :—

"Visitors are requested at the entrance to show tickets for the inspection. Tickets are charged 10 sens and 2 sens for special and common respectively. No visitor who is mad or intoxicate is allowed to enter in; if any person found in shall be claimed to retire. No visitor is allowed to carry in with himself any parcel, umbrella, stick, and the like kind, except his purse, and his strictly forbidden to take within himself dog or the same kind of beasts. Visitor is requested to take good care of himself from thievely."

A watchmaker in Yokohoma announces : "If you wont sell watch I will buy; if you wont buy watch I will sell."

Patti the famous was once advertised as the eminent "farewellist," with this to follow:—

"All those who expect to die before the year after next will do well to hear the human nightingale on this trip, for Patti never says good-bye twice in the same year, and to die without hearing her strike her high two-thousand-dollar note is to seek the hereafter in woeful ignorance of the heights to which a woman with good lungs, a castle in Wales, and who only uses one kind of soap, can soar when she tries."

The *Standard* also asserts that in Canada a club-house, at one time, bore this notice:—

"Only gentlemen of the highest respectability are admitted to this club. Beware of pickpockets."

A propos of the announcement that a new volume of letters by Jane Welsh Carlyle is soon to appear, Mr. W. E. Garret Fisher has been holding forth in the following mildly facetious strain: "It has been argued," he says, "from the experience of Carlyle and others, that men of supreme genius ought not to marry, but to adopt the semi-monastic life which Balzac advocated as long as M. Hanska was alive. Too often they marry before they are quite conscious of their high calling, and in that case nothing can be said, as the law has strangely forgotten to include the discovery of genius among the reasons for divorce. If they wait, or are precocious enough to become aware of their own powers before they fall in love, they are liable to be caught on the horns of a dilemna. If the man of genius looks out for some nice, plump, good-tempered housewifely creature, like Mme. Deprez, who will attend to his creature comforts without the least wish to interfere with his thoughts or to share in his work, he is still in danger of such annoyance as Holmes pictured in his 'Poet at the Breakfast Table'—Shakespeare interrupted in the midst of Hamlet's famous soliloquy by Anne Hathaway's urgent inquiry, 'William, shall we have pudding today or flap-jacks?' On the other hand, if he selects a brilliant, intellectual helpmeet, either she may despise household affairs to such an extent that he becomes a mere walking dyspepsy, or she may devote herself to them, like Mrs. Carlisle, in a passionate spirit of anything but silent martyrdom—and then he is held up to posterity as a brute. Perhaps the remedy is to be found in the limited polygamy which was advocated by Sir John Ellesmere in that wise and witty book *Realmah*. He thought that the man of genius should be allowed nine wives at least, 'only for goodness' sake, do not let them be nine muses." Their functions were thus enumerated :

(1) The arch-concocter of salads.

(2) The sewer-on of buttons.

(3) The intelligent maker of bread-sauce.

(4) The player of Beethoven's music.

(5) The player of common tunes—"Old Dog Tray," "Early in the Morning," "Pop Goes the Weasel," and "Paddle your own Canoe," all of which tunes I think beautiful.

(6) The consoler under difficulties.

(7) The good reader.

(8) The one beloved wife (dear, deluded creature) who always believes in her husband, and takes him to be the

discreetest, most virtuous, and most ill-used of men mortal. I do love her!

(9) The manager of the other wives.

Considering the matter seriously, however, one must indeed confess that the married life of the average man of genius is anything but satisfactory. One has only to recall the biographies of any half dozen of the world's master minds to be convinced of this sad truth. The cases where married life was calm, serene, harmonious and happy, are so rare that they stand out with dazzling distinctness in that white light that beats upon a great exception.

In a few rare cases the fault undoubtedly did lie with the wives, but even then it was less the fault than the great misfortune of these hapless ladies that they were of those who "never could understand" and who had been called by Fate to an office too lofty—and too trying to be endured. Taken as a class, justice forces one to declare that men of genius are rather uncomfortable creatures for everyday companions, and for the wife of a great man to go down to posterity as a loving, beloved, and wholly satisfactory spouse, proclaims her at once to have been a great woman.

One by one the summer travellers are returning to the comfort of their own firesides, and marvellous, indeed, are the tales that some of them are telling—tales built upon their own experiences, real or fancied, or the equally uncertain adventures of their friends.

One wanderer who has been investigating the Gulf coast of Florida, and whose word is entitled to belief, reports the interesting discovery of what he terms a veritable terrestrial paradise —sans snake and sans woman! "At Lemon Bay," he says, "there is a point running out into the gulf about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. On one side is the roar of the surf, and on the other the placid blue waters of Lemon Bay. On this point a unique colony makes its home. It is composed of men just past the meridian of life, about twenty in number, all scholarly, travelled, and of wide experience. On Lemon Point they have found an ideal spot for frittering away their remaining days in idleness or communion with nature. They are all bachelors, and live alone so far as the fair sex is concerned. They have built their own homes of rough yellow pine. Their clearings occupy from one-half to two acres, surrounded by palmetto trees. There are plenty of deer and wild fowl and fish of every variety in the neighbourhood. The colonists spend their days in fishing and hunting, and their nights in communion with their pipes and a jug or two of aguardiente, a drink distilled from sugar cane, and smuggled to the coast from Cuba or the West Indies. The members of this unique company include a Swedish count and a retired army captain, a graduate of West Point. For five dollars a month they can live well, and an income of twenty dollars a month purchases the necessaries and luxuries. They have but to drop a baited hook into the water and pull up the choicest fish, and by walking along the shores they can pick up the finest oysters and clams. Then a walk of an ordinary city block will furnish them with venison from a passing deer. Occasionally they visit the hotel across the bay for supplies, but they keep almost entirely to themselves. The climate is adorable. One can bathe in the waters of the bay at all seasons, and even in summer the heat is not great if one keeps out of the direct rays of the sun. Its inhabitants call Lemon Bay a paradise on earth, and to me it seems a perfect Eve-less Eden." Of course an "Eve-less Eden" may be some people's idea of a perfect paradise, but surely to the normal mind an absolutely Eve-less Eden would be just as incongruous and incomplete as an Eden bereft of its Adam.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE King is at length crowned, and despite the plaintive regrets which are heard that the magnificence of the ceremony was sadly marred by the delay, there was something priceless added to it that otherwise might have been to a great extent lacking. The King is, probably, the most popular living ruler. This statement may be questioned on behalf of several persons in authority. Indeed, it might be expected that each country would put forward its own chieftain to dispute the title. The Little Father is said to be worshipped in a dim, blind way by the swarming hives of Slavs who call him lord. The aged Austrian Emperor has maintained unity on the blank edge of chaos throughout his dominions for two generations by the sheer respect in which he is personally held. The fair young Queen of Holland commands the hearts of her subjects not alone by conventional attachment to the throne, but by the irresistible chivalry of sex. Emperor William is regarded by many of his subjects as a phenomenon, a European Personage in whom they are proud to recognize the modern Charlemagne. Nevertheless, he has to put them in jail occasionally for swearing at him under their breath. A plea might be put forward, too, on behalf of the two great elected rulers—he of Ameria and he of France. But their claims must be rejected forthwith, for we can say with a certain degree of positiveness that a large minority, at least, a minority always threatening to become a majority, thoroughly believes that Theodore Roosevelt is not the man for the White House, but some one else altogether. Were Monsieur Loubet to submit himself to a plebiscite like his Napoleonic predecessors the result could scarcely be definitely forecast. On a general review, therefore, of the situation, the unqualified statement made above may with reason be adhered to, with a saving clause in in favour of Holland's Wilhelmina. But naturally popular as Britain's King is, there was added to it a personal thrill of sympathy evoked by the danger and suffering he had passed through. In the rejoicing anthems a strain of the Te Deum was intermixed, giving them a depth and pathos that would otherwise perhaps have been wanting, and which was a grander ingredient in the matter than any ceremonial could supply.

The Triple Alliance has been renewed, but a more hollow piece of political make-believe could hardly be conceived of, and this is saying a good deal when speaking of international treaties of alliance. They are one and all a faithless race. They hold good just so long as it is to the interest of those who make them. Italy's position as a member of the dreibund is almost pitiful. She is supposed to be leagued with Germany and Austria against France, whereas she really feels more ties of race, blood interest and sympathy with the latter than with either of the other two. Austria has been the oppressor and wronger of Italy time out of mind. She was the great bar to Italian unity in the pre-Napoleonic days. He first in a left-handed manner gave Italian yearnings in that direction a chance to breathe, and the inheritor of his name gave it full life at Solferino. The late Signor Crispi followed in the footsteps of Cavour without respect to the different position of Continental politics at the end of the nineteenth century to what it was in the fifties. When Cavour

joined France and England in the Crimean war, and skilfully arrayed himself on the winning side generally, it was that the triumphant Powers should enable him to realize the dream of his life —the unity of Italy. That unity once attained, with no dangers from within, a Cavour, we might safely affirm, would have gently disengaged himself from all expensive and useless alliances and set himself to develop and strengthen the internal resources of the new-made nation. That would be the way to make Italy really strong. Putting hundreds of thousands of her sons into an army, to maintain which the tax-gatherer rages up and down the land, is not the way. Yet the nation has entered into its obligations again, for sheer lack of resolution to say no. The fear that her two partners might turn about and regard her as a common enemy, forces her statesmen to accept obligations for which the people have no taste, and which keep the country on the verge of bankruptcy, and drive her children abroad to escape the imposts that squeeze the life out of industry.

It is one of the most aggravated cases of the malady from which the whole Continent is suffering. The strongest and most solvent of them are wrung by the evils of militarism, and when a country in the financial and industrial position that Italy is in is bound by treaty obligation to maintain an armament far beyond what its rational revenues warrant, we have the oppression in its worst form. It is easier to diagnose the trouble than to suggest a remedy. It might be said, to parody a noted saying, that the way to disarm the swollen battalions of Europe is to disarm. But this is easier said than done. Germany is the centre of the storm. Not that she is more aggressive, but because she is still in possession of stolen goods and can never be easy unless she feels that she is as strong as those from whom the goods were stolen. Surrounded as she is with grudging neighbours, armed to the teeth, she would be mad if she reduced her army by a man.

France, whose present boundaries have been part of French soil from time immemorial and throughout whose whole territory the unity of race, of language and even of faith is virtually unbroken, is in a better position to reduce her armies than any other nation except Russia. No one disputes her right to every inch of her present territory. Can it be conceived that any other nation taking advantage of the reduction of her forces would undertake to despoil her? Cynicism is characteristic of nations when they set their hearts on some illicit object, but it is scarcely possible that any degree of cynicism could put a fair face on an

A HUMOROUS AMERICAN VIEW OF THE CORONATION
—*Chicago Journal*

INDISPENSABLE

A. J. BALFOUR (Manager of T. R. Westminster, to MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, Leading Actor)—"Sorry you're thinking of leaving us. Can't you stay till the end of the run? We've got nobody else to play the part."—*Punch.*

attack on any portion of French territory. On the face of it, therefore, it would seem quite a safe proceeding for the French people to begin a process of largely reducing their armament. It might be urged that thus weakened France would not be able to enforce the rights of her subjects abroad. It may well be questioned, however, whether it is worth while keeping hundreds of thousands of men under arms in order that the rights of a wandering Frenchman here or there may be effectively enforced. The fact is that the vanity of being reckoned one of the great Powers of the world is one of the most common of national weaknesses, and it is conceived that a great army and navy are essential to the maintenance of this proud eminence. Whether the turning of a million men into productive industry and relieving other millions of oppressive imposts and taxes would not do more, by the creation of vast material resources, to maintain the standing and weight of a nation than even a great army, is something that should not be lost sight of.

Russia is, of course, best situated for leading in the work of disarmament, and we are sometimes allowed to catch glimpses of a dream of that nature in which the reigning Czar indulges himself. It was to this fad, as some of his advisers and brother monarchs would call it, that we owe the peace meeting at the Hague. Unfortunately we have had no tangible example from that quarter to show that the yearning for peace is anything more than a dream, or a part of the game of Russian expansion. Indeed, while the Congress at the Hague was in session, or soon thereafter, the Czar's troops were choking the streams of Manchuria with the dead bodies of their enemies. Russia has, indeed, no need for a vast armament because of any danger from her neighbours, but altogether because her ambitions for still greater additions to her already tumid territories both in Europe and

Asia are insatiable and provocative of hostilities.

In the case of almost every nation of them, indeed, it will be found that behind the military and naval preparation there is a scheme of aggression. Russia never takes her longing eyes from the Balkans and the peerless city on the Bosphorus. France's yearning for her lost Provinces may be less tense than it was a quarter century ago, but has not by any means disappeared. The German Emperor labours assiduously for the creation of a great navy in order that he may found a new Germany over-seas. Germany is one of the countries which swarms, and it is not to be wondered at if the sight of thousands of Germans leaving the Fatherland to enrich foreign lands with their industry, intelligence and thrift is one that a German Emperor or a German statesman cannot regard with complacency. It cannot, for example, render the invasion of Germany by the products of the steel trust any less objectionable because a gentleman with the fine Teutonic name of Schwab is its presiding genius. A German white-man's land, where this surplus population could be directed, would be an assurance that an outpost of the Teutons had been established whose growth would strengthen Germany and keep her in the class with the other colonizing and expanding Powers. But a pre-requisite to such a scheme is a powerful navy, and of all the many projects which haunt the prolific brain of the royal planner this one of a great navy holds apparently a first place. Owing to her position on the Continent, girt on every side by powerful nations which may at any time become active foes, Germany has to support a huge and perfect fighting machine. It is now designed to equip her with a vastly expensive navy. Can she stand the strain?

The distinctive feature of Mr. Balfour's reconstruction of the British Cabinet, following Lord Salisbury's retirement, is the increase in what may be called its democratic or ordinary mundane elements. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the proud Tory squire, who had never probably soiled his fingers with a mercantile transaction in his life, is succeeded in the Chancellery of the Exchequer by Right Hon. Chas. T. Ritchie, a London Scotsman and a successful business man. Lord Londonderry, the great territorial landlord, who was not a success in the Post Office, has been succeeded by Mr. Chamberlain's son Austen. The younger Chamberlain is a University man, but could scarcely have lived under the same roof with Pushful Joe without imbibing some of his useful plebeian qualities. The only absolutely new man is Andrew Bonar Law, another successful business man from Glasgow, who has been made Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. It would appear as if the Cabinet had been strengthened in its practical executive elements. Mr. Akers-Douglas, who has taken Mr. Ritchie's former office of Home Secretary, is, like Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a landed proprietor, but he is also a member of the bar. Mr. George Wyndham, the new Irish Secretary, belongs to the aristocracy.

A WINDY DAY

THE prairie rolled and rolled away,
Away and away, on either hand,
And the tall grass swayed, and rippled and swayed,
And above, the clouds swept over the land;
The fields of wheat were like heaving seas,
The strong hawk floated along i' the gale,
The chinks of the settler's cabin sang,
And a cloud of dust sped down the trail.

MANITOBA, August *W. H. Belford*

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THE King has been crowned and the suspense is over. The Empire will now turn its mind to other things. In so doing, it

THE KING.

is a great satisfaction to know that the gipsies and the pessimists were wrong, and that King Edward VII is not an ill-fated monarch. It is also a pleasure to know that the King's physical strength is great, and that our monarch is a man with a sound body as well as a stout heart. The calumnies concerning his physical ailments are dead and buried. The lies of a jealous foreign press may be forgotten. The King is King, and we are his proud subjects.

It is interesting to note that the crowning of the King was an event, while the change of Premiers was merely a circumstance. It has been said that the King is only a figure-head, and that the real head of the nation is the Premier. The events of the past few months do not give much help to those who hold that belief. The change from Lord Salisbury to Hon. Arthur J. Balfour did not affect the pulse of the Empire or of the world. It was noted as a change in the weather is noted. On the other hand, the death of Queen Victoria and the accession of Edward VII profoundly stirred the whole world. The sickness of His Majesty had a similar effect; even the stock markets shivered when the sudden announcement was made. The number of people throughout the world who know the name and countenance of the King is ten times as great as that of those who know the name and countenance of Hon. Arthur J. Balfour.

The influence of royal families and the stability of monarchical institutions are not so seriously threatened as some writers and speakers would have us think. The progress of mankind is slow, and that which is once firmly imbedded in the human mind cannot be quickly removed. Whether Royalties and Kings will ever wholly disappear is not a matter of immediate concern.

When the day for the payment of "the taxes" approaches the average citizen is somewhat worried. The assessor has valued his

TAXES.

property too high; he has guessed too correctly as to the size of his income; and after all it seems like paying money for which one gets little return. Every man evades all the taxation he can. The man with an income of $2,500 a year hates paying taxes on more than $1,500. The citizen whose income runs up to $100,000 a year, is usually content to pay on one-tenth of that sum. Even the honest assessor is human.

In the United States, where they have little respect for government *per se*, false returns are so common as to excite neither displeasure nor disgust. So far has this gone that one of the State High Courts has decided that "perjury in connection with a man's tax lists does not affect his general credibility under oath." This is a complacent view, and it may be more nearly true than ridiculous.

Much the same state of things exists in Canada. Our people have a somewhat stricter business code and a much stricter political code, but when it comes to tax lists, it may be safely asserted that wealthy Canadians as a rule are expert tax-evaders. And in this particular, individuals are even worse than the much-abused corporations.

Because of the evil which is in our midst the subject of municipal taxation is one worthy the attention of broad-minded citizens. Our federal and provincial taxes are indirect and hence impossible of evasion; but our municipal taxes are direct. Because the subject is a burning one, the Ontario Government recently appointed a commission to investigate the subject and make a report. Like most government reports it says much and means less, and the commissioners have accomplished so little that it is hardly worth while mentioning their names. A very good criticism of the report has been issued by the Single Tax Association of Toronto in a little pamphlet of thirty-two pages. This is well worth a reading by even those who have not the time or inclination to read the general report.

There is much to be done in the way of reform in our methods of taxation. British Columbia taxes improvements only 50 per cent., while the city of Nanaimo taxes them not at all. In Manitoba, taxes are levied only on the unimproved value of the land. In the other Provinces the land and its improvements are taxed together. If I buy a lot worth $1,000 and erect upon it a stable and house worth $5,000, I must pay taxes on $6,000, which is manifestly no incentive to improvement of property. If my income is $2,000 a year, I must pay taxes upon $1,300, or thirteen-twentieths of my income. If my income is $50,000, I will probably have to pay on about $10,000, or one-fifth. The personal property tax and the income tax are scarcely ever levied fairly.

The whole subject is one worthy of close study, and should receive more general attention. There is no doubt that the tax on land values only has much to recommend it, and it is the ideal towards which taxation methods are tending.

THE WASTE PLACES.

A summer resort is essentially a waste place of the earth, although all waste places are not likely to become summer resorts. The Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence could not be made into smiling farms because it would be impossible for a farmer to make his living on one island, or to take his horse and plough from one island to another in a canoe. The same is true of the rocky islands and shores of the Kawartha and Muskoka lakes in Ontario, and of certain parts of the Georgian Bay. It is true of the sandy dunes of Prince Edward Island and of other parts of Canada.

As our cities grow in number and size, more waste places will be utilized for summer resorts. Those who are cabined in brick and walled about with asphalt and soft-coal smoke, desire to get away for a few weeks with nature. They desire to wander over rocks and among trees, to paddle along shores that have never known the screech of commerce, and to breathe the purer air of the elevated and uncultivated regions. This is one of the strange features of our modern civilization.

These waste places in the interior, or these sandy places along the sea coast, are gradually being made habitable. The railways and steamboats are making them accessible. The owners of the land are building cottages and summer hotels, to which the city-weary may flee for rest.

In no part of Canada is this more strikingly illustrated than in the Muskoka district, which lies on an elevation a hundred miles north of the City of Toronto. These three lakes, studded with rocky islands and surrounded by rocky, wooded shores, were in their natural condition scarcely fifteen years ago. Here and there an adventurous farmer had built his house and was endeavouring to make a living from the small valleys which lie among the rockier eminences, and a few disciples of Thoreau had wandered in and built themselves summer huts. Now a half-dozen large steamers and a hundred small craft ply the summer waters, and several hundred pretty cottages dot the islands and the shores. A score of moderate-sized hotels are scattered about, while the beautifully

situated and splendidly-planned Royal Muskoka Hotel rises from the centre, a sort of majestic City Hall in this summer city. For it is a summer city, though it is twenty-five miles long and fifteen miles broad, and though its broad walks and avenues are the cool waters of Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph.

To this beautiful region there come every year several thousand weary fathers and mothers and their families. They come from the larger places in Ontario, and from Buffalo, Pittsburg and other adjacent American cities, bringing their contracted lungs and over-wrought nerves to be freshened and soothed. It is a blessing that there are waste places where commerce and industry may not flourish.

YOUNG MEN NOT ATTRACTED.

It is notable that the summer habit, so far as men are concerned, is confined to those under twenty and those over thirty-five years of age. The young men in the robustness of their manhood are seldom seen about the summer resorts. Once the boyish love of sport for its own sake has been satisfied, and the young man has entered into the world's work, he is feverish in his haste. He is passing through his Quick-Lunch period. He wants no holidays, or if he does take them his pleasures are apt to be too earnest for a quiet resting-place. He prefers to travel across continents and oceans or to the larger cities where he may see what he calls "life." The theatre, the gambling den, the sporting house and the hotel corridor have lessons for him. He is full of ambitions for his business, and he gets his education and experience in seeing what his competitors are doing.

When he has had ten or fifteen years of this furious life, he begins to change his point of view. He regards business more and more as a means rather than an end. He is now more anxious to think than to act, realizing that action is telling only when based on mature thought. The Quick-Lunch counter and the stock-ticker have less attraction. Then and then only does he turn to the quieter pleasures of life and the summer resort.

This absence of young men from the summer habitations leaves the young women without much companionship other than their own. The absence of eligible young men kills the fussiness of the mothers and leaves the two classes of women to enjoy themselves in a natural manner. The young women swim, paddle, row, sail, play lawn-tennis and ping-pong under peaceful conditions which tend to a more natural development of their minds and bodies.

The contrast between the lives lived by the young women between twenty and thirty and the young men of the same age, may account somewhat for the superior physical advance being made by the women. There can be little doubt in the mind of the careful observer that Canadian women are making physical progress due to greater attention to physical development and greater devotion to out-door life. This progress is more noticeable than among young men.

The young men are not wholly to blame, since this is the age of young men. Old men are not wanted by employers, and the young man must be able to stand on his feet before he is forty, or the chances are he will never be able to stand alone. This is a part of the dollar-worshipping spirit.

It is reported that the new Postmaster-General of Great Britain will lower the newspaper post to Canada. This will give us more British publications. The reform will be welcome when it comes.

What will the Canadian Government do? Will it continue to discriminate against Canadian periodicals by taxing unprinted paper 25 per cent., and allowing printed paper to come in free? The answer is about due.

What do the Canadian people intend in this matter? Are they willing to have this country flooded every week, every month with anti-British and anti-Canadian literature?

THE WAY "THE MOON," CANADA'S COMIC WEEKLY, PICTURES "A QUIET EVENING IN A CANADIAN HOME"

THE CAREER OF LORD STRATHCONA

THERE are persons who insist that the days of romance have gone forever. Let them reflect a little before hastily consigning every grain of romance, every spice of the marvellous, to the remote past. There is the career of the man like Lord Strathcona. Surely it abounds with victories over poverty and obscurity which relegate that illustrious, if mythical personage, Dick Whittington, into a tame second place. Donald Smith, a Scotch lad, comes out to Canada at eighteen years of age with no more formidable weapons to tackle fate than vigour, moderate education, integrity, and a stock of shrewd sense. Sixty years pass away and we find him a millionaire, the chief representative in London of his adopted country, the head of vast enterprises, a peer of the British realm. There is food in such a transformation for reflection, inspiration, and sagacious inquiry.* Young Smith came of Highland stock. Stuarts and Grants were his kinsmen. He was destined by his mother for the profession of law, and actually began that career. He was nearly drawn into mercantile life by his relatives the Grants, merchants of Manchester, a worthy pair who figure in "Nicholas Nickleby" as the Cheeryble Brothers. But both law and trade were put aside for the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. The boy's uncle, John Stuart, was a noted fur trader in our Northwest, and his adventures had early dazzled the nephew. So to Canada he came in 1837, and was sent to the remote Labrador department. Buried alive in that distant and melancholy post, young Smith formed the habit of writing long letters home, and the literary practice thus acquired stood him in good stead in after life. Attacked by sore eyes, he ventured to return to Montreal for treatment. The Governor of the Company looked at him severely :

"Well, young man, why are you not at your post?"

"My— my eyes, sir," faltered Mr. Smith, pointing to his pair of blue goggles. "They got so very bad, I've come to see a doctor."

"And who gave you permission to leave your post?" thundered the Governor.

As it would have taken a full year to have obtained official consent to his journey, Mr. Smith was forced to reply, "No one."

"Then, sir," said the fur-trade autocrat, "if it's a question between your eyes and your service in the Hudson's Bay Company, you'll take my advice and return this instant to your post."

And he returned straightway. For thirteen long years there he remained. The native Eskimo knew well the intrepid, kindly and order-keeping young Scot, and long after heard of his great success with wonder. One old Eskimo, in amazement inquired "if Boss Smith was king now?" It was explained that he was "not king exactly, but a baron, a great lord." The old crone merely said: "Well, well, p'raps he come out here, buy up all Labrador, and kick out the M'ravians." The good lady, it appears, had no zeal for missions. Promotion after promotion finally landed Mr. Smith in Montreal in 1868, as chief officer of the Company in Canada. He was now 48 years old. To many men, after 30 years' service, this would have meant

*Lord Strathcona: the Story of His Life. By Beckles Willson. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co.

the culmination of an industrious career. Mr. Smith's was only beginning.

In a general way the various undertakings and episodes connected with Donald Smith's name are known to Canadians. In the troublous days of Riel's first rebellion in 1870 he was sent to Fort Garry as a mediator and commissioner on behalf of the Canadian Government. A more dramatic chapter in a man's life would be hard to find. The revival of the details now read like a dime novel founded on fact. He fixed his residence in the West and entered the Dominion Parliament. His famous quarrel with Sir John Macdonald and the Conservatives belongs to this period and is one of the most stirring political episodes in our history. Mr. Smith was, in fact, a kind of storm-centre during a time of great bitterness in politics, and his share in overthrowing the Ministry of Sir John Macdonald in 1873 was not forgiven for a long time. But the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway healed the old sore, and he and Sir John afterwards became close personal friends. Sir John Macdonald never cherished grudges. To Donald Smith and his cousin Lord Mount-Stephen (the latter's mother was Mr. Smith's aunt), the Canadian Pacific Railway owed in large measure its early completion. Both gentlemen pledged their private fortunes to prevent the construction work from ceasing. Lord Strathcona never "made millions" out of the line, as some have asserted, and he once assured his biographer that "he was hundreds of thousands of pounds out of pocket through his connection with that gigantic undertaking."

Of Lord Strathcona's benefactions it may fairly be said that he has never trumpeted them. Indeed, his modesty is remarkable. When the Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal was completed—he gave at least $900,000 toward it—someone proposed an inauguration ceremony. "No," said Sir Donald, "I want no flourish of trumpets. Just open the doors when the building is ready and let the patients come in." He is apparently one of those men who keep their heads in spite of the most dazzling successes, a common characteristic of those whose rise is not too rapid, who owe little to chance, but who are almost entirely the architects of their own fortunes. If space permitted there are many incidents in the career of the man which might be dwelt upon. But the reader must seek them in the book for himself. It is certainly a most entertaining biography. There are a few blemishes, chiefly in the political allusions, but it would be ungracious to complain when Mr. Beckles Willson has produced so interesting a volume, with such evident industry and insight, and with so keen an eye for dramatic effect.

A. H. U. C.

THE STUARTS

The historians have not left the House of Stuart a rag of reputation. It might be supposed that Scottish writers would be more lenient in their judgment than those of English inspiration and bias. But with the exception of the few writers who have essayed a defence of Mary and attacked the doubtful evidence on which the worst charges against her are based, it does not appear that the later Stuarts have any friends. Prof. Hume Brown, whose careful and well-balanced work on the history of Scotland is now being issued, is no exception to the rule.* Without attempting to set up a defence for a line of monarchs so generally unsatisfactory from nearly every point of view as James VI, his son, and his two grandsons, it is questionable whether they were much worse than the age in which they lived. The fact that it could be said of James VI that "in no previous reign was so notable an advance made along every line of national prosperity" indicates the existence in Scotland at least of a fairly good government. Whatever

*History of Scotland. Vol. II, 1542-1689. By P. Hume Brown, M.A., LL.D. Cambridge: University Press.

the King's sins against the English standards and interests may have been it is clear that his Scotch subjects were tolerably well-off under his rule, infinitely better off than the Protestant Dissenters of Ireland were a century and a half later under the Brunswickers. However, it fell to the lot of Charles, father and son, and James VII to encounter the full force of the political Reformation and as they displayed neither wisdom nor strength in the contest, an adverse verdict must in the long run stand against them. Prof. Brown makes full use of the materials that warrant a hostile view of Stuart rule and no patriotic qualms of conscience trouble him in the least. He condemns Mary, explicity as regards her alliance and marriage with Bothwell, tacitly in respect to the death of Darnley. Instead of adducing the disputed "Casket Letters" as evidence, Prof. Brown advances the surprising argument that "the relations of the various parties were too well known to permit a moment's illusion on the part of the public." Were "the public" of 1567 so well informed and intelligent as to deserve to be cited as conclusive witnesses of what actually took place? Prof. Brown throws doubt upon the Gowrie Plot in the reign of James VI and is apparently inclined to put it down to the King's malignant fancy. The episode, however, is not of much importance and Prof. Brown may be left to the tender mercies of Mr. Andrew Lang. In the main the history is an excellent piece of work, and compresses into a very clear and entertaining narrative the events of Scottish history from the date of Mary's accession to the dawn of an entirely new era in Church and State under William of Orange. But what will strike the average reader is the unsparing condemnation of the Stuarts, whose misfortunes, like their mistakes, are ever counted against them. The Jacobite legend may linger as a pious and inoffensive sentiment inherited from the past. A few amiable persons may constitute themselves a society to keep alive an eccentric attachment to the living descendants of the ill-fated line. But, for all effective purposes, it seems the historians have decided to regard the cruelties and errors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries from the standpoint of the twentieth. And where the historians agree who shall dare to say nay?

FOUNDERS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

In an agreeably written book,* Prof. Oman has given us an insight into the characters and policies of seven Roman statesmen who preceded the Empire, and whose efforts, either unwittingly or designedly, led up to the overthrow of the Roman republic. In that loose way, which is so common in modern political discussion, it is sometimes said that the British Empire, like the Roman and other empires of old, will fall into the sere and yellow leaf even as they did, and the human mind is so constituted that it accepts idle declarations of this sort as if they were profound truths. There is a refreshing grasp in Prof. Oman's study of the later Roman republic, which dispels vain and ill-founded ideas, based on false historical parallelisms. Resemblances there are between the old and the new, but the conditions which governed Rome have no counterpart in any modern state. Without intending it, probably, the author of this treatise on the breakdown of the republican constitution, proves very conclusively that we should be chary about declaring that "history repeats itself." Beginning with the Gracchi and their well-meant but erroneously-conceived reforms, the author sketches the influence which Sylla, Marius, Cato, Pompey, and finally Julius Cæsar had upon the Roman state.

The view taken of Cæsar is neither that of the earlier historians who regarded Brutus as a true patriot fully justified in plotting against the life of a tyrant, nor that of late writers who have attempted to build around Cæsar the

* Seven Roman Statesmen. By Prof. Charles Oman. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

kind of legend which in France is being constructed about the name of Napoleon. Profound as was the effect which these individuals produced on Rome and its development into an autocratic state, the inability of any race to found a permanent democratic republic in that stage of the world's history, was the real cause of the change. We may learn much by so intelligent a study of the period and the men as Prof. Oman presents in these pages, but in order to apply the lessons to our own time we must carefully examine the conditions of to-day rather than to depend upon any ingenious system of *a priori* reasoning.

The Annual Financial Review (22 John St., Montreal) is an important volume of 400 pages. It contains the latest annual reports of the banks and the leading assurance, telegraph, railway and other companies with a record of the price of their stocks on the exchanges. This is an invaluable investors' guide.

Besides being valuable as a work of reference, Morang's Annual Register is interesting to the general reader. With it he may get a broad survey of Canadian events of 1901, viewed in their proper relation one to another. It gathers together the fragments of information given out during the year and presents all that is valuable in comprehensive form.

The *Queen's Quarterly* has been changed slightly, owing to the fact that the scholarly professors connected with the enterprising Kingston University have decided that progress and development are advisable. For several years they have been writing excellent articles for a small circle of readers, all graduates of Queen's. Now they propose having their articles read by everybody who will pay one dollar a year for a good quarterly. The idea is not half bad for Canadians, especially scholarly Canadians, from whom little enterprise is expected. Bravo! McGill already has a good semi-yearly magazine, and the University of Toronto has a fairly good monthly, and Queen's is to have, nay, has a good quarterly. The more of such magazines published in Canada, the less will be imported. It is meet that Kingston should work for national literature because she lives in history as the home of Sir John A. Macdonald, the greatest nationalist of us all.

The various governments in the Maritime Provinces should subsidize that excellent publication, *Acadiensis*. It is preserving much historical material that would otherwise be lost or forgotten. It is doing a splendid work. The July number (Vol. II., No. 3) contains excellent articles, of which the best, perhaps, is Professor MacMechan's article on "A Halifax Privateer in 1757."

An Englishman has written an interesting and curious pamphlet entitled, "John Bull's Guinea-Pigs" (sixpence, C. W. Bradley & Co., 12 Fetter Lane, E. C.). By Guinea-pigs he means the titled and nobby people who get the prominent positions in the Army, Navy and other departments of government where solid business men should be found.

There is nothing so powerful as emulation, especially among children, and we are all children. Dr. James Bain, of the Toronto Public Library, thought a reprint of "Henry's Travels" would be a good thing and he edited it for a publisher. Then Mr. A. C. Casselman thought Canada ought to have a new edition of Richardson's "War of 1812," and Canadians now have it—at three dollars per copy. Congdon & Britnell, old-book dealers in Toronto, decided that there should be a reprint of that famous volume, "Hochelaga Depicta, or History of Montreal," and, behold, it is here. The label reads, "Fac-simile Reprints of Early Canadian Books, No. 1." Now, we are off to a good start. This book was published in Montreal in 1839, and described the history of that city with a fulness of detail which leaves nothing to be desired. All lovers of history should have at least one of the 500 copies to which the edition is limited.

IDLE MOMENTS

WHEN THOMPSON SETON'S ERNEST

He loves the sparrow tame,
And the Johnny Bear so wild,
He doesn't know his name,
But he's Nature's happy child.

"DO you think he'll come?" said the Coyote.

"Of course," answered the Kootenay Ram impatiently, "doesn't he always come to see us fed? He's becoming too intense to suit me. I never did care for metaphysics. I'm like Kipling, I like men who do things. I'd have you know that I'm no muddied oaf."

THE BRUTE!

STAGE-STRUCK WIFE (who is going to appear in private theatricals): "You know, John, dear, I don't think I quite like appearing in tights. Whatever will people say?"

JOHN, DEAR (regarding his wife's figure): "That I married you for your money."—*Moonshine.*

"Really, Krag, you're becoming too sensitive. I wish you'd turn the glare of your 'splendid amber eyes' in another direction. You needn't try any of your hypnotic tricks in this park."

"Hypnotism!" echoed the Pacing Mustang, with a snort; "Krag doesn't know a thing about it. He's purely primitive—nothing but brute force."

"Last year," said Molly Cottontail, "I heard that Seton Thompson—"

"What's that?" inquired the Chickadee. "There's no such person. He told me, himself, that he's Mr. Ernest Seton—"

"Oh! Every one knows that the Chickadee 'goes crazy once a year.' You can't be in Ernest, you know," said Tito.

"But I insist upon it," said the Chickadee, angrily. "Ask Silverspot. It's all over the woods."

"I'm afraid, my friends, that Chickadee is telling the truth," said Silverspot, sadly, "but, after all, what's in a—"

"If you quote that thing," said Bingo, wearily, "I'll cut the crowd of you. It's bad enough for Ernest to confuse us in this way, just as we were beginning to feel acquainted."

"I always thought," continued the Pacing Mustang, "that the fellow had horse sense. But if he had consulted me about this change in the name of the firm, I should have said him neigh."

"We mustn't judge him too hardly," said Chink. "When a man gets rich he must have amusement. Some men take to yachting, some to the woods, and others take to studying the hy-

phens in the family. We're not proud, and we'll recognize him, even with an alias."

"Well," said Vixen, quietly, "here he comes, and we'd better treat him as if nothing had happened."

All these things had I heard from wild animals, which I had not known. They had been so absorbed in their discussion that I had gone unnoticed. But, now, as I watched the Chaser of the Stag approach, I felt that it was well to have overheard the conversation of his friends, for there was a heavy cloud on his brow, and the burden of a double name seemed to press sorrowfully upon his soul.

"Eh! What is this? You are not—"

"I am not one of them," I said, genially. "I've just been listening to a little conversation."

"Were they discussing me?" he asked, eagerly.

"Well—yes. They weren't just sure about the name."

"I hoped they hadn't heard about it. But there's no concealing anything in these days."

"You are Mr. Ernest Th—"

"Call me Ernie, if you want to be friendly. The papers won't let me alone."

"Why don't you call yourself Hobo or Swab or Ringo? It would be so effective and would seem to identify you with the rest."

"You don't understand," he said, crossly. "Seton is an ancient Scottish name—"

"And Thompson is just about as old, and a little more common. But we'll read your books by any other name, and all hyphens look alike to me."

"What is most provoking is that this disturbance interferes with my work. Just as I am seated on a peak in Colorado, ready to sketch a bear or two, the telephone rings and Scribners' want to know if Seton-Thompson is there. When I try to explain that it's Ernest Seton, they think I'm the wrong man. Then the *Ladies' Home Journal* will ring up in a hurry for Mr. *Sat-On*-Thompson, and—"

"Then you really belong—"

"I'm the editor of the wild-animals department, but I haven't a thing to do with heart-to-heart talks, with whirls. But the editor and I almost had a little misunderstanding."

"About Mrs. Rorer's recipes?"

"Well, she did think that my department ought to include her. No. I soothed her by giving the real and original hare-soup prescription. But my later trouble was more serious. You see, I wanted to write a story about a South African antelope, so I called it 'The Sprightly Bok.' Edward, the editor, thought it was a personal insult, and said it wasn't fair to *spring* such a title on him."

"I'm sure you must find it a nice quiet place. But you are writing another book, of course?"

"Just a sketch or two. At present I'm working on 'The Musings of a Mosquito.'"

"I suppose you'll bring out a swell—I mean a swollen—edition, with tail-pieces and little wings."

"Yes. The illustrations are so realistic that I can't keep from slapping them. It's a subject that spurs a writer on. I am thinking of having some musician compose a song to go with it—you remember the mosquito's gentle, dreamy whiz?"

"Then, you can write a second sequel on 'Lunatics I Have Launched'."

"That sounds very well. But I think I prefer to keep to animals. I know them rather well by this time, and they have complete confidence in me. Even the donkey seems to cherish a kind of fellow feeling."

"You must be very busy."

"Rather. I'm going for a prowl with a panther to-morrow, and to-morrow night I expect to spend in writing a few hundred words on woman's cruelty to the mouse. Now, there isn't any real harm in a mouse. If you'll only think of what a pretty color it—"

"Mr. Thompson-Seton-Ernest, I won't hear another word."

"But it's a lovely little creature—so soft to the touch and—"

"Er-r-rh! You awful man!"

"There you go! I never knew a woman who could be rational. Now, if you'll—"

But I was far away, following the trail of the Anthill Nag.

—*J. G. in N. Y. Life.*

KITCHENER'S RETURN

Punch has published some good paragraphs on Lord Kitchener's return to London. Here are some selections:

In many instances the adaptation of the Coronation devices to suit the circumstances showed considerable ingenuity. For example, in several places one noticed that the initials "E.R." had had the word "KITCHEN" prefixed to them.

Lord KITCHENER has expressed his regret that he arrived back too late to take part in the QUEEN'S Tea to the other "Generals."

It is rumoured that there is already friction between Lord KITCHENER and the War Office. The War Office authorities, it seems, were extremely annoyed that Lord KITCHENER arrived at Paddington punctually. They accuse him of riding rough-shod over their traditions.

The real reason why KITCHENER hurried home is not generally known. He is to attempt to restore order at Sandhurst. It is realized that, if anyone can do it, it is he.

We are pleased to be able to print a full and verbatim report of the speech made by his Lordship to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES at Paddington Station. It was, "How do you do, Sir?"

ANECDOTES

It is related that when the Earl of Rochester, in the reign of Charles the Second, rose to make his maiden speech in the House of Lords, he said: "My lords, my lords, I rise this time for the first time—the very first time. My lords, I divide my speech into four branches." Here there was an embarrassing pause of some seconds. "My lords," the earl then ejaculated, "if ever I rise again in this House, you may cut me off, root and branches, and all forever."

Nearly everyone knows that Mr. Timothy Healy, the Irish M.P., possesses a keen sense of humour, and that it is but seldom, when the necessity arises, that he fails to come off with an exceedingly witty rejoinder. On one occasion, however, his accomplishment in the art of repartee altogether failed him.

The man who was the hero of this exceptional exploit was Mr. Seymour Bushe, K.C., who at the present time fills the position of Senior Crown Prosecutor in Dublin. A case was being heard in the Dublin Recorder's Court on one occasion, and during the proceedings the Testament on which witnesses are usually sworn was found to be mysteriously missing. A search was made for the required book, but for a little time without result.

At last Mr. Bushe happened to notice that Mr. Healy had taken possession of the volume, and was busily engaged in reading it, quite oblivious of the consternation which its disappearance was creating.

"I think, sir," said Mr. Bushe, turning with a mischievous expression towards the Recorder, "that Mr. Healy has taken possession of the Testament."

As soon as he caught the sound of his name, Mr. Healy glanced up, and then, realizing what had taken place, with many apologies, handed over the volume.

"You see, sir," added Mr. Bushe, "Mr. Healy was so greatly interested in it that he didn't know of our loss; he took it for a new publication."

When the laugh had subsided, Mr. Healy, for once, had no reply to make.

The late Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, began his career as a lecturer at a small town in Scotland. He was very nervous and asked the janitor at the hall to let him in by a side door, in order that he might avoid the crush. "Ye needna mind," replied that functionary, "there's nae crood." This was no more than the truth. A bored commercial traveller, he found, composed the entire audience. Forbes waited a while, and no one else approaching, he said to the "audience"—"Will you have the lecture, or will you have a drink?" "A drink," said the traveller.

ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES

THE MUD BATHS OF SAINT-AMAND

BETWEEN Valenciennes and Tourney, at the end of the village of Croisette-Saint-Amand, France, thermal springs gush forth with great force from the marshy soil and mingling with fine particles of peaty and marly soil make sulphurous mud, the curative action of which is to-day clearly established. In former times there was no way in which the sick could comfortably follow the treatment, as the place was surrounded with trees and bushes, but in 1687 the neighbouring villages taxed themselves to make the necessary improvements, and under the direction of Vauban, first work was commenced. The most interesting incident of this work was the discovery of statues, medals, and Roman money, which testified to the usage of these springs by the Romans, although the tradition to this effect had disappeared for many years. The establishment was in full prosperity when the revolution of 1789 broke forth, and the proximity of the frontier brought upon Saint-Amand incessant trials and perils. Finally the place was reduced to ashes, and only in 1805 did the baths again become popular.

On the site of the old building there has been erected a rotunda divided into spacious compartments, this rotunda being connected with the principal wing which contains the rooms for baths and douches. The mud cases in which the sick are placed have the form of a trapezoid with the smallest side towards the centre of the rotunda, and being covered with a movable plank in which openings have been cut, the patient is completely enveloped, only the healthy portions of the body,

THE MUD BATHS AT SAINT-AMAND

A TIME-SAVER

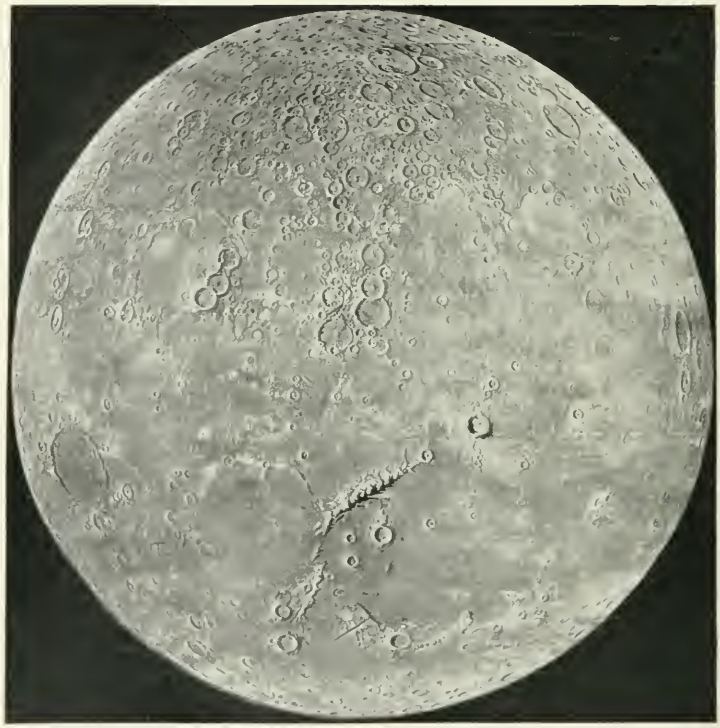
The latest time-saving method of typewriting letters dictated over the telephone, showing the speed with which modern business is being done.

the head, shoulders, and arms, being outside. These bathtubs are renewed at the beginning of each season, and a compartment is reserved for each patient during the entire course of the treatment.

Numberless analyses have been attempted at different times to explain the curative action of the mud and the sulphurous waters. The most complete analysis was made by V. Raulin in his Manual of Geology, and according to this work the waters of Saint-Amand contain: Carbonate of lime, 0.194; carbonate of magnesia, 0.059; carbonate of iron, 0.025; sulphate of lime, 0.616; sulphate of magnesia, 0.431; chlorides of potassium, sodium, calcium, 0.038; chloride of magnesium, 0.050; silica and alumina, 9.010; organic and waste matters, 0.021. It is necessary to mention the existence of glairine, azotic matter, fatty and whitish, which is present on the surface of the water. Glairine is formed of 30 to forty per cent. of silica, 40 to 45 per cent. of carbon, 6.5 to 8 per cent. of hydrogen, and 5.5 to 8.1 of azote. There is also observed in these waters a filamentous *sulfuraire*, the action of which seems to take place in the formation of sulphides.

The mud is less rich than the water in sulphate of lime, but the amount of sulphur and iron are much greater in the mud. The physiological effects of the mud are such that there is produced on the skin a true inflammatory state which reawakens the vitality of treated parts and regulates the circulation of the capillaries, the mud acting sometimes as a stimulating and tonic medicament, sometimes as a dissolvent. Nephritic colic is quickly cured, this cure having been general as early as 1749, but the curative action which is the most curious is that manifested in cases of rheumatism, paralysis, gout and gravel. Mud baths are few in number—Marienbad, Karlsbad, and Toeplitz in Germany; Saka in Sweden; Viterbe in Italy; Saint-Amand, Dax, and Neris in France.

The business man of to-day handles a large business and large projects because he has the use of the telegraph, the telephone and the stenographer. Without these it would be impossible for him to keep in touch with a large market or to do business with the speed now required. The introduction of the typewriter revolutionized modern business methods and enabled one girl to do the letter-writing which formerly required two or three clerks. Experiments have been made with the phonograph and it is used by some business men. The dictation is made into the machine and the record taken on wax cylinders. These are handed over to the typewriter who places them on a machine, inserts the sounders in her ears, and commences operations on her keyboard. The above illustration shows an alternate device.



PICTURE MAP OF THE MOON

This is photographed from a drawing made by two English men of science to show the large number of craters on the moon's surface. For example, to the right and just below the centre is the Crater of Copernicus, a vast rampart rising 12,000 feet above the level of the plateau. The crater is 46 miles wide and contains a magnificent group of cones, three of them attaining a height of upwards of 2,400 feet. See article, "Our Autumn Skies."

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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CANADIAN LOYALTY

By George Bryce, M.A., LL.D.

THE growth of the Canadian sentiment of loyalty to the Crown and Empire of Great Britain is a curious psychological study.

The United Empire Loyalists, who sacrificed almost everything for British connection, claim our unstinted admiration for their devotion and heroism. And yet theirs was an unreasoning, dogged loyalty to the very form and corpus of monarchy.

Their loyalty was surprisingly like the Scottish Jacobitism as expounded by Scott and Aytoun. Yet even the Jacobite had a personal affection for the "bonnie Prince Charlie" that the U.E. Loyalist did not have for self-willed George III.

Another type of Canadian loyalty is that of the British colonist of Canada. The writer is a Canadian—the first-born son of British parents, who left the foot of the Ochil Hills to find a home in Upper Canada. That home was British in every thought and inspiration. The child grew up to hear of grandfather, uncles and cousins at "home"—meaning thereby Great Britain. A letter from "home" was one from the old land. The poetry and literature of Scotland and England were ever present to strengthen that ideal. The youth saw, it is true, the flowing Grand River, though even that was at times called the Ouse; the stately maples, the chestnut and butternut trees, and the picturesque redman—saw these as Canadian, belonging to his native land, but he bore the same natural allegiance to the Crown and Constitution of Great Britain as he did to his own family. He thought of nothing else, and he deserved little credit for that.

But what of the Mennonite or Quaker who had come from New Jersey or New England, and whose religious bias was against interfering in public affairs? What of the thousands of Pennsylvanian Dutch, who sought only fertile acres in Canada on which to live? What of the Germans of Waterloo and Perth counties, who knew nothing of the glory of Great Britain? What, moreover, of English chartists, and Scottish radicals, and the exiles caused by the Highland Clearances, who came to Canada with bitter feelings against their ancestral land? What of a million or more of French-Canadians who knew nothing of British liberty, "broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent?"

It is safe to say that one half of the people of Canada had little in themselves to lead them to swell with pride at the sight of the Union Jack.

In addition, there was little in the public life of Canada in the first half of the nineteenth century to awaken any loyal sentiment. The darkest and most dangerous period of Canadian life was the thirty years from 1820 to 1850. Governors Bond Head and Metcalfe were good men, but narrow and lacking in shrewdness. The writer has never been able to justify Lyon Mackenzie and Papineau for taking up arms. Rebellion may perhaps be a justifiable final resort in the struggle

for liberty, but the conditions did not justify it in '37 and '38. Yet the merest tyro can see that the defeat and destruction of the party of privilege was what saved Canada to the British Crown.

For half a generation after 1850 the rising tide of contentment both in Upper and Lower Canada was very noticeable. There was still, however, lacking the feeling of national life in Canada. The national consciousness was not yet awakened. The Canadian ear had never heard, at least in any full-tone, what Lighthall has called

> "The waking utterance grand,
> The great refrain, 'A Native Land!'"

Confederation gave Canada the conception, or at least the opportunity of conceiving the thought, "This is my own, my native land."

This too, it is right to say, was possible alike to the grandchildren of the U.E. Loyalists, to the descendants of British settlers, to the French-Canadians, and to the offspring of those of alien birth—and all in the same measure. "We are all," they could say, "on an equal footing, this is our native heath!"

But in this, the constitution freely consented to by all of us was British, given us by the British Parliament, carried out under British auspices.

The bonds of affection binding us to Britain then began to thicken and strengthen. An intelligent, considerate, deep-seated spirit of loyalty increased within us.

Undoubtedly, too, we have grown more fond of our British Constitution and customs by studying our neighbours. During the half century which has witnessed the uprise of Canada, we have seen in the neighbouring republic a terrific fratricidal war, out of which grew an era of unexampled corruption; a subsequent race strife between black and white marked by streams of blood; a maladministration of justice unknown under the British flag; and a struggle between labour and capital even now causing gravest anxiety.

We sympathize with our neighbours. Yet we cannot but say, "Thank God that we are subjects of the British Crown."

So much had our sentiment of loyalty strengthened, almost without our realizing it, that when the South African war, which was a battle for equal rights, broke out, Canada of her own free will arose and said, "Here are our young men of U.E.L., British, French-Canadian, German and American origin—all Canadians—now ready to fight for the great Queen and her Empire.

That was a gladdening sight!

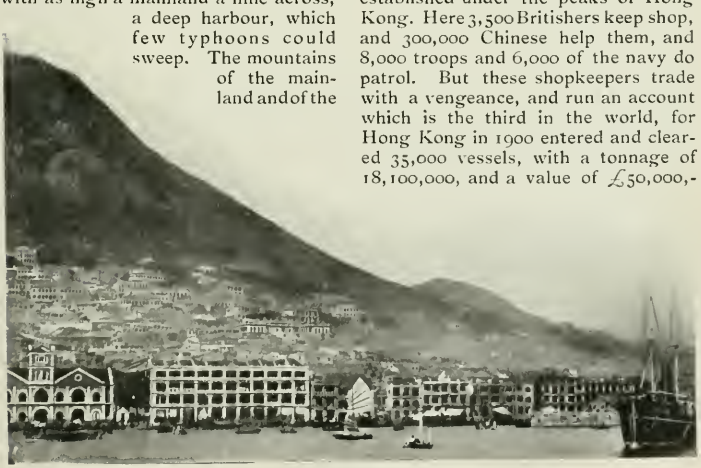
When the most notable Canadian of to-day—the Premier of the Dominion—who is also the greatest French-Canadian, can speak, as he bears the insignia of honour given him by his Sovereign, in words of undoubted loyalty, of his love for the British Crown and Constitution, we are sure the lasting basis has been laid for the loyalty and devotion of the whole Canadian people to the British Crown and Empire.

A CHINESE MARRIAGE PROCESSION

HONG KONG

By John Stuart Thomson

HONG KONG, small as it is, is the most wonderful of islands, as Great Britain is the most potential group of islands in the world. It came into being just sixty years ago. Some of Her Majesty's traders, with a Superintendent named Elliot at their head, were backed out of Canton by an insolent Viceroy. Ninety miles away, a lofty island, named Fragrant Streams, held with as high a mainland a mile across, a deep harbour, which few typhoons could sweep. The mountains of the mainland and of the island were as bleak and precipitous as any of the gray peaks of Utah. Here Britain landed and here she gathered her navy. She called her port free, and asked the nations to trade. With fanfare and demonstration a treaty like the one of the present year with Japan is announced, but what it means is that China shall keep her integrity and trade with the world over Britain's shop-counter, established under the peaks of Hong Kong. Here 3,500 Britishers keep shop, and 300,000 Chinese help them, and 8,000 troops and 6,000 of the navy do patrol. But these shopkeepers trade with a vengeance, and run an account which is the third in the world, for Hong Kong in 1900 entered and cleared 35,000 vessels, with a tonnage of 18,100,000, and a value of £50,000,-



A BIT OF THE GREAT CITY OF HONG KONG

THE LOOK-OUT WHICH IS ABOVE THE CITY, OVERLOOKING THE HARBOUR

000. Only London and Liverpool are greater, with tonnages respectively of 29,000,000 and 18,837,000 tons. The future will be as the past, and preparing for it the Colony has been enlarged to 200 square miles of islands and mainland. Another city, Kowloon, is building on the mainland, and 10 years from now railroads may connect Canton, Shanghai, and Hong Kong. The Philippines have brought American sympathy, energy and wealth to the Orient, and the intercourse between the old nations and the new is increasing across the oceans. Canada and Hong Kong are connected by a princely service of ships, and there is a weekly service for Hong Kong from

HONG KONG HARBOUR AND STEAMERS

San Francisco—vessels that vie with the greatest on any ocean. The theatre of commercial contest has been moved back from the Levant to the Indies, and from the islands to its last and greatest field at Hong Kong. Not many places has been given so musical a name, like the sound of a bell. We wonder if the trader has ever put by his patriotism and dispassionately considered the euphony of Liver-pool!

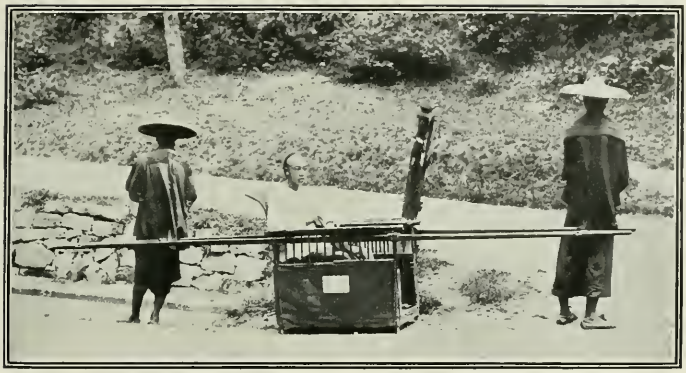
Hong Kong has been blessed in all things save climate. It is not the worst on the earth. Manila can claim an undesirable precedence for humidity, and India is hotter, and West Africa is more malarious. But Hong Kong is the mean standard. Children should not live here between the years of 10 and 20. The hottest months are May inclusive to October, when the heat averages a maximum of 84, and the humidity a maximum of 83, and the humidity at its lowest in December is not below 65. It takes two years to acclimatize. Here are none of the joys of *dolce far niente* of other southern climes of story. The Hong Kong merchant works all the time, and when he is not "fit," goes home on furlough, or withdraws from the ranks, and new blood "comes from home." Life is keen, as becomes such a whirlpool of competition. Social life is secondary. During the tourist season from November to March, many travellers arrive, and the city of Victoria is at its best a promenade of strangers, who are recuperating for their voyages to Australia, Europe, India, Japan or America. The "man from Cook's" is no more an authority, for the native can tell you what hotel to stop at in Japan, Tien-Tsin or Pekin. The presence of a Crown government, ships of war of all nations, and the large military and naval colony, is an excuse and encouragement for entertainment. St. Andrew's Ball is the function of the year, crowded and gorgeous, and race week in February is a unique fête. Club life is popular. Sports are followed enthusiastically—golf, cricket, tennis, polo, football. All are well housed, for the Britisher, no matter how far from home, is never anything but a Britisher, and this is the virtue of him.

HONG KONG—A CHINESE HOME

A CHINESE MANDARIN'S SUMMER RESIDENCE

The wealthy Chinese is Europeanized; buys phonographs, automobiles and harness, and is only heathen in his wives, where he multiplies his sins according to his riches. The European equalizes the proportion, lives in a mess, and talks of a girl at home until he is old. This is practical poetry, very sad but very beautiful, and its bard is Kipling.

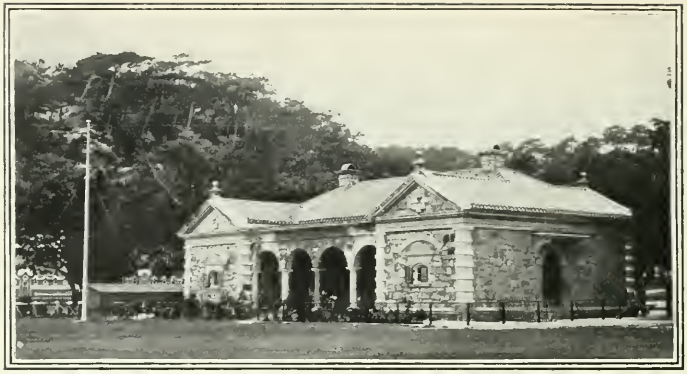
HONG KONG—BONHAM STRAND



A STREET CHAIR CARRYING A CHINESE GENTLEMAN

The buildings of Hong Kong are magnificent in structure and material. Erection is slow, as only coolie labour is employed. Hong Kong is the only city in the world where man is cheaper than machinery. Imposing structures of granite, brick and stucco climb the peaks. The select residence quarter is on the Peak, which is reached by a tram, rising to an elevation of 23°. Buildings like the Hong Kong Club, Hong Kong Bank and Catholic Cathedral would adorn any city, and are the shrine for hearts, weary for home and

HONG KONG—A CHINESE TEMPLE



GOLF CLUB HOUSE, HAPPY VALLEY, HONG KONG

all its reminiscences. The Public Gardens are rich in flowers and trees, the banyan with exposed roots, the cocoanut, the purple Bougainvillea of Brazil, the white-flowering tea-plant, orchids, wisteria, and lotus, all finding a congenial home.

There is no escape from the throb of life at Hong Kong. One day the great *Terrible*, fresh from her glory at Durban (and Ladysmith) arrives, and all the vessels salute; another, the fleet dashes out for manœuvre at Mirs Bay, or to demonstrate along the Chinese coast where it is rumoured the French may land. On your busiest day you may be stopped by a long Chinese wedding procession, or by a host of Germans ashore, without arms, from the ships. But if ever a lonesome moment comes, with its reflections and its vows, you worship toward the Mecca of your heart, the land you love best, and that can never be China or Hong Kong, magnificent in appearance and power as it is.

THE NEW HONG KONG CLUB

THE QUEENS OF EUROPE

By Margaret Sherrington

VII.—QUEEN OLGA OF GREECE

BY those who know them it is said that no happier or more devoted Royal couple exist than the King and Queen of Greece. They are absolutely one in sympathies and tastes, they are bound up in their children and country, and it follows as a natural consequence that their home circle is one of peace and unity, and that they are beloved by their subjects.

King George never did a wiser thing than when he chose the Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, for his bride. She was married when in her seventeenth year, the wedding, following on a short engagement, taking place at St. Petersburg on October 27th, 1867, the King being twenty-three years of age at the time.

It was no easy task for a girl of Queen Olga's tender years to take upon herself and discharge the responsible duties expected from the Consort of a King, more especially as she was leaving her own country and taking her place among a nation of whose ways she was ignorant. Most Queens have served their apprenticeship for their present exalted positions by being the wives of Crown Princes or heirs-presumptive, but Queen Olga had no such opportunity of ingratiating herself with her subjects before she came to live among them as Queen ; and it was all the more astonishing, therefore, that she adapted herself so quickly to the great change of position which her marriage involved.

At her first reception an amusing incident occurred which illustrated her affection for the King and her natural girlishness. Supported by her maids of honour, she received the general company with all the dignity she could summon, but breathed a sigh of relief as her reception drew to a close, long before which time, however, she heard King George's step in the adjoining room, and on the impulse of the moment rushed to him to ask what sort of an impression she had made, clasping his arms and looking eagerly into his face, while her own was flushed with excitement. There she stood, with her Court train slung across her arm, anxious to know if her husband was proud of her, and forgetting the guests she had left, until, to her dismay, she discovered that she was plainly visible to them through the glass doors which separated the two rooms ! Blushing rosy-red, she returned to the reception-room, while King George laughed heartily at the little incident.

For the next few years Queen Olga was much taken up with her children. First came the Crown Prince Constantine, Duke of Sparta ; then Prince George, the hero of Crete ; and afterwards Princess Alexandra (a goddaughter of her namesake aunt, the Queen of England), Prince Nicholas, Princess Mary, Prince Andrei, and Prince Christopher.

QUEEN OLGA OF GREECE

Princess Alexandra became the wife of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, the late Czar's brother, and met with an early death about two years after her marriage. This sad event was a crushing blow to Queen Olga, and the loss of her beautiful and dearly-loved daughter quite clouded the next few years of her life. The young Grand Duchess's early death was all the more pathetic in that she left a baby-girl, who naturally became Queen Olga's special charge. The motherless little one was taken to the Royal nursery at Athens, where she became the playmate of her uncle, Prince Christopher, who was only a few years older than his niece.

QUEEN AMELIE OF PORTUGAL

Queen Olga's love of flowers is proverbial. All her own private rooms are redolent of the odour of sweet-smelling blossoms and gay with foliage. In the summer she lives much out of doors in her gardens, where she spends many an hour in transferring her flowers to paper, for she has a great gift for painting and may often be met in the gardens at Corfu, where her summer residence is situated, copying from nature many of the lovely plants that flourish in that enchanted isle. Her flower-pictures form quite a beautiful collection, and are interesting not only from the fact that they have been executed by the Queen, but also as works of art.

Life at Athens, in the Winter Palace, is necessarily more stately, receptions, balls, dinners and other festivities taking place there with tolerable frequency. The Queen delights in riding and driving, but best of all she loves to associate herself with charitable work. In orphanages, charity schools, and especially in institutions connected with the care of the young or the nursing of the sick, she takes an active interest. Indeed, she might take for her motto, "Actions, not Words," so energetic is she in furthering what she considers to be a deserving cause. It is said that there is hardly a charitable institution in the Hellenic Kingdom which does not owe its origin more or less to the Queen, and that before King George brought her to share the throne of Greece such institutions were practically unknown there, and no kind of provision was made by the State for the sick poor.

Her Majesty is ably seconded in her philanthropic work by her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Sparta, a sister of the German Emperor. Princess Sophia and her mother-in-law are the best of friends, and the Princess's handsome sons are adored by their grandparents. Curiously enough, there is an old tradition that when a Royal Constantine weds a Princess Sophia his son shall reign at Constantinople. The prophecy should, in the natural course of events, be fulfilled.

King George I of Greece did not inherit the throne; he obtained it by election. He is the second son of King Christian of Denmark, and was born on the Christmas Eve of 1845. He chose the navy as a profession, and was already an eighteen-year-old Admiral when the Greek National Assembly unanimously proclaimed him, on March 31st, 1863, Constitutional Sovereign of the Hellenes. On June 6th the Danish Prince accepted the crown offered him by a deputation of Athenian citizens, and on September 12th he formally renounced his rights to the Danish Throne. He landed at Athens on the last day of October.

The King has frank, pleasing manners, and the happy knack of putting visitors at once at their ease. He is fond of outdoor exercise, is a good whip and a fine swimmer. His favourite amusement is yachting, a pleasure shared by the Queen, who possesses the unique distinction of being the only lady Admiral in the world. This naval dignity was conferred on her by the late Czar, possibly for the reason that her father held the rank of High Admiral and that she herself was a very clever yachtswoman.

The King and Queen have often been known to walk about the streets of Athens unattended, and to chat with any friends they may happen to meet while on these quiet excursions. The King is credited with a remarkable memory, and is a brilliant conversationalist. His is probably the only case on record where a son is an older Sovereign — majestically speaking — than his father, both reigning simultaneously.

VIII—QUEEN AMELIE OF PORTUGAL

QUEENS and Princesses born to the purple have on many occasions distinguished themselves in connection with nursing work as well as with the organization and management of institutions for the sick, but Marie Amélie of Portugal is the first Sovereign lady to become actually a full-fledged Doctor of Medicine, and acquire the right to add the letters M.D. to the Regina that follows her name.

After a couple of years of hard and serious study, pursued under disadvantages of no ordinary character, since every moment of a queen's time is supposed to belong to the nation, and to be taken up by the manifold duties pertaining to her lofty station, she passed with flying colours the difficult examination which entitles her to practise as a physician. She received her degree from the Eschola Polytechnica,

QUEEN HELENE OF ITALY

the College of the highest reputation in Lisbon, and to be worthy of it she worked as few queens work at a profession, giving up every moment of her spare time to the study which exercised so powerful an interest for her.

It is said that the Queen's wish to become qualified was due to His Majesty's tendency to stoutness, which showed no signs of yielding to ordinary precautions and prescriptions. Consequently Queen Amélie entered on a course of medical training, and when she was sufficiently experienced began to treat the King. His Majesty laughed at the Queen's little whim at first,

QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND

but was quite willing to humour her, and with the utmost good nature became her patient. She insisted, as only she had the power to do, on a certain Spartan *régime*, putting before the King only what she considered he might safely take without aggravating the inclination to stoutness. She succeeded where others had failed, and for a time the King was very much benefited by following his lady doctor's advice.

After Queen Amélie had treated the King, she exercised her skill on many other people. One of her first patients outside her own domestic circle was an old soldier. His wife was dead and his daughter was unable, for one cause

or another, to nurse him. When the Queen heard of the case, her first impulse was to drive to the narrow little street where the soldier lived and see what she could do for him. Picking up her skirts, she climbed the creaking stairs that led to the sick man's room, and, aided by her lady-in-waiting, performed the part of a ministering angel.

Queen Amélie makes good use of her hobby, and loves nothing better than to act the *rôle* of the practitioner.

Her Majesty is the only Frenchwoman actually in possession of a throne. She is the eldest daughter of the late Comte de Paris, and was named after her great-grandmother, Louis Philippe's wife, Marie Amélie. One of a large and happy family, the Queen's girlhood was idyllic. The young Orleans Princess was a light-hearted, charming girl of brilliant character and fascinating appearance when the Duke of Braganza carried her off from Eu as his bride

The Crown Prince was a handsome, fearless young fellow, charming enough to win any girl's heart, apart from his position ; and it is doubtful if a better-looking young couple ever went to the altar than the Duke and Duchess of Braganza. The wedding took place in 1886, and the reception accorded the bride on her public entry into Lisbon was both touching and impressive. It is recorded that "All the splendour of the ancient days, when Portugal took high rank among nations, glorious in her brave and learned men, seemed revived in the magnificent pageants, whose picturesqueness was enhanced by the beauty of the town of Lisbon itself."

Touched by the youth and beauty of the Orleans Princess, Lisbon gave her a tender and hearty welcome ; and ever since that day Marie Amélie has awakened in the hearts of the Portuguese a feeling of devout admiration, love, and respect. She has fulfilled all the high expectations that her advent aroused.

The great sorrow of Queen Amélie's life has been the exile of the Orleans family. She was devoted to her parents, and in her father's lifetime was in the habit of writing to him constantly. She has many English friends with whom she communicates, and is very English in her love of horseriding and sports. She looks magnificent on horseback ; but on the whole she is never seen to better advantage than when in evening dress, her fluffy brown hair waving round her forehead, and her beautiful white throat rising like a column from her blue-veined neck. She is one of the prettiest and most fascinating of the Sovereign ladies of Europe. Tall and graceful of figure, she bears herself with unobtrusive dignity but with perfect poise. Her face is charmingly expressive and arch, brimming over with the brightness of good health and good spirits, and lit up by a pair of the merriest eyes. Her ears and hands are small and exquisitely shaped. The Spaniards have a proverb, "Small ears, great mind," which might with truth be appropriated by the Queen. With all the cares of Royalty she has lost none of the sweetness of disposition which marked her as a child. In her dress she displays the true taste of the Frenchwoman without excessive extravagance. She holds the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women in the world. Her cycling costumes—for she has been a great cyclist—are always so charming that they are immediately copied. She wears her skirts conveniently short, and chooses the most artistic colouring and styles.

Her Majesty is a thorough Parisienne in being able to cut out and make underclothing and simple gowns. Like most French girls, she was taught how to do this in her youth. It is even said that she made, with her own hands, a great many of the dainty little garments which were included in the layette of her first baby, work that, of course, necessitated the finest stitchery. Queen Amélie works exquisitely. She has also a taste for painting, and is passionately fond of music. After her engagement she began at once to study the Portuguese tongue, and can now speak four or five languages fluently.

King Charles, who was born in 1863, is the son of the late Dom Luis I and his wife Maria Pia, the second daughter of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy.

The King and Queen of Portugal have two sons, both of whom are very good-looking. The eldest, the Crown Prince, was, as a small boy, perfectly lovely, with a wealth of fair, curly hair. On one occasion a barber, who was cutting the little Prince's hair, asked permission to take away with him the cuttings. "Why, yes," replied the Queen, coolly, "by all means take the hair. Surely it is of no more value when it comes from the head of a little boy than when it is cut from the back of a little dog."

Queen Amélie had no intention of fostering vanity in her children, and as the boys attracted a good deal of attention on account of their good looks she made a point of passing no comments on their personal appearance in their hearing. She adored her children, but was very particular when bringing them up that they should not be spoilt.

She is very brave, and shrinks from nothing, however unpleasant, that her husband has to go through.

Some years ago, when trouble threatened Portugal, the King remarked: "If I were ever put to to the test I should prove to Europe that, though the King of a small nation could not hope to be victorious over a powerful enemy, he could be brave and loyal, and could die for the honour of his flag."

The Queen immediately said, "And I should not let the King go alone."

A certain Marquis who happened to be present remarked, "Madame, a woman's place is not on the battlefield. You have your children to think of."

"Marquis," was the response, "a woman's place and a Queen's is by her husband's side, through good report and ill, through rough times and fair."

No wonder the Portuguese are proud of their Queen.

IX.—QUEEN HELENE OF ITALY

THE tragic death of King Humbert of Italy brought the present King Victor Emmanuel III abruptly to the Throne on July 30th, 1900, under very painful circumstances. At the time, the chief impression that the people had of the King was that he was delicate; very little was known to the public of his real character, and consequently his first remarkable speech from the throne had an electrifying effect, and was the talk of the world. "Brought up," he said in conclusion, "in the love of religion and the Fatherland, I call God to witness my promise that from this day forth and forever I shall labour with all my heart for the greatness and prosperity of my country."

Queen Hélène is the daughter of Prince Nicholas I of Montenegro, who succeeded his uncle, Prince Danilo I. She is one of a large family of brothers and sisters, and was born at Cettinje on December 27th, 1872.

Although the House from which she comes cannot by any means be considered as one of the most important of reigning Houses, yet Prince Nicholas's daughters have always been very highly thought of, and he himself was singled out for the special friendship of the late Czar Alexander III, who took an active interest in the education of the young Montenegrin Princesses. So much so, in fact, that he not only urged Prince Nicholas to send them to St. Petersburg to be educated, but he contributed largely, if not wholly, to their school expenses. Their education was carried on at a school which was under the patronage of the Empress Dagmar, and which was dedicated to girls of the nobility.

While in Russia the Montengrin Princesses became intimately associated with the Imperial family at St. Petersburg, and shared, on many an occasion, the inner life of the Court.

Princess Hélène was the favourite friend of the Grand Duchess Xenia, the present Czar's sister, and was brought much into the company of Nicholas II — then Czarewitch, of course. Her eldest sister, Princess Militza, married the Russian Grand Duke Pierre Nikolaïévitch; and her second sister, Princess Anastasia, became the wife of Duke George of Leuchtenberg; while she herself was such a favourite with the Czar Alexander that he set his heart upon her as a bride for his heir. It would seem, therefore, as though Princess Hélène was destined to be a Queen. For a time it appeared not unlikely that she would one day become Empress of Russia. Everything seemed, from an outside view, favourable to the match, the fact that she had been educated in Russia being in itself a point that weighed heavily in her favour. But the present Czar, it is well known, was all along in love with Princess Alix of Hesse, and Princess Hélène remained heartwhole in spite of her intimacy with the Imperial Court. When her education was finished she returned to her mountain home, where, in company with her brothers, she used to spend the days in sports and outdoor pastimes, being enthusiastic over the chase —a whim which led her husband later on to make a gift to her of the island of Monte Christo, where she and the King occasionally spend a few days in his Majesty's shooting-box.

It is hardly exaggeration to say that Queen Hélène is, of all the Queens of Europe, the most highly accomplished, since her education was conducted on a wider scale than that of most Princesses, and she was given intellectual opportunities that fall to the lot of few girls. In addition to being educated at St. Petersburg, she used to pay visits to her grandmother, the Prince of Montenegro's mother, in Venice, where the latter frequently stayed, and there Princess Hélène's taste for art was fostered and encouraged.

It was in Venice that she first met her future husband—during the run of the exhibition of 1895, which brought among other visitors to Venice the Princess of Montenegro and her daughter Hélène, and King Humbert and the Queen of Italy and their son, the Prince of Naples. With the Prince it was a case of love at first sight.

He first saw Princess Hélène at a gala performance at the theatre in Venice, and was struck by her Oriental loveliness and grace. The next occasion of the meeting was at the Coronation of the Czar in the following year. Better acquaintance only confirmed the impression she had made months before, with the result that on his return to Rome the Prince of Naples asked King Humbert's permission to woo the beautiful Princess Hélène for his wife. The King willingly consented, but it was an open secret that he would have preferred a more important alliance for his son.

The course of true love, says the adage, never did run smooth, and Princess Hélène was to find a formidable opponent in Crispi, King Humbert's Minister, who was strongly against the match, and urged opposition on the grounds of the possibility of such a marriage interfering with the Triple Alliance and upsetting Germany, on account of the Czar's extremely friendly relations towards the Prince of Montenegro.

King Humbert, however, refused to be influenced, and merely remarked to Crispi that "The Princess whom my son has chosen is the scion of a brave race that has fought for liberty."

The marriage also had some opposition among a certain section of the public, who did not regard a Montenegrin Princess of sufficient importance to share the Throne of Italy.

The wedding was celebrated at Rome, in the church of Santa Maria Deglo Angli, on October 24th, 1896, Queen Hélène having previously been received into the Roman Catholic Church. She was in her twenty-fourth year at the time, and the Prince of Naples was nearly twenty-seven. After the wedding four hundred pigeons were let loose to signal the happy event to the people of Italy and Montenegro.

King Humbert and Queen Margherita soon found in Princess Hélène the most companionable of daughters. Her gentle, charming manners, coupled with her beauty and highly-developed intellect, her fearless nature and devotion to the Crown Prince, endeared her to them more and more, and after King Humbert's cruel death at Monza her tender solicitude and love were of the greatest comfort to the widowed Margherita. Nothing could persuade the new Queen for the first few days or so to usurp Queen Margherita's place; she gently insisted on her mother-in-law preceding her as usual, and taking her customary place at table. It can easily be guessed, therefore, that with a nature full of such gentle courtesies she should have made for herself friends everywhere, and is quickly taking her place in the hearts of the people.

Both Queen Hélène and the King delight in yachting, and Her Majesty is also passionately fond of cycling, a pastime in which Queen Margherita, before her widowhood, freely indulged, finding it extremely beneficial to her health. She presented Queen Hélène, shortly after her marriage, with a bicycle fitted with gold and silver, and together the two Royal ladies used to cycle in the park daily.

Queen Hélène is a brunette of the richest type, with deep luminous eyes —gentle in expression—jet-black hair, and a clear complexion. She plays both the piano and the violin, and speaks four languages fluently. The King of Italy could have chosen no cleverer or more charming wife. The Queen is wise in her judgment, and has great tact, and, like the King, high ideals and a strict sense of duty. Her early home at Montenegro was not one to foster ideas of extravagance, and consequently when she came to Italy she was rather shocked at the waste that goes on in big Courts, and, on becoming Queen, made several economical reforms. She is specially interested in educational establishments for women, where they can obtain practical training to fit them for their daily life. Queen Héléne is never the one to offend willingly, but she can be outspoken when she likes, and never gives in to anything that does not appeal to her as being right. Bright, clever and amiable, her influence is all for the good of the people and her husband.

X.—QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND

QUEEN WILHELMINA of the Netherlands occupies a unique position among the Queens of Europe. Not only is she the youngest of them all by many years, but she is the only one now living who has inherited a throne, the others being Queens-Consort.

Born to the throne, she has, from the beginning, had every advantage in the matter of education and training to fit her for her present exalted position; and it is hardly to be wondered at that she holds the reins of government easily, and that her great responsibilities weigh comparatively lightly on her young shoulders. Blessed with the best of health and an abundance of good spirits, Queen Wilhelmina thoroughly enjoys her life and position. Happily for her, she is not of a timid disposition, and her physical health reflects itself on the views she takes of life. There is nothing weak or morbid in her nature. Her bright, open countenance, round, rosy, and charming, is the index to a healthy-minded character. Queen Wilhelmina is a typical Dutch girl in appearance, rather massive in build, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a rosebud mouth. Her face is full of pretty curves and amiability of expression, well rounded in outline, fresh and creamy in colour.

All Holland rejoiced in the young Queen's happiness when, in February, 1901, she married Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, just as all

Holland had years before rejoiced in the birth of the little girl who was ultimately to rule over the country. Until Wilhelmina came, things looked very ominous for the House of Orange.

In 1877, William III of the Netherlands lost his first wife, Sophia of Würtemberg, and by 1884 he was also bereft of his two sons, the Prince of Orange and Prince Alexander. In 1879 His Majesty married for the second time the Princess Adelaide Emma Wilhelmina Theresa, daughter of Prince George Victor of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and a sister of the Duchess of Albany. A little daughter was born to the King and Queen at The Hague on August 31st, 1880—the Wilhelmina who now reigns, and on whom the mantle of sovereignty fell before she had reached her eleventh year. She was the idol of her father, who spent almost all his leisure hours with his little daughter during the few short years that he lived to enjoy her society.

Queen Wilhelmina has grown up under the care of a wise and loving mother, who showed considerable tact and discipline mixed with affection in the upbringing of an extremely affectionate, albeit rather wilful, little lady, for Wilhelmina early showed indications of a very strong will, which satisfied those about her that she would, when the time came, be quite capable of managing her own affairs and the country's.

Self-dependent, spirited, reliable, conscientious, wise in judgment, cautious, and brave, Queen Wilhelmina seems to have been born with the ideal qualities for a Queen.

In the matter of choosing a husband she was not to be influenced by any opinion but her own. Various young Princes were suggested as suitable consorts, rumour, as usual, coupling the Queen's name with any but the right suitor, so that, after all, the news of her betrothal to Prince Henry came rather as a surprise.

Queen Wilhelmina has always been accustomed to rise at seven o'clock. In the old school-days she used to breakfast at 8.30 and begin her studies at nine. A ride on her pet pony would follow, at about half-past eleven ; then luncheon, or rather early dinner. The afternoon would be spent in drives and games and more studies. Near to the palace at Loo is a Swiss cottage, which was a source of huge delight to the Girl-Queen, and where, as a Sœstdijk, she mastered the arts of cooking and housekeeping.

Queen Wilhelmina's patriotism was manifest from very early days. During her history studies on one occasion, when she was reading about the deeds of violence done in bygone times by the Spaniards in the Low Countries, she suddenly exclaimed, in a fine outburst of indignation :

"Well, when I reach my majority and ascend the throne of Holland, if the King of Spain expects me to invite him to my Court he will be very much mistaken !"

The English do not seem to have impressed Queen Wilhelmina, as a child, very favourably, although she was very fond of her English governess, Miss Winter. The latter one day gave her a map of Europe to draw. When the work was completed her youthful Majesty had made Holland larger than Germany, while she had reduced England almost to a microscopic point.

Like Queen Victoria, Wilhelmina of Holland has had quite a wonderful collection of dolls, the biggest and best always been designated "The Governess," out of compliment to Miss Winter.

That even as a little girl she had a great idea of her own importance is illustrated in the following story :

One day the little Queen had done something to offend her mother, and she was, in consequence, rather in disgrace for half-an-hour or so. Presently she came to Queen Emma's door and knocked.

"Who is there ?" asked the Queen-Mother.

"It is I, the Queen of Holland," replied Wilhelmina.

"I open the door to no one but my daughter," said Queen Emma.

And then there was silence.

After a while there came another tap at Queen Emma's door.

"Who is there?" she asked again.

This time came the reply:

"It is I, Wilhelmina, your daughter," and straightway the door was opened, and the Queen-Mother and her repentant little daughter were locked in one another's arms.

Few people can appreciate the very difficult task that was Queen Emma's in the judicious upbringing of a Queen daughter. That she fulfilled her duty in an exemplary manner is proved by the result. Any tendency to selfishness, which so frequently exists in the case of an only child, was tactfully guarded against, and Queen Wilhelmina was taught the lesson of sympathy and kindness from one who is herself the most motherly and sympathetic of women.

Peculiar interest centres in so young a Sovereign, who, scarcely more than a girl is fulfilling a *role* that would tax the powers of older and masculine heads. Her marriage with Prince Henry was an absolute love-match. "I am in no hurry to wed," she used to say, when the marriage question was broached to her; "and I propose to take plenty of time in selecting a husband. I endeavour to listen respectfully to my advisers, but they must not expect to have any voice in the matter of my marriage."

On the Queen's wedding day—February 7th, 1901—the sun shone brilliantly, and under the happiest auspices the young bride went to the altar. The civil contract was performed in the white drawing-room of the Palace at Amsterdam, the second ceremony taking place immediately afterwards at the Groote Kerk. The bridal dress was of silver tissue, exquisitely worked with an orange-blossom device in silver bullion and seed pearls.

THE PASTURE FIELD

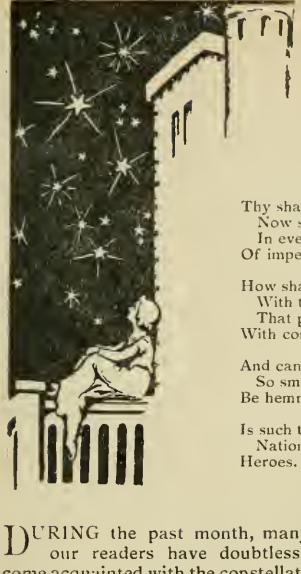
WHEN Spring has burned
The ragged robe of Winter stitch by stitch,
And deftly turned
To moving melody the wayside ditch,
The pale green pasture field behind the bars
Is goldened o'er with dandelion stars.

When Summer keeps
Quick pace with sinewy white-shirted arms,
And daily steeps
In sunny splendour all her spreading farms,
The pasture field is flooded foamy white
With daisy faces looking at the light.

When Autumn lays
Her golden wealth upon the forest floor,
And all the days
Look backward at the days that went before,
A pensive company, the asters, stand,
Their blue eyes brightening the pasture land.

When Winter lifts
A sounding trumpet to his strenuous lips,
And shapes the drifts
To curves of transient loveliness, he slips
Upon the pasture's wan autumnal brown
A swan-soft vestment delicate as down.

Ethelwyn Wetherald



OUR AUTUMN NIGHT SKIES

SECOND PAPER

By ELSIE A. DENT

Thy shadow, Earth, from Pole to Central Sea,
  Now steals along the Moon's meek shine
  In even monochrome and curving line
Of imperturbable serenity.

How shall I link such sun-cast symmetry
  With the torn, troubled form I know as thine,
  That profile, placid as a brow divine
With continents of moil and misery?

And can immense Mortality but throw
  So small a shade, and Heaven's high human scheme
Be hemmed within the coasts your arc implies?

Is such the stellar gauge of earthly show,
  Nation at war with nation, brains that teem,
Heroes, and women fairer than the skies?

—*Thomas Hardy*

DURING the past month, many of our readers have doubtless become acquainted with the constellations mentioned in our September star paper — the Dipper, Cassiopeia, Bootes, Corona Borealis, Hercules, Serpens, Ophiuchus, Scorpio and Sagittarius. At nine o'clock on the first of October the constellations which at that hour a month ago were in the east have moved towards the west by one-twelfth of their annual journey around the pole, or one-sixth of the distance across the visible half of the sky. The Dipper, which was in the northwest at nine o'clock on the first of September, is now nearly due north, and Vega in the Lyre, which was almost overhead a month ago, has moved a little to the westward ; Cassiopeia is approaching the meridan ; Arcturus has sunk to the horizon while Antares has set more than an hour ago.

Now, turn to the Dipper and try the ancient Arabian test of good eyesight by examining the famous middle star of the handle, which, if the atmosphere be clear and sight good, should be easily seen as a double. These companions still bear the Arabian names Mizar and Alcor, or the Horse and his Rider. There is a tiny star almost between the pair, and a good glass shows Mizar itself to be a double, with five stars in the field.

A very beautiful constellation is that of Lyra, the Lyre, or the Harp. Three stars, Vega being by far the brightest, form the pretty isosceles triangle we have already noticed overhead. Vega is a great bluish-white sun which lies so far away from us that the light by which we see it tonight has travelled through the abyss of space for twenty long years with the enormous velocity of 185,000 miles a second before it meets our eyes. If we view that lovely region through a good opera or field glass the neighbourhood of Lyra will be found to be literally powdered with stars ; a telescope will show thousands and the camera millions more. Beta (β) Lyrae is variable in brightness, its brilliance rising and falling during a period of about thirteen days. Epsilon (ε) Lyrae and Zeta (ζ) Lyrae, when examined with an opera glass, prove to be

doubles, but when Epsilon is magnified with a good telescope each of the stars forming the double separates into two stars, so that what we see with the naked eye as one star is really four splendid suns, forming two systems of stars, and each of these systems is a binary pair. It should be explained that, although a star may appear to be double, triple or multiple in composition, it does not necessarily follow that there is any real connection or companionship between the objects apparently so close to one another. Double stars are either optical doubles or physical doubles. In the case of an optical double, the components lie the one nearly behind the other, but have no connection whatever, the accident of their being in the same line of sight being responsible for their apparent companionship ; indeed, they may be separated by an enormous distance. Epsilon Lyrae is, however, an example of the binary stars, which are, of course, really companions, being one of

> "those double stars
> Whereof the one more bright
> Is circled by the other."

Cepheus as a constellation is not particularly interesting to the naked eye observer ; popularly speaking, the fact that he forms a member of the celestial "Royal Family" alone entitles him to consideration. Cepheus was famous chiefly because he was the husband of Cassiopeia and the father of Andromeda. Cassiopeia, or "the Lady in the Chair," as she is sometimes called, from her pose in the old-fashioned astronomical charts, was Queen of the Kingdom of Ethiopia, and so extremely well satisfied was she with herself that she openly and rashly boasted that she was more beautiful than the Nereides, the lovely sea-maidens of the Mediterranean. The incensed nymphs complained to Neptune, who, in order to smooth the ruffled feelings of his own subjects, and incidentally, one may suppose, by a process of reasoning best understood by himself, prove beyond question the superiority of their charms, sent a monstrous sea-serpent to lay waste the coasts of the country, which was at once thrown into a state of terror. In order to appease the offended deity and save his country from destruction, Cepheus was compelled to sacrifice his daughter, Andromeda, and the poor maiden, innocent of any wrong-doing, was accordingly taken to the sea-shore and chained to a rock where the monster could come for her. Her fate seemed to be irrevocable, but at the critical moment the gallant young Greek hero Perseus, homeward bound on his steed Pegasus, came swiftly flying overhead, flaming like a meteor along the sky. Returning from the destruction of the Gorgon, he bore in his hand the head of that dreadful creature, the aspect of which alone was so terrible that it literally turned to stone every living object which chanced to see it. As he flew past he beheld the beautiful girl—

THE CONSTELLATION OF LYRA

chained, helpless and hopeless. He took in the situation at a glance, and, descending with a mighty rush, attacked the monster single-handed. Long and fiercely they fought, but the skill and daring of Perseus as a swordsman were of no avail against the mail-clad surface of the sea-monster. Then he bethought him of the Gorgon's head, about which he had wrapped his mantle, for fear that he himself or some one else should inadvertently catch sight of the fearful object, and carefully lifting one corner of the garment, he exposed the Gorgon's head to the gaze of the serpent, which, as it flashed its eyes on the sight, stiffened and turned into a long serpentine rock, over which the waves of the sea wash to this day. Then—but let Andromeda tell the sequel :

CASSIOPEIA, PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA

"Then knew I, I was saved, and with me all
The people. From my wrists he loosed the gyves,
My hero, and within his godlike arms
Bore me by slippery rock and difficult path
To where my mother prayed. There was no need
To ask my love. Without a spoken word
Love lit his fires within me. My young heart
Went forth, Love calling, and I gave him all."

Kingsley finishes the tale very gracefully : "And when they died, the ancients say, Athene took them up into the sky. And there on starlight nights you may see them still ; Cepheus with his kingly crown, and Cassiopeia in her ivory chair, plaiting her star-spangled tresses, and Perseus with the Gorgon's head, and fair Andromeda beside him, spreading her long white arms across the heavens, as she stood when chained to the rock for the monster. All night long they shine for a beacon to wandering sailors, but all day they feast with the gods on the still blue peaks of Olympus."

Andromeda may be seen in the eastern sky as a long curved line of stars below Cassiopeia, Perseus lies a little farther north, and the two southerly stars of the great W of Cassiopeia, point to Cepheus, an inconspicuous group now on the meridian, between the zenith and Polaris.

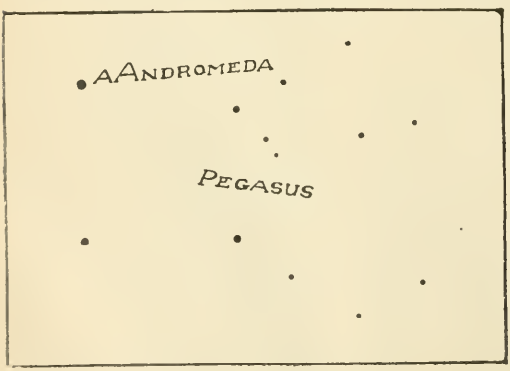
Near Nu (ν) Andromedæ there lies the Great Nebula of Andromeda, to the unassisted eye a misty looking spot, and but little more with an opera glass, but in reality a marvellous object, and with one exception the greatest nebula in the heavens, vast beyond all human comprehension. Our whole solar system is but a speck in comparison with this mass of rotating chaotic "star-stuff." The camera alone reveals something of its size and shape.

Alpha (α) Andromedæ marks the lower left-hand corner of the Great Square of Pegasus, which is easily seen, as there are but few stars within the square. The star Pi (π) in this constellation is a double which good eyesight may detect without aid. Pegasus, it will be remembered, was the winged horse which Perseus rode when he rescued Andromeda.

Perseus, the bending line of stars below the northern stars of Cassiopeia,

shaped like the Greek letter Lambda (λ) is chiefly remarkable for its magnificent "sword-handle double cluster" and the variations of Algol, or as the Arabs called it, on account of its eccentricity, the "Demon Star." In the mythological star maps it marked the head of Medusa, the Gorgon, which Perseus was carrying in his left hand. Most stars shine with uniform brightness, but there are notable exceptions to the rule, such as Algol, which is usually of the second magnitude. Once in a period of nearly three days, however, and then for about the space of four hours and a half, its light suffers a diminution, becomes dimmer and dimmer, until it dwindles to nearly the fourth magnitude, at which it remains for about fifteen minutes, when it begins to grow in brilliance again, attaining its maximum brightness in the same time, and maintaining it for nearly three days, when the variation is repeated. The generally accepted theory regarding the strange idiosyncrasies of this star is that it is periodically partially eclipsed by some dark body revolving about it. Now turn your glass on Alpha (α), and see how many stars spring into view. This constellation is one of the finest fields in the sky for an opera-glass observer. On the 22nd of February, 1901, as many readers will remember, a sensation was caused in the scientific world by the sudden appearance in Perseus of a beautiful first-magnitude star. Dr. T. J. Anderson, of Edinburgh, an amateur observer, was the first to hail the magnificent stranger and to announce its arrival. All over the world astronomers, professional and amateur, with telescope and spectroscope watched and studied the lovely and mysterious visitant, which, however, faded slowly from naked-eye sight during the next few months. Above the curved line of stars, about half way to Cassopeia, is the famous "sword-handle cluster." To the naked eye it seems like a wisp of cloud on the Milky Way. Here are hundreds of suns apparently bunched together—two swarms of suns, in fact. An opera glass is altogether inadequate to examine this wonderful cluster, but it will reveal enough of its splendours to animate one with enthusiasm and astonishment, and inspire a determination to seek an opportunity of viewing this and other wonders of the heavens through a fine telescope.

On the 16th of October it happens that the moon plunges into the shadow cast by the earth, producing a lunar eclipse, visible as a total eclipse in North and South America and as a partial eclipse in the western portions of Europe and Africa. Our beautiful satellite is, as everyone knows, the nearest celestial body to the earth, being only some 240,000 miles away, a distance quite insignificant in comparison with other astronomical distances. Obviously, therefore, we have a better knowledge of the composition and geography of the



THE CONSTELLATION OF PEGASUS

moon than of any other celestial body; some of the great telescopes are said to bring her features so close to the eye that an object the size of St. Paul's Cathedral would be visible here, by reason of the shadow it would cast when the sun was rising or setting on the object. On the night of the eclipse, the great brilliance of the moon will be softened and toned down to a copper colour by the earth-shadow, and an examination with an opera glass should prove interesting. We would ask our readers to note any phenomena, and particularly to observe whether this eclipse is a "dark" one or a "light" one. One curious fact about the moon is this—that though she revolves upon an axis, just as the earth does, she always turns the same face to the earth; no human eye has ever beheld the other side of our satellite. This is because the moon makes one revolution about the earth in the same time that she rotates on her axis. It is said that there was an ancient belief that the souls of the good were transported to the hidden side of the moon, and the souls of the wicked to the side facing the earth, where they could not but forever behold and brood over the scene of their misdeeds on earth.

Whatever features the hidden side may bear, there is reason to believe that they are much the same as those on the to us familiar surface, which we know is diversified by mountain, valley, plain and sea, like the surface of the earth, but on a larger scale in proportion to the moon's size, her diameter being only a little more than two thousand miles.

The first object to attract attention on the full moon will be a spot near the upper left-hand corner, from which brilliant streaks are radiating like the spokes of a wheel, or, as one writer says, "like a peeled orange." The centre from which the streaks radiate is the great ringed plain Tycho, which has a crater fifty-four miles in diameter, and walls rising in places to a height of seventeen thousand feet above the interior floor. The dark patches on the moon are comparatively smooth portions of the surface, level like plains. They have long been called seas, and have been given such fanciful names as the "Sea of Serenity," the "Ocean of Storms," the "Bay of Rainbows," and the "Sea of Showers." Many of the chief mountain formations, which are best seen when the moon is waxing or waning—for then they cast enormous shadows east or west over the surrounding country—are named in honour of men who spent their lives studying "Nature's infinite book of secrecy," such as Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Ptolemy, Kepler and Newton.

Who has not noticed "the old moon in the young moon's arms?" When this is seen to advantage, the earth is playing the part of a mirror, and is reflecting to the moon enough of the sunlight which she receives to illuminate that part of the moon not yet lighted up by the sun, and so we see the outline of the whole moon by "earthshine." The most interesting time for the opera-glass astronomer, or, indeed, for any observer, to watch the moon is from the time when the thinnest crescent is seen in the evening sky until the eleventh or twelfth day of the moon's age. Of course, an opera-glass observer cannot see fine detail on the moon, or even features that the smallest telescope will reveal, but a good glass in the hands of a careful student will be found to be an unfailing source of pleasure and interest.

OCTOBER PREDICTIONS

The total eclipse of the moon on the 16th is the astronomical event of the month, and if the weather be fine and clear will be a sight well worth sitting up perhaps a little later than usual to observe. The moon will enter the earth's shadow at 11.17. Totality will begin at nineteen minutes past midnight, and end at 1.47 a.m. The moon will emerge from the shadow at 2.49, and from the penumbra, or partial shadow, at 3.50.

There will be a partial eclipse of the sun on the 30th; not visible in Canada.

The moon will be new twice this month, on the 1st and 31st, and full on the 17th.

THE FIRST MAN'S CONSCIENCE *

By E. K. Robinson

SO far as we are able to know, man is the only animal with any form of religion, because he is the only animal who acts rationally, asking himself for reasons why he should adopt one line of conduct rather than another. To formulate these reasons has been the object of all the religions and philosophies which have been cultivated ; but, because the knowledge of savages is small, the reasons which they give for their lines of conduct are necessarily imperfect, and sometimes manifestly wrong, insomuch that their religions appear to us to be a mass of crude and illogical superstitions. But our own forefathers knew no better.

There must have been a point, indeed, in human history where the first glimmerings of conscious reason shone through the human mind, when for the first time in this world any creature asked itself why it should do one thing instead of another. Perhaps it was some savage, ape-like beast, communicating with his kind by means of language which was only a rude code of signals of emotions, who paused one day in weariness, to wonder why he should spend his strength to find food for his children ; and the answer which he gave to this question was the earliest gospel taught on earth. Yet whatever the given answer was we may be quite sure that it was wrong. Indeed, even in these days of extended knowledge not one person in ten thousand would state off-hand the correct answer to the question, Why did savage man spend his strength to find food for his children? He did it because in previous ages his race had been perpetuated from generation to generation by the care of parents for their children, and because those families in which the parents exhibited a tendency to neglect their children sooner or later became extinct ; so that in this savage's mind—the highest product of all ages to that time—there was a concentrated hereditary tendency to take care of his children. Wearied with the chase, he had paused and asked himself why he toiled in this way ; and even as the temptation to neglect his children and take his ease arose, he felt the strong inherited tendency tugging at his mind. No, he must look after his children. Something within him would not let him neglect them. Many of his later descendants would call that "something" his conscience. Looking to its origin, I prefer to call it his instinct. But, whatever we may call it, it must have presented so new and strange an idea to the savage subject of our speculation that we may be sure he had no name for it. At the same time we may be equally sure that when he cast aside the temptation to neglect his children, he felt in his mind that satisfaction which all creatures feel in doing what their nature bids them to do. Thus he was the first of living creatures in this world to discover that, while one thing was proper for him to do, another was improper. He had learnt, in fact, the difference between right and wrong. He had a religion.

But the human reason which had carried him so far would not be satisfied, of course, with the mere knowledge of the existence of right and wrong. The most potent characteristic of his human nature, that which differentiated him even then from the beasts of the field, was his inquiring mind. His ancestors had passed that mental stage of idle curiosity which monkeys still exhibit ; though there is no reason why, in the pride of our human intellects, we should despise this monkey-gift. . . . . .

How did the monkey and our ancestors acquire it? It came as the natural result of possessing a hand with thumb and fingers. All ani-

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mals are more or less inquisitive; but it is of little use for a horse, to take one instance, to speculate what is on the underside of a leaf that lies on the ground. He cannot pick it up to see. Nor can he feel its texture. He has none of that wide knowledge of the properties of things which we and monkeys derive from feeling both sides of them. He sees only one surface of things and gets no "grasp" of anything.

Perhaps, in the old days, the ancestors of the horse were better off than our ancestors. As they roamed the boundless plains with speed and grace, it may have seemed that they had taken a happier departure in their onward progress than the smaller animals which clambered about the trees and walked so awkwardly upon the earth, where their soft crooked toes could not compare with the hard solid hoof of the horse for purposes of locomotion. But the animal that clambered among the branches learned many things; and when later he met the horse on the ground again, his forefoot was a hand, its soft crooked toes held a stick; and the horse had found his master.

The monkey can use a stick, too; but only in an accidental and inconsequential sort of way. He has no idea of selecting a good stick and keeping it, still less of improving it into a special tool or weapon. He has been prevented from doing this by his arboreal habits. You cannot jump on all fours up a tree and carry a club with you to any extent. It was probably misfortune—as it would have appeared to the prehistoric naturalist—which compelled the ancestors of man to abandon their arboreal habits. So it had seemed to be a bad choice that the common ancestors of men and monkeys made when they took to scrambling about trees instead of galloping freely over the open plains like the horse. Yet, although this had, indeed, proved to be a blessing in disguise, who could have imagined, seeing the laborious progress which the man-monkey made upon the ground with his fingered feet, that he had again taken the turning which would lead him to domination of the world? Still so it was. Slow of foot and feebly armed, he would have been at the mercy of many foes but for that habit of carrying a club. And, since there was now no need to drop it in order to climb every tree that he came to, the man-monkey began to find his club useful in many ways. If he only used it to smash a cocoanut he had mastered the use of tools, as well as of weapons. And the use of a tool means the application of chosen means to produce a desired effect. It means reason and rule. It means the acquisition of property and the building of dwellings. It means science, art, and literature. It means civilized man.

So when the first man asked himself why he should toil for his children, his reason would not be satisfied with the discovery that it was right for him to do so. He wanted to know why it was right; and, of course, the only reason which appealed to his imperfect intellect was that something terrible would happen to him if he did not. What was really in his mind, though he did not know it, was that something terrible would happen to his race if individuals like himself did not toil for their children; but the whole secret of Nature's success in creating successful species is that she imbues individuals with hereditary instincts proper to the race. If the first man had known this, as we know it to-day, he might have said: "I am only an individual and have only one life; let me enjoy it in idleness, and if others care about the prosperity of the species let them toil for it." However, he had not been introduced by Charles Darwin into Nature's workshop, where she connects the wires that pull her puppets; and he really thought that the reason why he should toil for his children seriously concerned himself, and, as he could see no such reason in the material circumstances of his life, he believed that there must be some mysterious and invisible reason. In other words, he conceived a supernatural Will ordering his actions. He believed in God.

ROSE TRELAWNY

by

VIRNA SHEARD

ROSE TRELAWNY—at least, that was the name she sang under—stood by the French window in Lady Belton's south drawing-room and looked out into the garden.

She had come down from London the day before to make one of a house party; "a useful one," she said to herself somewhat bitterly. People must be amused, and nobody was more keenly alive to that fact than Lady Belton, so amongst her guests there were always a few who could do things. When they had finished their little song and dance they might return whence they came, so far as their amiable hostess was concerned, though she was always very charming to them, and when it required no effort made their stay pleasant.

Miss Trelawny quite realized why she had received the delightfully cordial invitation to Belton Park, but it was not in human nature to refuse it. It would make such a heavenly break in her busy days, and be so gladsome a change from hotel life and constant rehearsals.

Moreover, she knew Jack Merritt was coming down, and that decided matters.

Jack Merritt was not one of those who personally did things for the entertainment of his fellow-beings—that is, not wittingly. When a person is as rich as Jack Merritt they are saved such necessity.

The girl was thinking about him now. It was becoming a habit with her, she acknowledged to herself. The careless happy laugh of him rang constantly in her heart; his handsome face with the deep blue eyes that could say so much more than mere words express, was ever before her. "He has grown so dear," she said with a little contented sigh, "that I would pack up my pride fifty times over for the sake of being here and seeing him every day for one whole week." And yet how much they had seen of each other lately, and how often met by a kindly chance that is so ready to befriend people who are of the same mind.

Outdoors the June sunshine swept the green earth with gold, and the scent of many roses was carried in on a tiny breeze that stirred the lace curtains. It was a day made for all delight, a day whereon all must surely be well with the world.

"It is nearly five o'clock," she thought, and that was the hour Mr. Merritt was expected; perhaps he was even now driving up from the small dusty station and would come in at any moment and find her. It would be a surprise for him as he did not know she was on Lady Belton's list. Well, it would not do to give him too glad a welcome—one should not let all one's heart be seen.

A big bowl of marguerites stood on a table by the window, and the girl drew a few of them from the rest.

"I shall try the charm," she said softly, beginning to pull off the silver white leaves.

"He loves me—a little—passionately—not at all. He loves me—a little

—passionately—not at all. He loves me—a little—"

She threw down the broken flower and took another, but three times it ended so!

"You do not tell the truth," she cried, brushing the curled petals away and turning to the bowl full of blossoms. "I will find one that does. I would a thousand times rather you said, '*Not at all*,' than '*a little*.'"

Then she pulled the leaves slowly from a fourth and it gave the desired message. "*He loves me*," said the last leaf.

It was a woman's way of making the oracle speak, but it brought a certain content to her, and she pressed the little torn flower to her lips as one of the doors of the room opened and a girl entered.

She stood a moment irresolutely, and then went towards Miss Trelawny. The black dress she wore intensified the gold of her hair and the white beauty of her face, which was of a type that does not depend upon colour; if it had, many recent tears would have washed it away, to judge by the sad droop of the mouth and the melancholy shadows beneath the eyes.

"You are Miss Trelawny, I believe," she said timidly to the woman by the window.

The great singer turned and looked at the pretty figure with a smile—

"Ah!" she said, "I did not hear any one enter. Yes, I am Rose Trelawny—and you?"

"I am Margurite Burnham,—the children's governess. I—I have come to ask you something. It may seem —very rude—but this is my only way of knowing, and I cannot rest till I find out"—her voice broke, and then went on passionately—"till I find out if what they say is true."

"If what they say is true!" said the other, in an amused tone. "Why, I fancy they say many things of one who has to work in the way I do, and some of them are unpleasant, and most are quite *untrue*—but what have they been saying that could touch you? I do not remember having seen you before."

The girl clasped her hands tightly and raised her troubled eyes to Rose Trelawny's face.

"Oh," she answered, "it does touch me! I have heard that Mr. Merritt—Jack Merritt — loves you. That he is mad about you—and I—he made me believe he loved *me* last Christmas when he was here. He *did* love me then—we were engaged. See!" lifting her slender left hand where shone one star-like diamond. "See! this is my ring. But, during the last month I have hardly heard from him and it must be because what they say is true. I could not bear it any longer without knowing."

There was the soft closing of a door at the end of the room, and then, in a little mirror which hung above the bowl of daisies, Rose Trelawny on glancing up saw the reflection of Jack Merritt's handsome face.

"He *has* come down then by the five o'clock train," she thought, and by the expression of his eyes in the glass she knew that he had overheard the words just spoken.

"Well, he should hear more." A sharp pain contracted her heart for a moment, and the rose-tints faded from her face, leaving it whiter than the one of the girl beside her. Then she gathered her strength up and commanded her voice as she had often commanded it when the world had come to listen. Giving a little light laugh, she laid her hand over the one that wore the single diamond.

"My child! my child!" she said gently. "Do you not know better than to believe all you hear? It would make life too difficult if we did.

"And so this is your engagement ring? Well, listen then; I owe you a confession. I am not such a dear good little fool as you are, for I will never break my heart over any man, and I fear—I very much fear I have flirted somewhat seriously with this Mr. Merritt of yours. I didn't know about *you*, of course, and I like men to fall in love with me, they are *so* much more amusing when they do. Now Jack Merritt was of the obstinate

ones who at first defied my charms, so I punished him for it, and of late, for the last two weeks, victory has perched on my banner, and he has been what one might call attentive. But," went on the beautiful clear voice, "but he does not *love* me, and as for myself, he is not the kind of man I would ever dream of marrying. He is good-looking—but that is all."

The girl looked up with flashing eyes. "You are unjust!" she cried "You have been most wicked—for it is wicked to play at love—and I—I have been the one to suffer."

Miss Trelawny leaned over suddenly and kissed her soft cheek. "Why then," she said, "suffer no more, my dear, but be happy, and do not pull your toys to pieces to see how they are made. He should be very well content. You love him—and "a man is not loved every day." Besides, you are beautiful, much more beautiful than I am, and younger—and possibly a better woman."

Then she stepped out through the French window into the rose-scented garden, and left the two alone in the shadowy room.

"It would not have been possible," she said to herself, "I could not have taken what was not mine by right, and anyway — the marguerites told the truth."

That evening when the moonlight was white on the world, and the long south drawing-room at Belton Park was bright with lights, Lady Belton spoke to a man who stood beside her.

"Please do find Miss Trelawny," she entreated. "This will be our only opportunity to hear her sing, for she is going away in the morning to answer some sudden call. These musicians are such awfully spoiled people, and *so* uncertain."

Presently Rose came and, sitting down at the piano, waited a moment hesitatingly—as though she—even she—were not always sure of herself. Then the plaintive prelude to "The Rosary" floated through the room.

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over every one apart,
My rosary—my rosary.

Each hour a pearl—each pearl a prayer
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end
And there a cross is hung.

O memories that bless and burn,
O barren gain—and bitter loss;
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross—sweetheart, to kiss the cross.

The chattering crowd grew very quiet as she sang. The wonderful voice went out through the open windows and was carried away on the wings of the night wind. The unfathomed tenderness of it, the beauty of it, stirred the hearts of those who heard with a vague pity, and in a way they understood the loneliness of genius, and the isolation of those who are of the very few.

"By Jove! how strangely she sings that song," said a man to Jack Merritt, as they stood listening from the verandah.

"Yes," he answered with a shrug and as he lit a cigar. "Almost as if she meant it, you know. But it is merely her art, my dear fellow. She is a most perfect artist, and an actress beyond compare."

"FORTUNE'S HILL," A SIX-PART STORY BY VIRNA SHEARD, WILL COMMENCE NEXT MONTH. IT IS A CHARMING STORY OF STUDENT LIFE.

GROUNDS OF THE CAER-HOWELL BOWLING CLUB, TORONTO. THIS CLUB WAS FORMED IN 1837 AND STILL FLOURISHES

BOWLING ON THE GREEN

By George Elliott

THE game of bowls is an ancient one. There seems to be no doubt that it originated in England some years after the Norman Conquest. Strutt, in his *Sports and Pastimes*, has traced the game back to the thirteenth century. It would appear from his and other writings that it was the habit of youths during their summer holidays to take pleasure and exercise amongst other pastimes *in jactu lapidem*, that is, "in throwing stones," as stones appear to have been first employed and continued to be employed up to the time of Henry IV, or about the year 1409. Early in the reign of Henry VIII the word "bowls" seems to have been first applied to these implements of sport. Strutt made numerous and exhaustive researches and then could only say that it was probably an invention of the Middle Ages. In his work already referred to, he gives an illustration of the earliest pictorial presentation of the game which he had found; and Mr. E. T. Ayers, in the *Encyclopædia of Sport*, states that the original coloured drawing is still preserved and may even now be seen in Strutt's MS. in the Royal Library of the British Museum. It shows two players, two bowls and two small cones, one of the latter being at the far end of the bowling green, while the other is near the player who is bent down delivering the bowl in the act of play.

The close of the fourteenth century saw the abandonment of the cones in the game and the substitution therefor of a single, small bowl, two and a half to three inches in diameter, made of earthenware or porcelain. Ever since this small bowl has been employed and designated, and at the present time still continues to be called, the "jack," although its size has been slightly reduced.

The game was always popular with the people, but not always so with the constituted authorities. In 1366 it was declared "dishonourable, useless

and unprofitable." So popular had the game become that the king was very much concerned lest archery, a necessary accomplishment of a military people in those days, should suffer thereby, and enactments were passed prohibiting bowl playing. By 1511 the stringency of the laws had not slackened, and in that year the statutes previously passed were again confirmed. The name "bowls" was now used for the first time and the game was placarded as an illegal pursuit, but, strange to relate, although there was much law against the game, no punishment was meted out to offenders other than binding them not to participate in the sport again. Power was again granted to commit offenders for having bowling alleys, about the beginning of the eighteenth century and again in 1745. The result of these laws was to suppress the inside game and to cause the outdoor game to flourish.

The consequence was that the pastime increased in popularity faster than ever. At that time, the beginning of the eighteenth century, no country gentleman's residence or mansion was complete without a bowling green. Now it was the sport of the rich, of kings, noblemen, clergymen and others of quality, and no one was permitted to have a bowling green unless shown to be worth, at least, £100. While Henry VIII was very fond of the indoor game, Charles I was an enthusiast for the outdoor sport, and it is stated that he was actually engaged in a game of bowls when seized by Cornet Joyce. In the lifetime of this unfortunate monarch, amongst others who had bowling greens unsurpassed in their excellency were Lord Vaux at Harrowdon, and Earl Spencer at Althorpe. History also hands down to us the fact that Sir Francis Drake was a great admirer of the game, and that he was even engaged in play when the Armada hove in sight. Count Cramount is the authority for the statement that among the diversions at the court of Charles II at Tunbridge, bowls had their full share of the sports and pastimes. After the time of Queen Anne a reaction set in which continued down to the memory of living men, but a great revival has been experienced within recent years and the game is now more popular than at any time in past centuries both in Scotland and in England.

A BOWLING TOURNAMENT AT NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

Apparently the game had been established in England long before its

A BOWLING TOURNAMENT AT WALKERVILLE, ONT., 1899

THIS LAWN IS IN FRONT OF THE OFFICES OF HIRAM WALKER & SONS

introduction into Scotland, where it has been considerably modified, although it would now appear as though the Scottish game was coming into favour with English players.

All laws against bowling remained on the statute books and were not repealed until the middle of last century when "any game of mere skill, such as bowling...." was declared to be quite lawful. One writer makes a peculiar reference to bowling after reciting its history. "And if the game be now less fashionable than formerly, it still remains extremely respectable." Probably the finest green that ever existed in past centuries was that of a Mr. Shute, of Barking Hall, a great resort of Charles I, a place where the game was always played for very high stakes. The first bowling green, which ever existed in Scotland, is said to have been at Glasgow. Edinburgh and Newcastle-on-Tyne have public bowling greens, established by their respective corporations, and here any one may play for an hour for a single penny. In the year 1895, in the bowling season, there were collected for the coffers of the corporation of Edinburgh no less than 57,646 pennies. Scotland is said to have had four hundred clubs in 1895 with 35,000 players. England also has several hundred clubs, but no general bowling association as exists in Scotland.

In the historical and literary productions of the Elizabethan period and the following centuries frequent allusions to the game are not wanting. Shakespeare makes many references thereto. "He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good *bowler.*"—Love's Labour Lost, V. ii.; "Like to a *bowl* upon a subtle ground, I've trundled past the throw."—Coriol. V. ii.; and "Madam, we'll play at *bowls.*"—Richard II. iii. 4. Herbert too, "As *bowls* go on, but turning all the way." "Many other sports and recreations there be much in use as ringing, *bowling*, shooting."—Burton; Anat. Mel. 266. Scott also exhibits an unusual knowledge of the game, very apparent in the following lines—"Like an uninstructed *bowler*, he thinks to attain the jack by delivering his ball straightforward upon it." He had quite evidently noticed in his time, what is often apparent in the present day, that the novice bowled for the jack instead of the point indicated by the stand of the skip. Macaulay was not unfamiliar with bowl-playing or the bowling green: ". . . . and, on fine evenings, the fiddles were in attendance, and there were morris dances on the elastic turf of the *bowling green.*" But by far the most remarkable reference to the game of bowls in the literature of the past is that which hands down to us the manners and gestures of bowlers in the act of play. John Taylor in *Wit and Mirth* (1629) is as applicable now as then, and as truly amusing. "This wise game of bowling doth make the fathers surpasse their children in apish toyes and most delicate dogtrickes. As first for the postures. 1. Handle your bowle. 2. Advance your bowle. 3. Charge your bowle. 4. Ayme your bowle. 5. Discharge your bowle. 6. Plye your bowle; in which last posture of plying your bowle you shall perceive many varieties and divisions, as wringing of the necke, lifting up of the shoulders, clapping of the hands, lying down of one side, running after the bowle, making long dutiful scrapes and legs, etc."

It is difficult to trace the introduction of the game of bowls into Canada; but it is well authenticated that the town of Annapolis, Nova Scotia, can justly lay claim to the distinction of having had the first bowling green in the British possessions on this continent; and it was there that the officers of a nearby garrison indulged in their favourite pastime. There were probably only two bowling greens in America (the other being in the State of New York), when several gentlemen in Toronto formed themselves into a club and prepared a bowling green. This may have been a few years prior to the troublous times of 1837; but the records of the club, which still bears the same name chosen by its founders and

A BOWLING GREEN—ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB, TORONTO

occupies the same grounds, cannot carry its history farther back than that year. The Caer Howell was certainly the first bowling club established in the British possessions on the American continent.

This club derived its name from the hostelry adjoining; and amongst the younger generation of bowlers, there has been often much conjecture as to the meaning and derivation of Caer Howell. Scadding in *Toronto of Old* makes two references to Caer Howell. This property which lies on the left hand side, going north, of College or University Avenue, near its termination, had Chief Justice Powell of Upper Canada as its original owner in the old town of York, a gentleman of Welsh descent; and the title bestowed by the Chief Justice is derived from Ap Howell, "in allusion to the mythic Hoel, to whom all Ap Hoels trace their origin"—hence Caer Howell means Howell's Place, Howell's Castle or Castle Howell, Caer (pronounced kar) being Welsh for castle.

METHOD OF PLAYING A BOWL

The minute book of the early years of the club's history (1837-1850) is a model throughout of neat penmanship, so accurately has it been kept and preserved. It shows the original founders to have been twenty-five in number, including three officers—a president, a vice-president and a secretary-treasurer. The rules of the club and green respectively of those days are interesting to twentieth century bowlers. 1. The members are not to exceed thirty in number. 2. The days of meeting to be Tuesdays and Fridays, to commence playing at three o'clock. 3. Any member not present on Fridays at five o'clock to be fined one York shilling. 4. No member to be excused from this

A SKIP INDICATING THE POINT AT WHICH HIS BOWLER MUST AIM

fine unless he notifies to the president, vice-president or secretary that he is obliged to be absent from Toronto on business for more than a fortnight. 5. No member can introduce any person more than twice the same season. 6. Every person so introduced must be presented to the president, the vice-president or secretary; and every member introducing a friend must pay a York shilling to the club. 7. The subscription for each member for the season to be one pound, to be paid to Mr. Erskine. 8. Each member to find his own bowls. 9. The fines to be spent at the end of the season in a dinner and wines. 10. The president to name the commencement and finish of the season according to the weather. 11. Members must be elected by ballot, two black balls to exclude; candidates must be proposed and seconded by members.

A description of the modern game must needs also include a description of the green, the jack, the bowls, the play and the players.

The bowling green or lawn should be a piece of absolutely level greensward, with no elevations, lumps, slopes or hollows, so level that a bowl when delivered will travel evenly and not "bump" or incline in a direction opposite to that intended. It is chalked out by lines into oblong spaces, which may run forty to fifty yards in length by four to five yards in breadth. These oblong spaces are styled rinks, the lines at the sides being known as boundary lines; those at the ends being known as ditch and back boundary lines respectively. In England and Scotland the "ditch" line is the boundary of a regular ditch or depression, over which bowls may fall in the act of play, when they are "dead" or out of the game unless they have touched the jack while running from the hand. In Canada, however, the ditch is a mere oblong space on the green, chalked out at the end of each and of all the rinks. The ground is kept level by lawn rollers, frequently employed, so as to correct creases and grooves which are formed by the travelling bowls. The ditch is usually about two feet deep, extending the whole breadth of each rink.

The bowl played at is called the jack or "kitty." Sometimes made of ivory, it is more often earthenware or porcelain, white in colour, having a diameter nowadays of about two inches. At the opening of a game, a toss is made of a coin to ascertain which side goes first. The toss is made by the skips, and generally the winner of the toss sends his opponents first. This decided, the skip whose side is to lead, takes the jack and places it, at least, twenty yards from the bowler, or in a position not less than two yards from the front or ditch line. It can be placed either "short," "intermediate" or "long," at the discretion of the skip or his leader, the winner of each end continuing the privilege. If not placed directly in the centre between the two boundary lines, as is commonly done, it cannot be placed nearer either boundary line than a distance from either which will allow of fore or back hand bowling on that side. If the jack becomes displaced by any of the bowls in any manner, it is left where it then lies. If driven into the ditch, it stays there, but if driven or carried over the back boundary line, beyond the ditch, it must be immediately brought back to the point where it crossed the back boundary line. If displaced over a side line into an adjoining rink, if all are agreed on the rinks concerned, it may be left there, and the end allowed to be played through by the players on that rink. But if objection be made, or if the jack strikes a bowl on the adjoining rink after it crosses the side line, that end is declared off, the bowls are sent back the green, and the end is begun anew. All measurements should be made from the edge of the jack and not from the central point on the upper hemisphere. Formerly, throwing the jack by the first bowler was custom, instead of having it placed for him by the skip, but this has been done away with, and now the skip places it, at the approval of the "lead." Throwing the jack has again come into popular favour within

the last season. When once placed it must never be moved, touched or interfered with in any way, except by the effects of play, or when driven off the green. Only when the end is counted and the vice-skip has satisfied himself of the winning bowl or bowls, should the "lead" of the winning side toss it down to his skip, if there is not a jack for each end, as is sometimes the case. This act shows the two skips which side has won the end.

THE SAME—SHOWING THE "JACK" WELL-GUARDED

Bowls are made of Lignum Vitæ (wood of life), the wood of *Guaiacum Officinale*, a tree which is native to the West Indies and the northern coasts of South America. It grows twenty to thirty feet in height, and the Lignum Vitæ of commerce derives its name from the fact that in times past *Guaiacum Officinale* enjoyed high repute as a medicinal agent. Preparations from this tree are still largely used in medicine and have proven very valuable. After being divested of its bark, the wood is exported in logs or large blocks. There is scarcely any trace of pith, and when a magnifying glass of some power is employed, it will be discerned that the medullary rays are equidistant and very numerous. The inner or heart wood, the duramen, is the part employed for the manufacture of bowls. It is of a dark, greenish-brown colour, very hard and very heavy, the specific gravity being set down at 1.333. Bowls, therefore, will sink in water. The wood fibres are arranged in diagonal and oblique successive layers, and it is owing to this intricate arrangement, together with the density, that the wood and consequently the bowls cannot be split. It may be mentioned, as a matter of interest, that ships' pulleys and chemists' pestles, mortars and bowls are also manufactured from Lignum Vitæ. Bowls ordinarily measure from fifteen and one-half to sixteen and one-half inches in circumference, the average being sixteen inches. They are not perfect spheres. Instead, they are more or less oval with a bias, that is, one side is oblate and the other prolate. Formerly, the bias was secured by loading the oblate side with lead; this is now

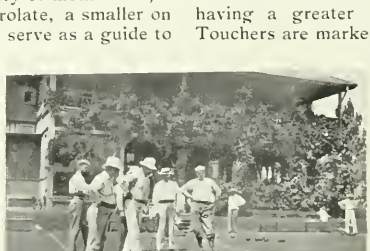
A SKIP INDICATING THAT HE DESIRES "A DRAW TO THE JACK"

SKIP INDICATING A VERY WIDE DRAW

prohibited. During the process of manufacture by the turning-lathe a simpler plan is adopted. The oblate half of the oval is made smaller than the prolate. The polar diameter of the bowl is, therefore, slightly shorter than the equatorial. At the two poles are inlaid ivory or metal discs, a large one on the prolate, a smaller on the oblate. These serve as a guide to the player when presenting his bowl for play. On the larger one are the initials of the owner, one initial or a design being on the smaller.

A CONSULTATION OVER A DIFFICULT PLAY

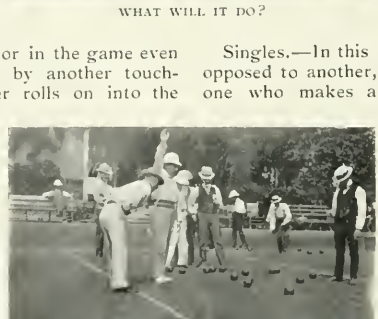
A bowl delivered and running from the hand, if it touches the jack, even though it may touch one or more bowls previously, is known as a "toucher" and is always in play or in the game even though displaced by another toucher. If a toucher rolls on into the ditch, it stays there; if it goes beyond the back boundary line, it is immediately brought back to the point where it crossed that line. If a bowl leaving a player's hand runs into the ditch, it is out of play for that end. Bowls are numbered according to bias —one, two, three, four. They should have a bias of one and a half yards in thirty on an ordinary green; that is, half way between the player and the jack, the bowl should be one and a half yards on either side of an imaginary line running from the bowler to the jack. Three and four bias are the numbers commonly employed, four having a greater bias or "draw." Touchers are marked X with chalk. A "burned" bowl is one which, when running from the hand, touches or is touched by a player or an onlooker.



WHAT WILL IT DO?

Several different forms of game can be played with bowls, those usually in vogue in Canada are "singles," "doubles," "rink matches" and the "game of points."

Singles.—In this game one player is opposed to another, and generally the one who makes a score of fifteen points first, wins the game. Each player uses two sets of bowls, and manifestly no one has won the game until fifteen points are scored.



WELL PLAYED, OLD MAN!

Doubles.—Here two sides are arranged, two players on each side, each employing one pair of bowls. Thirteen ends are

commonly played, the couple having the highest score at the finish of the thirteenth end winning the game.

Rink matches are the most popular and constitute the great bulk of the playing. In this form of game eight players participate, and so used do players become to this number that the addition of one player to each side renders it somewhat cumbersome, less scientific and more a game of chance than of skill. Chance, or "luck," however, plays no unimportant part in the game throughout.

A "FINAL" TEST

Each "rink" or team of four is captained by a "skip" who always plays last.

The first man is commonly called the leader or "lead," and there are many who consider the "lead" to be the most important position on the rink. Certainly, it is very desirable that he is a good bowler, able to make a good "draw." It is an unwritten law of the game that the two "leads" kick back the bowls over the ditch after each end has been counted and before the commencement of a new end.

Hollis, B. Roberts, B. Munn, C. Sylvester, C.

Shields, B. Laird, Skip, B. Boeckh, Skip, C. Moore, C.

WINNERS AND RUNNERS-UP OF THE WALKER TROPHY IN 1902. THE WINNERS WERE A RINK FROM THE CANADA CLUB, TORONTO, AND THE OTHERS REPRESENTED THE BRAMPTON CLUB

The second player is not usually considered so important as the first, though he has often the most difficult work to perform in the whole game, viz., "guarding," that is, playing his bowl so as to protect, cover or guard the "lead's" bowl of his side—if it be a good one and near the jack—from being pushed out or "run" out by any of the succeeding players. He should also be a good bowler at the "draw."

The third man is known as the vice-skip, the lieutenant, the second in command, who takes charge when the skip returns to play his bowls. It is essential that he should understand the game thoroughly in every particular, and be able to play it as well as the skip, although he should not seek to be other than advisory counsel to his skip. The vice-skip must be possessed of a good eye for measuring distances, as upon him devolves the responsibility of counting up the shots at the close of each end, and he has to keep a correct score of the count as the game progresses. Though it is not customary, it should be the rule, especially when playing tournament or inter-club matches, that the third man stand alongside his skip, studying and carefully watching the position of the bowls until his time for play arrives. This familiarizes him with each end as it is played, makes him equally master of the end with his skip, so that when his time comes for taking charge of the game, he has it well in hand and is thus enabled to give competent advice to his skip if required of him. A fault all too common in the third player lies in the fact that he does not announce from time to time the results of the ends to his skip. He should frequently do this so that the skip may be in possession of the score as well as himself, the number of ends played or the number yet to be played. On no occasion should first, second or third man play contrary to the advice or instruction of his skip. But the skip may use his own judgment in playing his own bowls.

At the commencement of a rink match the two skips take up their positions at one end of the rink. The one who it has been decided shall precede places the jack and calls on his first player to deliver his bowl. Believing that the green is a true one, he gives the instruction by standing a full yard from the jack on its right or left side as he may wish. The first bowler steps up to the mat and with one foot on same, the right if he is a right-arm bowler, delivers his bowl to the right of the imaginary line from player to jack, that is, if the skip is standing on that side of the jack. The player must take good care that his bias is to the imaginary line, otherwise he will play a "wrong bias" and be chagrined at seeing his bowl going away off into an adjoining rink. This is the forearm method of delivering a bowl. Should the skip, however, stand to the right of the jack, the bowler must take aim accordingly and deliver his bowl by the backarm movement. This is done by a supinating movement of the forearm, the bias or "small ivory" also pointing towards the imaginary line; in fact, the point to remember in delivering the bowl is that the oblate is always approximate to the imaginary line. Should the green not be perfectly true, it will be essentially necessary that the skip study it carefully and direct "narrow" or "wide" accordingly.

Several different names have been applied to the acts of play. There is the "draw" shot, "guarding," "raising," "wicking" and "running." A "follow" shot is also sometimes played. The draw shot is a quiet, steady play to lie alongside of the jack or a bowl. Guarding is protecting your own or your opponent's bowl from being interfered with. Raising refers to pushing a bowl nearer or farther away from the jack. Wicking means rubbing against another bowl. Running is a swift straight shot at a bowl or the jack. A follow shot has less speed than a running one, the object being to push a shot from a good position, the bowl following it a little way and thus defeating it. When all bowls have been played, the vice-skips proceed to count the end and the side having a

bowl or bowls nearest the jack count accordingly, eight being a possible at each end. In the rink matches eighteen and twenty-one ends constitute a game, the side having the greater score winning out.

The game of points is not very often played except at tournaments, but it is, nevertheless, interesting. Three rinks are employed, side by side, for play. The players engage in the game in rotation. On the first rink, which is the "draw" rink, several bowls are so arranged in front of the jack, that the player must either draw around or through them to lie within three feet of the jack. If these bowls are touched by the running bowl it is "dead." If he draws within one foot of the jack, it counts three points, if within two feet, two points, and if between two and three feet away, it only counts one. On the next rink two jacks are placed at the far end of the rink in a line with the player, but about twelve feet apart. These jacks are connected by a chalk line. On either side of this chalk line are three oblong spaces, six inches wide. A draw into an outside space counts one, into a second space two, into a third space three. The next rink is devoted to "driving" or "running." A jack is placed up the green, two yards from the ditch line. A foot on either side is a bowl, and another bowl some feet directly in front of the jack. If the player runs the jack out of its hollow, it counts three ; if the bowl passes between the jack and one of the side bowls, two ; if it drives a side bowl out, one. On each of these rinks a player is given twelve chances with bowls, six at forearm and six at backarm bowling. Thus there is a possibility of making a score of thirty-six on each rink, or a total of one hundred and eight. The player making the highest number of points wins the game. The points and the number of bowls played can be varied. So far as known the highest number of points yet made in Canada in this game is forty-one. During the past season a four rink points game has been introduced.

In Canada, and especially in the Province of Ontario, bowling on the green is ever on the increase. During the last decade the number of its players has easily doubled. Clubs are springing up all over the country. Associations are being formed and many tournaments are annually held during the summer-time in different places. The two best Associations are the Dominion Bowling Association and the Ontario Bowling Association, which annually hold tournaments on the grounds of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club on Hiawatha Island, Toronto Bay, and the grounds of the Niagara Bowling Club at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, at which many valuable prizes are competed for. Two trophies are also given, and as many as sixty-four rinks have been entered for these competitions. In the intervals between these tournaments, interclub matches are played, and many a fine afternoon's sport is had between the different clubs, both at home and with clubs of neighbouring towns and cities. In the Dominion of Canada its devotees now number many thousands, and there are even a few female bowlers.

As a healthful and exhilarating amusement for the summer months bowling may be classified with golf. When a man who has been accustomed to some outdoor sport in his youth, feels that time is commencing to lay its hand upon him, he turns to bowling for pastime and pleasure ; but the game is by no means confined to the elderly, for many of the third decade of life participate at bowling, and it is no uncommon sight to see the young man of twenty pitted against the greybeard of seventy, and there are even some gentlemen in their eighties who are well-known enthusiasts. The open-air life, the relief from the cares and worries and disappointments of business and professional duties commend it to the banker and broker as to the merchant, to the lawyer and doctor as to the clergyman, to the judge as to the literary man, and to all who can find time to spend a few hours a day or week at this fine old English pastime.

Scenes at The Coronation

THE ROYAL WATERMEN—A REMINDER OF THE TIME WHEN THE STATE BARGE WAS USED

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE KING'S PROCESSION

THE STATE COACH APPROACHING WESTMINSTER ABBEY, THE ENTRANCE TO WHICH FOR THIS OCCASION WAS IN THE ANNEX BUILT FOR THE CORONATION. THE UNCROWNED KING MAY BE SEEN WEARING HIS PECULIAR RED CAP

THE STATE COACH AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE SPECIAL ANNEX

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CROWD SURROUNDING THE ABBEY—THE GRENADIERS PRESENT ARMS

THE KING REVIEWING AND ADDRESSING THE COLONIAL TROOPS, AUGUST 11TH, IN THE GROUNDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE MEDALS WERE PRESENTED

THE KING'S CROWN

LORD KITCHENER, ADMIRAL SEYMOUR, GENERAL GASELEE

THE QUEEN'S CROWN

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XXXVIII—THE RIGHT HON. W. J. PIRRIE, P.C., LL.D.

WHEN Mr. Morgan, the prince of trust-makers, began work upon the new shipping trust, Canadians were reminded that one of the leading shipbuilders of the world is a Canadian. This is the Rt. Hon. W. J. Pirrie, the leading member of the firm of Harland & Wolff, shipbuilders, Belfast, Ireland.

Mr. Pirrie was born in the city of Quebec, on May 31st, 1847, but was scarcely twelve months old when the death of his father caused his mother to return to her native land and settle at Little Clandeboye, in the County of Down, Ireland. He went to school in Belfast, and at the age of fifteen entered the shipyards of Harland & Wolff at Queen's Island. In twelve short years he won a partnership in the concern. Not long afterwards Sir Edward Harland entered upon a parliamentary career, and so did Mr. Wolff. Thus the active management of the concern fell to Mr. Pirrie, and he soon became one of the greatest of shipbuilders, in reality as well as in reputation.

With special reference to the work of Mr. Pirrie, whose enterprise is as bold as it is brilliant, and whose indomitable energy and resolution have given such an irresistible impetus to the progress of this concern during the last quarter of a century, it has been remarked, with truth, that one phase of his career as a shipbuilder is unique, viz., the method adopted by him of studying naval construction and the equipment of vessels for various trades, not merely in the office or at the building berth, but upon the ocean itself. He has made voyages for the purpose of this sort of technical education and experience on all the great oceans of the world, since 1872, and the results of his careful observations and investigations have been seen from time to time in important improvements which have amounted to nothing less than epoch-making departures in the plan and fittings of modern passenger steamships. Instances of such improvements were afforded by the *Britannic* and the *Germanic*, and later by the *Teutonic* and the *Majestic*, all of which were monuments to Mr. Pirrie's progressive spirit; while the culminating point of advancement and perfection has been still more recently reached in the colossal *Oceanic*, the successful launching of which, in January, 1899, brought home to the world the fact that at last even the mighty *Great Eastern* had been eclipsed. Since then the *Celtic*, an even larger vessel, has been floated. The names of the ocean giants just referred to remind us of the long and intimate business relations that have been maintained between Queen's Island and the White Star Line. The relations between these two great concerns have always been of the most cordial character, and, while the great shipbuilders have undoubtedly contributed to the success of the equally famous shipowners, the latter have displayed to the world the splendid achievements of the former, and a community of interests has been thus established. These interests have been carefully studied on both sides by Mr. Pirrie and Mr. Ismay, and complete mutual confidence exists between these gentlemen — the one representing modern shipbuilding in its most advanced condition, the other personifying the highest attainment of steamship enterprise.

The building of vessels upon commission terms was the original conception of Messrs. Harland & Wolff, and with such satisfactory results has this system of doing business been pursued, that by far the greater portion of the shipbuilding entrusted to Messrs. Harland & Wolff by their many clients at home and abroad, is placed in their hands upon these terms. To this fact Mr. Pirrie has more than once, with characteristic modesty, attributed

THE RIGHT HON. W. J. PIRRIE, P.C., LL.D.

much of the success of the firm over which he presides with such masterly ability and judgment. He argues that Messrs. Harland & Wolff have been allowed such a free hand in their work that they have been enabled to keep very high ideals in view, and to aim constantly at their realization.

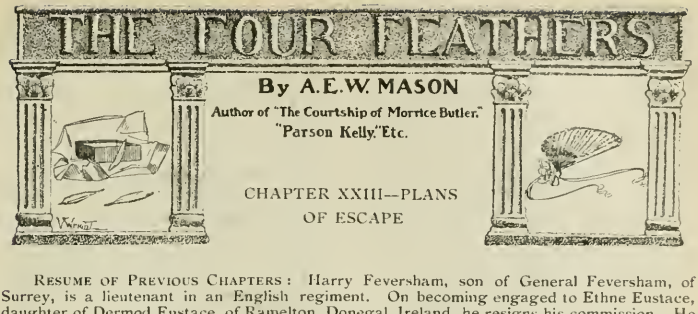
Harland & Wolff employ over 11,000 men, pay $70,000 a week in wages, and last year established a record for tonnage output with nearly 100,000 tons.

Mr. Pirrie was for several years Lord Mayor of Belfast. As such he was brought into contact with some notable visitors, including the Lord-Lieutenant (Lord Cadogan), and the Duke and Duchess of York who visited Belfast in 1897. In the latter year he was sworn in as a Privy Councillor, the highest honour which may be given to a subject of the British Crown. He is an LL.D. of the Royal University of Ireland.

Mr. Pirrie is a Justice of the Peace for the City of Belfast and for the Counties of Down and Antrim. He is also a High Sheriff of County Down, and was High Sheriff of Antrim in 1898. Among the many other offices he fills are those of a Harbour Commissioner, a Director of the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway, a Governor of the Royal Academical Institution, and a Governor of the District Lunatic Asylum. Rarely, it may be truly said, have so many and such varied aptitudes been blended together in one personality as are found in that of this distinguished citizen of Belfast.

A great naval architect, a resourceful engineer, an acute and cool-headed man of business, an orator, a master of many social and economic problems, a public-spirited and successful civil administrator, Mr. Pirrie is a credit to Canada, the land of his birth. The only regret is that he did not remain with us, to become one of the builders of this new nation.

S. J. P.



CHAPTER XXIII—PLANS OF ESCAPE

RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermod Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland, where there is to be a ball to celebrate the engagement. On the evening of this great event, Feversham receives by post a box containing three white feathers and three visiting cards bearing names of brother officers. They had deemed him a coward who would resign his commission on the eve of war. Feversham talks of the affair with Ethne, explaining that all his life he had been afraid that some day he should play the coward. For that reason, and because of his engagement, he had resigned. She returns the little box of feathers to him, and lo! he finds she has added a *fourth* from her fan. The engagement is ended and Harry Feversham disappears, but not before communicating to his mother's friend, Lieutenant Sutch, that some day he hopes to win back his honour.

After three years' service in Egypt, Durrance returns to London and is surprised to hear of the broken engagement and of Harry Feversham's disappearance. Under the circumstances, he feels free to visit Ethne Eustace at her home in Donegal. He does so, and presses his suit unsuccessfully. He returns to his post at Wadi Halfa. In the meantime Harry Feversham is learning Arabic in Upper Egypt.

Another June comes round; Durrance returns to England for another furlough, but makes no progress with his suit. He goes back to Egypt.

Still another June comes round; and two letters cross in the Mediterranean. One is from Ethne to Col. Durrance, saying that she has reconsidered the matter and will marry him upon his return to England. The other is from Col. Durrance to Ethne, in which he tells her that a sunstroke has deprived him of his eye-sight. Ethne had learned of Durrance's misfortune by cablegram from a friend of his and immediately sent her letter, thinking Durrance would not know of the cablegram.

The self-sacrificing fiancée meets her lover, on his return to England, at the home of their mutual friend, Mrs. Adair. Shortly afterwards Capt. Willoughby brings Ethne one of the four feathers with a strange story of how Harry Feversham has redeemed it by a gallant deed in Egypt. Her old affection and regard for Harry is thus awakened, and even her blind lover notices the change in her. His blindness makes him all the more susceptible to changes in tone and spirit. He tells her of meeting Harry at Tewfikieh on the Nile, disguised as a musician and attempting to play a zither. The tune was a mere memory of Ethne's favourite piece, the Musoline Overture, and was wretchedly played. Finally, Durrance guesses the story of the feathers, partly by what he learns from Mrs. Adair, who is secretly jealous of Ethne, and partly from General Feversham whom he visits. He begins to understand.

Durrance then visits Lieutenant Sutch and tells him that he has guessed the story of the feathers, explaining that he desires to bring Feversham back to the woman whom both love. Sutch agrees to go in quest of him. In the meantime, Feversham and Trench are in that terrible prison, the House of Stone at Omdurman.

FOR three days Feversham rambled and wandered in his talk, and for three days Trench fetched him water from the Nile, shared his food with him and ministered to his wants; for three nights, too, he stood and fought in front of Feversham in the House of Stone. But on the fourth morning Feversham waked to his senses and looking up saw above him the face of Trench. At first he put out a weak arm and thrust it aside as though it

were a part of his delirium—one of those nightmare faces which had grown big, and had come very close to him in the dark nights when he was a boy. But as he lay in the shadow of the prison-house, the hard blue sky, the brown bare-trampled soil and the figures of his fellow prisoners dragging their chains or lying prone upon the ground in some extremity of sickness, conveyed their meaning to him. He turned to Trench, caught at him as if he feared the next moment would snatch him out of reach, and smiled.

"You have been here a long while."

"Three years."

Feversham looked round the zareeba. "Three years of it," he murmured. "I was afraid that I might not find you."

Trench nodded.

"The nights are the worst, the nights in there. It's a wonder any man lives through a week of them. Yet I have lived through a thousand nights." And even to him who had endured, the experience seemed incredible. "A thousand nights of the House of Stone!" he exclaimed.

"But we may go down to the Nile by daytime," said Feversham, and he started up with alarm as he gazed at the thorn zareeba. "Surely we are allowed so much liberty. I was told so."

"And it's true," returned Trench. "Look!" He pointed to the bowl of water at his side. "I filled that at the Nile this morning."

"I must go," said Feversham, and he lifted himself up from the ground. "I must go this morning," and since he spoke with a raised voice and a manner of excitement, Trench whispered to him.

"Hush. There are many prisoners here, and amongst them many tale-bearers."

Feversham sank back on to the ground as much from weakness as in obedience to Trench's warning.

"But they cannot understand what we say," he objected in a voice from which the excitement had suddenly gone.

"They can see that we talk together and earnestly. Idris would know of it within the hour, the Khalifa before sunset. There would be heavier fetters and the cambag if we spoke at all. Lie still. You are weak, and I too am very tired. We will sleep and later in the day we shall go together down to the Nile."

Trench lay down beside Feversham, and in a moment was asleep. Feversham watched him, and saw, now that his features were relaxed, the marks of those three years very plainly in his face. It was towards noon before he awoke.

"There is no one to bring you food?" he asked, and Feversham answered:

"Yes. A boy should come. He should bring news as well."

They waited until the gate of the zareeba was opened and the friends or women of the prisoners entered. At once that enclosure became a cage of wild beasts. The gaolers took their dole at the outset. Little more of the "aseeda"—that moist and pounded cake of dhurra which was the staple diet—than was sufficient to support life was allowed to reach the prisoners, and even for that, the strong fought with the weak and the group of four did battle with the group of three. From every corner men gaunt and thin as skeletons, hopped and leaped as quickly as the weight of their chains would allow them towards the entrance. Here one weak with starvation tripped and fell, and once fallen lay prone in a stolid despair, knowing that for him there would be no meal that day. Others seized upon the messengers who brought the food, tore it from their hands, though the whips of the gaolers laid their backs open. There were thirty gaolers to guard that enclosure, each armed with his rhinoceros-hedge cambag, but there was the one moment in each day when the cambag was neither feared nor, as it seemed, felt.

Amongst the food-bearers one boy sheltered himself behind the rest and gazed irresolutely about the zareeba.

It was not long, however, before he was detected, he was knocked down, his food snatched from his hands, but the boy had his lungs, and his screams brought Idris es Saier himself upon the three men who had attacked him.

"For whom do you come?" asked Idris, as he thrust the prisoners aside.

"For Joseppi, the Greek," answered the boy, and Idris pointed to the corner where Feversham lay. The boy advanced, holding out his empty hands as though explaining how it was that he brought no food. But he came quite close and, squatting at Feversham's side, continued to explain with words. And as he spoke he loosed a gazelle skin which was fastened about his waist beneath his jibbeh, and he left it by Feversham's side. The gazelle skin contained a chicken, and upon that Feversham and Trench breakfasted and dined and supped. An hour later they were allowed to pass out of the zareeba and make their way to the Nile. They walked slowly and with many halts, and during one of these Trench said:

"We can talk here."

Below them at the water's edge some of the prisoners were unloading dhows, others were paddling knee-deep in the muddy water. The gaolers were within view, but not within earshot.

"Yes, we can talk here. Why have you come?"

"I was captured in the desert on the Arabian road," said Feversham, slowly

"Yes, masquerading as a lunatic musician who had wandered out of Wadi Halfa with a zither. I know. But you were captured by your own deliberate wish. You came to join me in Omdurman. I know."

"How do you know?"

"You told me. During the last three days you have told me much," and Feversham looked about him suddenly in alarm. "Very much," continued Trench. "You came to join me because five years ago I sent you a white feather."

"And was that all I told you?" asked Feversham anxiously.

"No," Trench replied, and he dragged out the word. He sat up while Feversham lay on his side, and he looked towards the Nile in front of him, holding his head between his hands so that he could not see or be seen by Feversham. "No, that was not all—you spoke of a girl—the same girl of whom you spoke when we dined with you a long while ago. I know her name now—her Christian name. She was with you when the feathers came. I had not thought of that possibility. She gave you a fourth feather to add to our three. I am sorry."

There was a silence of some length and then Feversham said slowly:

"I am not sorry. I mean I am not sorry that she was present when the feathers came. I think, on the whole, that I am rather glad. She gave me the fourth feather, it is true, but I am glad of that as well. For without her presence, without that fourth feather, snapped from her fan, I might have given up there and then. Who knows? I doubt if I could have stood up to those three long years in Suakin. I used to see you and Durrance and Willoughby and many men who had once been my friends, and you were all going about the work which I was used to. You can't think how the mere routine of a regiment to which one had become accustomed and which one cursed heartily enough when one had to put up with it, appealed as something very desirable. I could so easily have slipped on to a boat and gone back to Suez. And the chance for which I waited never came—for three years."

"You saw us?" said Trench. "And you gave no sign?"

"How would you have taken it if I had?" And Trench was silent. "No, I saw you, but I was careful that you should not see me. I doubt if I could have endured without the recollection of that night at Ramelton, without the feel of the fourth feather to keep the recollection actual and recent in my thoughts. I should never have gone down from Obak into Berber. I

should certainly never have joined you in Omdurman."

Trench turned quickly towards his companion.

"She would be glad to hear you say that," he said. "I have no doubt she is sorry, sorry as I am."

"There is no reason that she should be or that you either should be sorry. I don't blame you, or her," and in his turn he was silent and looked towards the river. The air was shrill with cries, the shore was thronged with a motley of Arabs and Negroes, dressed in their long robes of blue and yellow and dirty brown, the work of unloading the dhows went busily on; across the river and beyond its fork the palm trees of Khartum stood up against the cloudless sky; and the sun behind them was moving down to the west. In a few hours would come the horrors of the House of Stone. But they were both thinking of the elms by the Lennon river, and a hall of which the door stood open to the cool night, and which echoed softly to the music of a waltz, while a girl and a man stood with three white feathers fallen upon the floor between them; the one man recollected, the other imagined it, and to both of them the picture was equally vivid. Feversham smiled at last.

"Perhaps she has now seen Willoughby, perhaps she has now taken his feather."

Trench held out his hand to his companion.

"I will take mine back now."

Feversham shook his head.

"No, not yet," and Trench's face suddenly lighted up. A hope, which had struggled up in his hopeless breast, during the three days and nights of his watch, a hope which he had striven to repress for very fear lest it might prove false, sprang again to life.

"Not yet—then you *have* a plan for our escape," and the anxiety suddenly returned to Feversham's face.

"I said nothing of it," he pleaded, "tell me that! When I was delirious in the prison there, I said nothing of it, I breathed no word of it? I told you of the four feathers, I told you of Ethne, but of your escape I said nothing."

"Not a single word. So that I myself was in doubt, and did not dare to believe," and Feversham's anxiety died away. He had spoken with his hand trembling upon Trench's arm, and his voice itself trembled with alarm.

"You see, if I spoke of that in the House of Stone," he exclaimed, "I might have spoken of it in Dongola. For in Dongola as well as in Omdurman I was delirious. But I didn't, you say, not here, at all events. So perhaps not there either. I was afraid that I should—how I was afraid! There was a woman in Dongola who spoke some English, very little, but enough. She had been in the 'Kauneesa' of Khartum when Gordon ruled there. She was sent to question me. I didn't have the best of times in Dongola."

Trench interrupted him in a low voice. "I know. You told me things which made me shiver," and he caught hold of Feversham's arm and thrust the loose sleeve back. Feversham's scarred wrists confirmed the tale.

"Well, I felt myself getting light-headed there. I made up my mind that of your escape I must let no hint slip. So I tried to think of something else with all my might, when I was going off my head." And he laughed a little to himself.

"That was why you heard me talk of Ethne," he exclaimed.

Trench was nursing his knees and looking straight in front of him. He had paid no heed to Feversham's last words. He had dared now to give his hopes their way.

"So it's true," he said, in a quiet wondering voice. "There will be a morning when we shall not drag ourselves out of the House of Stone. There will be nights when we shall sleep in beds, actually in beds. There will be—" He stopped with a sort of shy air like a man on the brink of a confession. "There will be—something more," he said lamely, and then he got up onto his feet.

"We have sat here too long. Let us go forward."

They moved a hundred yards nearer to the river and sat down again.

"You have more than a hope. You have a plan of escape? Trench asked eagerly.

"More than a plan," returned Feversham. "The preparations are made. There are camels waiting in the desert ten miles west of Omdurman."

"Now?" exclaimed Trench, "Now?"

"Yes, man, now. There are rifles and ammunition buried near the camels, provisions and water kept in readiness. We travel by Metemneh, where fresh camels wait, from Metemneh to Berber. There we cross the Nile; camels are waiting for us five miles from Berber. From Berber we ride in through Kokub to Suakin."

"When?" exclaimed Trench. "Oh when, when?"

"When I have strength enough to sit a horse for ten miles, a camel for a week," answered Feversham. "How soon will that be? Not long, Trench, I promise you not long," and he rose up from the ground.

"As you get up," he continued, "glance round. You will see a man in a blue linen dress, loitering between us and the gaol. As we came past him, he made me a sign. I did not return it. I shall return it on the day when we escape."

"He will wait?"

"For a month. We must manage on one night during that month to escape from the House of Stone. We can signal him to bring help. A passage might be made in one night through that wall, the stones are loosely built."

They walked a little further and came to the water's edge. There amidst the crowd they spoke again of their escape, but with the air of men amused at what went on about them.

"There is a better way than breaking through the wall," said Trench, and he uttered a laugh as he spoke and pointed to a prisoner with a great load upon his back, who had fallen upon his face in the water, and encumbered by his fetters, pressed down by his load, was vainly struggling to lift himself again. "There is a better way. You have money?"

"Ai, ai!" shouted Feversham, roaring with laughter, as the prisoner half rose and soused again. "I have some concealed on me. Idris took what I did not conceal."

"Good!" said Trench. "Idris will come to you to-day or to-morrow. He will talk to you of the goodness of Allah, who had brought you out of the wickedness of the world to the holy city of Omdurman. He will tell you at great length of the peril of your soul and of the only means of averting it, and he will wind up with a few significant sentences about his starving family. If you come to the aid of his starving family and bid him take five dollars of your store, you may get permission to sleep in the zareeba outside the prison. Be content with that for a night or two. Then he will come to you again, and again you will assist his starving family, and this time you will ask for permission for me to sleep in the open too. Come! There's Idris shepherding us home."

It fell out as Trench had predicted. Idris read Feversham an abnormal lecture that afternoon. Feversham learned that now God loved him; and how Hicks Pasha's army had been destroyed. The holy angels had done that, not a single shot was fired, not a single spear thrown by the Mahdi's soldiers. The spears flew from their hands by the angels' guidance and pierced the unbelievers. At last came the exordium about the starving children, and Feversham begged Idris to take the dollars.

That night Feversham slept in the open, and two nights later Trench joined him. Overhead was a clear sky and the blazing stars.

"Only three more days," said Feversham, and he heard his companion draw in a long breath. For a while they lay side by side in silence, and then Trench said:

"Are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Well," and with some hesitation

he made that confession which he had repressed on the day when they sat upon the foreshore of the Nile. "Each man has his particular weak spot of sentiment I suppose. I have mine. Perhaps you will laugh at it. It isn't merely that I loathe this squalid, shadeless, vile town of Omdurman, or the horrors of its prison. It isn't merely that I hate the emptiness of those desert wastes. It isn't merely that I am sick of the palm trees of Khartum, or these chains or the whips of the gaolers. But there's something more. I want to die at home—not merely in my own country, but in my own parish, and be buried there under the trees I am familiar with, in the sight of the church and the houses, and the trout-stream where I fished when I was a boy. You'll laugh no doubt."

Feversham was not laughing. The words had a queer ring of familiarity to him, and he knew why. They never had actually been spoken to him, but they might have been, and by Ethne Eustace.

"No, I am not laughing," he answered. "I understand." And he spoke with a warmth of tone which rather surprised Trench. And indeed an actual friendship sprang up between the two, and it dated from that night.

CHAPTER XXIV—THE ESCAPE

"THREE more days," said Feversham.

"Three more days," Trench repeated; and both men fell asleep with these words upon their lips. But the next morning Trench waked up and complained of a fever, and the fever rapidly gained upon him, so that before the afternoon had come he was light-headed, and those services which he had performed for Feversham, Feversham had now to perform for him.

"In a few days he will be well," said Feversham. "It is nothing."

"It is Umm Sabbah," answered Ibrahim, shaking his head, that terrible typhus fever which struck down so many in that infected gaol, and carried them off upon the seventh day. Feversham refused to believe. "It is nothing," he repeated in a sort of passionate obstinacy, but in his mind there ran perpetually another question, "Will the men with the camels wait?" Each day as he went down to the Nile he saw the man in the blue robe at his post; each day the man made his sign, and each day Feversham gave no answer. Meanwhile, with Ibrahim's help he nursed Trench. The boy came daily to the prison with food; he was sent out to buy tamarinds, dates and roots, out of which Ibrahim brewed cooling draughts. Together they carried Trench from shade to shade as the sun moved across the zareeba; some further assistance was provided for the starving family of Idris, and the forty pound chains which Trench wore consequently removed; he was given vegetable marrow soaked in salt water, his mouth was packed with butter, his body anointed and wrapped close in camel-cloths. The fever took its course, and on the seventh day Ibrahim said:

"This is the last. To-night he will die."

"No," replied Feversham. "That is impossible. 'In his own parish,' he said. 'Beneath the trees he was familiar with'; not here, no," and he spoke again with a passionate obstinacy. He was no longer thinking of the man in the blue robe outside the prison walls or of the chances of escape. The fear that the third feather would never be brought back to Ethne, that she would never have the opportunity to take back the fourth of her own free will, no longer troubled him. Even that great hope of "the afterwards" was for the moment banished from his mind. He thought only of Trench and the few awkward words he had spoken in the corner of the zareeba

on the first night when they lay side by side under the sky. "No," he repeated, "he must not die here." And through all that day and night he watched by Trench's side the long hard battle between life and death. At one moment it seemed that the three years of the House of Stone must win the victory; at another that Trench's strong constitution and wiry frame would get the better of the three years.

For that night, at all events, they did, and the struggle was prolonged. Even Ibrahim began to gain hope, and on the thirteenth day Trench slept and did not ramble during his sleep, and when he waked it was with a clear head. He found himself alone and so swathed in camel-cloths that he could not stir, but the heat of the day was past, and the shadow of the House of Stone lay black upon the sand of the zareeba. He had not any wish to stir, and he lay wondering idly how long he had been ill. While he wondered he heard the shouts of the gaolers, the cries of the prisoners outside the zareeba and in the direction of the river. The gate was opened and the prisoners flocked in. Feversham walked straight to Trench's corner,

"Thank God!" he cried. "I would not have left you, but I was compelled. We have been unloading boats all day," and he dropped in fatigue by Trench's side.

"How long have I lain ill?" asked Trench.

"Thirteen days."

"It will be a month before I can travel. You must go. Feversham. You must leave me here and go while you still can. Perhaps when you come to Assouan you can do something for me. I could not move. You will go to-morrow?"

"No, I shall not go without you," answered Feversham. "In any case. As it is, it is too late."

"Too late?" Trench repeated; he took in the meaning of words but slowly, he was almost reluctant to be disturbed by their mere sound; he wished just to lie idle for a long time in the cool of the sunset. But gradually the import of what Feversham had said forced itself into his mind.

"Too late. Then the man in the blue gown has gone?"

"Yes. He spoke to me yesterday. The camel men would wait no longer. They were afraid of detection and meant to return whether we went with them or not."

"You should have gone with them!" said Trench. For himself he did not at that moment care whether he was to live in the prison all his life, so long as he was allowed quietly to lie where he was for a long time, and it was without any expression of despair that he added: "So our one chance is lost."

"No, deferred," replied Feversham. "The man who watched by the river in the blue gown brought me paper, a pen and some wood-soot mixed with water. He was able to drop them by my side as I lay upon the ground. I hid them beneath my jibbeh and last night—there was a moon last night—I wrote to a Greek merchant at Assouan. I gave him the letter this afternoon and he has gone. He will deliver it and receive money. In six months, in a year at the latest, he will be back in Omdurman."

"Very likely," said Trench. "He will ask for another letter so that he may receive money and again he will say that in six months or a year he will be back in Omdurman. I know these people."

"You do not know Abou Fatma. He was Gordon's servant over there, before Khartum fell. He has been mine since. He came with me to Obak and waited there while I went down to Berber. He risked his life in coming to Omdurman at all. Within a year he will be back you may be very sure."

Trench did not continue the argument. He let his eyes wander about the enclosure and they settled at last upon a pile of newly-turned earth which lay in one corner.

"What are they digging?" he asked.

"A well," answered Feversham.

"A well?" said Trench fretfully,

"and so close to the Nile? Why? What's the object?"

Feversham could not answer him, but within a few days an answer was forthcoming. A high wall was to be built about the House of Stone. Too many prisoners had escaped in their fetters along the Nile bank. Henceforward they were to be kept from year's beginning to year's end within the wall. They built it themselves of mud bricks dried in the sun. Feversham took his share in the work, and Trench, as soon almost as he could stand, was joined with him.

"Here's our last hope gone," he said, and though Feversham did not openly agree, in spite of himself his heart began to consent.

For six months the two men lived in this enclosure, at the mercy of the whims of Idris es Saier. At one time they would be freed from the heavier shackles and allowed to sleep in the open; at another without reason these privileges would be withdrawn, and they struggled for their lives within the House of Stone. But at the end of six months there came an order from the Khalifa that both men should be employed in the powder factory. They heard the order each with an impassive countenance, but there was the same question leaping in their minds, "Has our chance come?"

The powder factory lay in the northward part of the town and on the bank of the Nile just beyond the limits of the great mud wall, and at the back of the slave market. Every morning the two prisoners were let out from the prison door, they tramped along the river bank on the outside of the town wall, and came into the powder factory past the storehouses of the Khalifa's bodyguard. Every evening they went back by the same road to the House of Stone. No guard was sent with them, since flight seemed impossible, and each journey that they made they looked anxiously for the man in the blue robe. But the months passed and May brought with it the summer.

"Something has happened to Abou Fatma," said Feversham. "He has been caught at Berber, perhaps. In some way he has been delayed."

"He will not come," said Trench.

But towards the end of May, Feversham had news that others were working for his escape. As they passed in the dusk of one evening between the storehouses and the wall, a man in the shadow of one of the narrow alleys whispered to them to stop. Trench knelt down upon the ground and examined his foot as though a stone had cut it, and as he kneeled the man walked past them and dropped a slip of paper at their feet. He was a Suakin merchant who had a booth in the grain market of Omdurman. Trench picked up the paper and limped on, with Feversham at his side. There was no address or name upon the outside, and as soon as they had left the houses behind and had only the wall upon their right and the Nile upon their left, Trench sat down again. There was a crowd about the water's edge, men passed up and down between the crowd and them. Trench took his foot into his lap and examined the sole. But at the same time he unfolded the paper in the hollow of his hand and read the contents aloud:

"A man will bring to you a box of matches. When he comes, trust him. SUTCH." And he asked, "Who is Sutch?"

"A great friend of mine," said Feversham. "He is in Egypt, then! Does he say where?"

"No, but since Mohamed Ali, the grain merchant, dropped the paper we may be sure he is at Suakin. A man with a box of matches! Think, we may meet him to-night!"

But it was a month later when an Arab pushed past them on the bank and said, "I am the man with the matches. To-morrow by the storehouses at this hour," and as he walked past them he dropped a box of coloured matches on the ground. Feversham stooped instantly.

"Don't touch them," said Trench, and he pressed the box into the ground with his foot and walked on.

"Sutch!" exclaimed Feversham. "So he comes to our help! But did he know that I was here?"

They slept brokenly that night, and every time they waked it was with a dim consciousness that something great and wonderful had happened. And Feversham, as he lay upon his back and gazed upwards at the stars, had a fancy that he had fallen asleep in the garden of Broad Place on the Surrey hills, and that he had but to raise his head to see the dark pines upon his right hand and his left, and but to look behind him to see the gables of the house against the sky. Trench waked up at dawn with a great fear on his face.

"Suppose they keep us here to-day," he whispered, plucking at Feversham.

"Why should they?" answered Feversham, but the same fear caught hold of him and they sat dreading the appearance of Idris lest he should have some such new order to deliver. But he crossed the yard and unbolted the prison door without a look at them. Fighting, screaming, jammed together in the entrance, pulled back, thrust forward, the captives struggled out into the air, and amongst them was one who ran, foaming at the mouth, and dashed his head against the wall.

"He is mad!" said Trench, as the gaolers secured him, and since Trench was unmanned that morning he began to speak rapidly and almost with incoherence. "That's what I have feared. That I should go mad. Should die—even here—one could put up with that, without overmuch regret, but to go mad!" and he shivered as his fear took hold of him. "If this man with the matches proves false to us, Feversham, I shall be near to it—very near to it. A man one day; a raving, foaming idiot the next, a thing to be put away out of sight, out of hearing. God, but that's horrible!" and he dropped his head between his hands, and dared not look up until Idris crossed to them and bade them go. What work they did in the factory that day neither knew. They were only aware that the hours passed with an extraordinary slowness, but the evening came at last.

"Among the storehouses," said Trench. They dived into the first alley which they passed, and turning a corner saw the man who had brought the matches.

"I am Abdel Kader," he began at once, "who have come to arrange for your escape. But at present flight is impossible," and Trench swayed upon his feet as he heard the word.

"Impossible?" asked Feversham.

"Yes. I brought three camels to Omdurman, of which two have died. The Effendi at Suakin gave me money but not enough. I could not arrange for relays, but if you will give me a letter to the Effendi telling him to give me two hundred pounds, then I will have everything ready and come again within three months."

Trench turned his back so that his companion might not see his face. All his spirit had gone from him at this last stroke of fortune. The truth was clear to him, appallingly clear. Abdel Kader was not going to risk his life; he would be the shuttle between Omdurman and Suakin as long as Feversham cared to write letters and Sutch to pay money. But the shuttle would do no weaving.

"I have no means to write," said Feversham, and Abdel Kader produced them.

"Be quick," he said, "write quickly, lest we be discovered," and Feversham wrote—but though he wrote as Abdel suggested the truth was as clear to him as to Trench.

"There is the letter," he said, and he handed it to Abdel, and, taking Trench by the arm, walked without another word away.

They passed out of the alley and came again to the great mud wall. It was sunset; to their left the river gleamed with the changing lights, here it ran the colour of an olive, there rose pink, and here again a brilliant green; above their heads the stars were coming out; in the east it was already dusk, and behind them in the town drums were beginning to beat

with their barbaric monotone. Both men walked with their chins sunk upon their breasts, their eyes upon the ground. They had come to the end of hope, they were possessed with a lethargy of despair. Feversham thought not at all of the pine trees on the Surrey hills, nor did Trench have any dread that something in his head would snap and that which made him man be reft from him. They walked slowly as though their fetters had grown ten times their weight, and without a word. So stricken, indeed, were they that a man turned and kept pace beside them, and neither noticed his presence. In a few moments he spoke :—

"The camels are ready in the desert, ten miles to the west."

But he spoke in so low a voice, and those to whom he spoke were so absorbed in misery that the words passed unheard. He repeated them, and Feversham looked up. Quite slowly their meaning broke in on Feversham's mind, quite slowly he recognized the man who uttered them.

"Abou Fatma," he said.

"Hoosh!" returned Abou Fatma, "the camels are ready."

"Now?"

"Now."

Trench leaned against the wall with his eyes closed and the face of a sick man. It seemed that he would swoon and Feversham took him by the arm.

"Is it true?" Trench asked faintly and before Feversham could answer Abou Fatma went on :

"Walk forward very slowly. Before you reach the end of the wall it will be dusk. Draw your cloaks over your heads, wrap these rags about your chains so that they do not rattle. Then turn and come back; go close to the water beyond the storehouses. I will be there with a man to remove your chains. But keep your faces well covered, and do not stop. He will think you slaves."

With that he passed some rags to them, holding his hands behind his back, while they stood close to him. Then he turned and hurried back. Very slowly Feversham and Trench walked forward in the direction of the prison, the dusk crept across the river, mounted the long slope of sand, enveloped them. They sat down and quickly wrapped the rags about their chains and secured them there. From the west the colours of the sunset had altogether faded. The darkness gathered quickly about them. They turned and walked back along the road they had come. The drums were more numerous now, and about the wall there rose a glare of light. By the time they had reached the water's edge opposite the storehouses it was dark. Abou Fatma was already waiting with his blacksmith. The chains were knocked off without a word spoken.

"Come," said Abou. "There will be no moon to-night. How long before they discover you are gone?"

"Who knows? Perhaps already Idris has missed us. Perhaps he will not till the morning. There are many prisoners."

They ran up the slope of sand, between the quarters of the tribes, across the narrow width of the city, through the cemetery. On the far side of the cemetery stood a disused house, a man rose up in the doorway as they approached and went in.

"Wait here," said Abou Fatma, and he, too, went into the house. In a moment both men came back and each one led a camel and made it kneel.

"Mount," said Abou Fatma. "Bring its head round and hold it as you mount."

"I know the trick," said Trench.

Feversham climbed up behind him, the two Arabs mounted the second camel.

"Ten miles to the west," said Abou Fatma, and he struck the camel on the flanks.

Behind them the glare of the lights dwindled, the tapping of the drums diminished.

CHAPTER XXV—THE FLIGHT

THE wind blew keen and cold from the north. The camels freshened by it trotted out at their fastest pace.

"Quicker," said Trench between his teeth. "Already Idris may have missed us."

"But, even so, there will be a search through the town, and the making of enquiries," replied Feversham. "It will take time to get men together for a pursuit, and those men must fetch their camels, and already it is dark."

But though he spoke hopefully, he turned his head again and again towards the glare of light above Omdurman. He could no longer hear the tapping of the drums, that was some consolation. But he was in a country of silence, where men could journey swiftly, and yet make no noise. There would be no sound of galloping horses to warn him that pursuit was at his heels. Even at that moment the Ansar might be riding within thirty paces, and Feversham strained his eyes backwards into the darkness and expected the glimmer of a white turban. Trench, however, never turned his head. He rode with his teeth set, looking forward. Yet fear was no less strong in him than in Feversham. Indeed, it was stronger, for he did not look back towards Omdurman, because he did not dare, and though his eyes were fixed directly in front of him, the things which he really saw were the narrow streets, the dotted fires, and men running hither and thither among the houses, making their quick search for the two prisoners escaped from the House of Stone.

Once his attention was diverted by a word from Feversham, and he answered without turning his head:

"What is it?"

"I no longer see the fires of Omdurman."

"The golden blot, eh, very low down?" Trench answered in an abstracted voice. Feversham did not ask him to explain what his allusion meant, nor could Trench have disclosed why he had spoken them; they had come back to him suddenly with a feeling that it was somehow appropriate that the vision which was the last thing to meet his eye as he set out upon his mission he should see again now that that mission was accomplished. They spoke no more until two figures rose out of the darkness in front of them, and Abou Fatma cried in a low voice:

"Instanna!"

They halted their camels and made them kneel.

"The new camels are here?" asked Abou Fatma, and two of the men disappeared for a few minutes and brought them up. Meanwhile the saddles were unfastened and removed.

"They are good camels?" asked Feversham, as he helped to fix the saddles upon them.

"Of the Anafs breed," answered Abou Fatma. "Quick! Quick!" and he looked anxiously to the east and listened.

"The arms?" said Trench; "you have them? Where are they?" and he bent his body and searched the ground for them.

"In a moment," said Abou Fatma, but it seemed that Trench could hardly wait during that moment. He showed even more anxiety to handle the weapons than he had shown fear that he would be overtaken.

"There is ammunition?" he asked feverishly.

"Yes, yes," replied Abou Fatma, "ammunition and rifles and revolvers." He led the way to a spot about twenty yards from the camels where some long desert grass rustled about their legs. He stooped and dug into the soft sand with his hands.

"Here," he said.

Trench flung himself upon the ground beside him and scooped with both hands. In a moment or two his fingers touched the lock and trigger of a rifle, and it was as much as he could do to repress a cry. The rifle was dug up, the ammunition shared.

"Now," said Trench, and he laughed with a great thrill of joy in the

laugh. "Now I don't mind. Let them follow from Omdurman! One thing is certain now. I shall never go back there, no, not even if they overtake us."

Two of the Arabs mounted the old camels and rode slowly away to Omdurman. Abou Fatma and the other remained with the fugitives. They mounted and trotted northeastwards. No more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed since they had first halted at Abou Fatma's word.

All that night they rode through half grass and mimosa trees and came about sunrise on to flat bare ground broken with small hillocks.

"Are the Effendi tired?" asked Abou Fatma. "Will they stop and eat?"

"No, we can eat as we go."

Dates and bread and a draught of water from a zamsheyeh made up their meal, and they ate it as they sat their camels. These, indeed, now that they were free of the long desert grass, trotted at their quickest pace. And at sunset that evening they stopped and rested for an hour. For days and nights they rode straining their own endurance and that of the beasts they were mounted on, now upon high and rocky ground, now traversing a valley, and now upon plains of honey-coloured sand. Yet to each man the pace seemed even of the slowest. A mountain would lift itself above the rim of the horizon, and for so long it stood before their eyes, and was never a foot higher or an inch nearer. At times some men tilling a scanty patch of sorgoum would send their hearts leaping in their throats, and they must make a wide detour; or again a caravan would be sighted by the keen eyes of Abou Fatma, and they made their camels kneel and lie crouched behind a rock, with their loaded rifles in their hands. Ten miles from Abou Klea a relay of fresh camels awaited them, and upon these they travelled, keeping a day's march westward of the Nile. Thence they passed through the desert country of the Abadeh, and came in sight of a broad grey land stretching across their path.

"The road from Berber to Merowi," said Abou Fatma. "North of it we turn to the river. We cross the road to-night, and, if God wills, to-morrow evening we shall have crossed the Nile."

All that day they lay hidden behind a belt of shrubs upon some high ground and watched the road. They came down and crossed it in the darkness, and for the rest of that night travelled hard towards the river. As the day broke Abou Fatma bade them halt. They were in a desolate open country whereon the smallest projection was magnified by the surrounding flatness.

"We must build a circle of stones," said Abou Fatma, "and you must lie close to the ground within it. I will go forward to the river, and see that the boat is ready, and that our friends are prepared for us. I shall come back after dark."

They gathered the stones quickly and made a low wall about a foot high; within this wall Feversham and Trench laid themselves down upon the ground with a water-skin and their rifles.

"You have dates, too?" said Abou Fatma.

"Yes."

"Then do not stir from the hiding-place till I come back. I will take your camels and bring you back fresh ones in the evening." And in company with his fellow Arab he rode off towards the river.

Trench and Feversham dug out the sand within the stones and lay down, watching the horizon between the interstices. For both of them perhaps this was the longest day of their lives. To Trench's thinking it was longer than a night in the House of Stone, and to Feversham longer than even one of those days six years back when he had sat in his rooms above St. James's Park and waited for the night to fall before he dared venture out into the streets. They were so near to a large town, and the pursuit must needs be close behind. They had no shade to protect them; all day the sun burnt pitilessly upon their backs, and

within the narrow circle of stones they had no room wherein to move. The sunset, however, at the last, the friendly darkness gathered about them, and a cool wind rustled through the darkness across the desert.

"Listen!" said Trench, and both men as they strained their ears heard the soft padding of camels very near at hand. A moment later a low whistle brought them out of their shelter.

"We are here," said Feversham, quietly.

"God be thanked," said Abou Fatma. "I have good news for you and bad news too. The boat is ready, our friends are waiting for us, camels are prepared on the caravan track by the river bank to Abu Hamed. But your escape is known, and the roads and the ferries are closely watched. Before sunrise we must have struck inland from the eastern bank of the Nile."

They crossed the river cautiously about one o'clock of the morning, and sunk the boat upon the far side of the stream. The camels were waiting for them, and they travelled inland, and more slowly than suited the anxiety of the fugitives. For the ground was thickly covered with boulders, and the camels could seldom proceed at any pace faster than a walk. And through the next day they lay hidden again within a ring of stones, while the camels were removed to some high ground where they could graze. During the next night, however, they made good progress. Coming to the groves of Abu Hamed in two days, they rested for twelve hours there and mounted upon a fresh relay. From Abu Hamed the road lay across the great Nubian Desert.

Nowadays the traveller may journey through the two hundred and forty miles of that waterless plain of coal-black rocks and yellow sand, and sleep in his berth upon the way. The morning will show to him perhaps a tent, a great pile of coal, a water tank and a number painted on a white signboard, and the stoppage of the train will inform him that he has come to a station. Let him put his head from the window, he will see the long line of telegraph poles reaching from the sky's rim behind him to the sky's rim in front, and huddling together, as it seems, with less and less space between them the farther they are away. Twelve hours will enclose the beginning and the end of his journey, unless the engine break down or the rail be blocked. But in the days when Feversham and Trench escaped from Omdurman, progression was not so easy a matter. They kept eastward of the present railway and along the line of wells among the hills, and travelling so for seven days they came to Shof-el-Ain, a tiny well set in a barren valley between featureless ridges, and by the side of that well they camped. They were in the country of the Amrab Arabs and had come to an end of their peril.

"We are safe," cried Abou Fatma. "God is good. Northwards to Assouan, westwards to Wadi Halfa, we are safe!" And spreading a cloth upon the ground in front of the kneeling camels, he heaped dhurra before them. He even went so far in his gratitude to pat one of the animals upon the neck, and it immediately turned upon him and snarled.

Trench reached out his hand to Feversham.

"Thank you," he said simply.

"No need of thanks," answered Feversham, and he did not take the hand. "I have served myself from first to last."

"You have learned the churlishness of a camel," cried Trench. "A camel will carry you where you want to go, will carry you till it drops dead, and yet if you show your gratitude, it resents and bites. Hang it all, Feversham, there's my hand."

Feversham untied a knot in the breast of his jibbeh and took out a couple of white feathers, one small, the feather of a heron, the other large, an ostrich feather broken from a fan.

"Will you take yours back?"

"Yes."

"You know what to do with it."

"Yes. There shall be no delay."

"We shake hands then," said Feversham, and as their hands met, he added, "To-morrow morning we part company."

"Part company, you and I—after the year in Omdurman, the weeks of flight?" exclaimed Trench. "Why? There's no more to be done. Castleton's dead. You must come home."

"Yes," answered Feversham, "but after you, certainly not with you. You go to Assouan and Cairo. At each place you will find friends to welcome you. I shall not go with you."

Trench was silent for a while. He understood Feversham's reluctance, he saw that it would be easier for Feversham if he were to tell his story first and without Feversham's presence.

"Perhaps you will see Durrance," said Feversham, "if you do give him a message from me. Tell him that the next time he asks me to come and see him, I will accept the invitation."

"Which way will you go?"

"To Wadi Halfa," said Feversham, pointing westwards over his shoulder. "I shall take Abou Fatma with me and travel slowly and quietly down the Nile. The other Arab will guide you into Assouan."

They slept that night in security beside the well, and the next morning they parted company. Trench was the first to ride off, and as his camel rose to his feet ready for the start, he bent down towards Feversham who passed him the nose rein.

"Ramelton, that was the name? I shall not forget."

"Yes, Ramelton," said Feversham. "There's a ferry across Lough Swilly to Rathmullen. You must drive the twelve miles to Ramelton."

And Trench rode forward alone with his Arab guide. More than once he turned his head and saw Feversham still standing by the well; more than once he was strongly drawn to turn and ride back to that solitary figure, but he contented himself with waving his hand, but even that salute was not returned,

Feversham, indeed, had neither thought nor eyes for the companion of his flight. His six years of hard preparation had come this morning to an end, and yet he was more sensible of a certain loss and vacancy than of any joy. For six years, through many trials, through many falterings, his mission had strengthened and sustained him. It seemed to him now that there was nothing more wherewith to occupy his life. Ethne? No doubt she was long since married . . . . and there came upon him all at once a great bitterness of despair for that futile, unnecessary mistake made by him six years ago. He saw again the room in London overlooking the quiet trees and lawns of St. James' Park, he heard the knock upon the door, he took the telegram from his servant's hand.

He roused himself finally with the recollection that after all the work was not quite done. There was his father, who just at this moment was very likely reading the *Times* after breakfast, upon the terrace of Broad Place amongst the pine trees upon the Surrey hills. He must visit his father, he must take that fourth feather back to Ramelton. There was a telegram too which must be sent to Lieutenant Sutch at Suakin.

He mounted his camel and rode slowly with Abou Fatma westwards towards Wadi Halfa. But the sense of loss did not pass from him that day, nor his anger at the act of folly which had brought about his downfall. The wooden slopes of Ramelton were very visible to him across the shimmer of the desert air. In the greatness of his depression, Harry Feversham upon this day for the first time doubted his faith in the "afterwards."

CHAPTER XXVI—ALL EXPLANATIONS ARE MADE

FOUR days later a telegram reached Lieutenant Sutch at Suakin, telling him that Trench and Feversham were both safe upon Egyptian soil. He in his turn telegraphed the news to Durrance at Wiesbaden and set out for Port Said. The telegram had come from Wadi Halfa, and he was in two minds whether to turn aside at Suez and travel to Cairo, where there was a chance that he might pick up Harry Feversham. But Harry Feversham had not suggested the plan. Sutch was inclined to think that he would rather journey home alone, and that he would now come back among his friends there could be no doubt. For the fourth feather was still his in keeping. Besides, after all it was Durrance's business. Lieutenant Sutch had done his part, and the only duty which now remained to him was to carry the news to the old General who had not understood.

Thus, knowing nothing of any of the occurrences which affected him, Feversham travelled from Wadi Halfa to Assouan, and from Assouan to Cairo. He kept himself private, and went back to his old disguise. Even Lieutenant Calder did not know that he had passed through Wadi Halfa. He put up for three nights with the Greek merchant at Tewfikieh who had been his banker while he was at Omdurman, and it was as an agent of his that he went northwards. But the farther north he went, the more completely he recovered his spirits. The fit of depression and reaction passed. A queer anxiety took its place. He became alarmed at all the possible accidents which might befall a man who travelled. There was that fourth feather. He felt it burning against his breast, even as he had felt it at Ramelton when he had first received it.

"So many things might happen," he said to himself; "trains run off lines or into other trains. A block may fall from a spar even on the best appointed ship," and he quickened the speed of his travelling lest some such mischance should befall him before that fourth feather could be taken back.

A Peninsular and Oriental boat landed him at Brindisi and he went on at once by the mail to Calais. And during that journey the last six years were rolled away from him as a stone from the mouth of a tomb, and he came forth again into the air. At times, it is true, the train annoyed by its dilatoriness; at other times it appalled him by the danger of its terrific rapidity. But for the most part he sat by the window, and rushing across the continent steeped himself in the life which he had known before Castleton's telegram had come to him. The green plains of Italy, the lift of snow mountains in the north, the first glimpse of Monta Rosa, the villages of Switzerland, the trim chateaus of France, caught at him, and told him stories and whispered to him recollections until the six years of the East became hazy like the remembrance of a nightmare, and the years which had preceded them very close at hand. He did not stay his journey either at Dover or at London, and the one night which he was forced to spend at Londonderry was a night of restlessness and fever. From Ramelton he walked up the well-known road towards Letterkenny, past the red letter-box in the wall and found Lennon House in ruins. This was the first news he had had of Ethne Eustace during six years.

The landlady at the inn of Ramelton told him the rest of the story so far as she knew it. Feversham heard of the fire, and of the death of Dermod Eustace at Glenalla.

"And the daughter?" he asked slowly. "She is married, of course."

"No," but the negative was uttered in a tone that conveyed that there was much to follow. Feversham constrained himself to listen with what patience he could, and patience was needed. He was told of his own engagement and its mysterious termination. He was compelled to listen to various suppositions as to the reason of his disap-

pearance, and a comparison of the suppositions. And when that comparison was at last exhausted, Harry Feversham heard of Colonel Durrance.

"A poor blind gentleman. But it is thought that he will rebuild the big house."

"Durrance," said Feversham slowly. "So, after all, it is Durrance. How long has Miss Eustace been engaged?"

"A year and more," and information concerning a long and fruitless visit paid by Durrance to Wiesbaden was given to him.

"And Miss Eustace is at Glenalla now?"

"Yes. Colonel Durrance is there too. He is lodging with the vicar."

"Oh!"

Feversham began to wonder whether it would be right for him, after all, to take that fourth feather up to Glenalla, whether he had not better go quietly away. On the other hand, since she was engaged to Durrance his visit would make no difference to her—no real difference. She might possibly be glad, but that would be all. Besides—and he turned to the landlady quickly:

"Did a Colonel Trench stay here?"

"For a night," he was answered.

"When?"

"A fortnight ago."

Ethne would expect him then. He hired a horse from the inn, and crossing the bridge rode along by the thicket of trees on the highway to Rathmullen. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when he came to the village of Glenalla straggled along its single street. He rode past the vicarage where Durrance was staying, but saw no sign of his friend. Just beyond the vicarage the small grey church stood bare to the winds upon a tiny plateau. As he passed the gate a collie dog barked at him from behind it. Feversham noticed that the dog was very grey about the muzzle, he noticed its marking too. Then he noticed that the door of the church stood open. He dismounted, fastened his horse to the gate, raised the latch and entered the churchyard. The collie thrust his muzzle into the back of Feversham's knee, sniffed and was satisfied. It barked, jumped at Feversham's shoulders, ran furiously in front of him, turned sharply, ran back and jumped at him again. Feversham had no doubts. This was Dermod Eustace's old dog, and somehow the knowledge that the collie had not forgotten him after these intervening years, touched him strangely. He stooped and patted the dog, then he raised his head again and stood stock-still. Over against him in the doorway of the church Ethne Eustace was standing. She stood erect and without a movement; she did not so much as put out a hand to steady herself against the door. And she looked quite steadily at Feversham as he walked up the gravel path towards her. She had changed he saw. The six years had left their mark on her. It was not that she had aged, her big grey eyes shone clearly, the colour was still bright upon her cheeks and the smile in her lips he knew of old. But there was more character in her face; she had eaten of the tree of knowledge, she had suffered. Feversham, as he looked at her, was stricken with remorse.

"You expected me?" he asked.

"Yes," and she turned and went back into the church. Feversham followed her. "Colonel Trench came to me a fortnight back," she continued.

Then she stopped and held out her hand to him, palm upwards.

"Will you give it me please—that fourth feather?"

Feversham drew a pocketbook from his breast with a look of curiosity towards her.

"But Trench could not have told you that I meant to bring it back."

"He did tell me."

"I made no mention of it to him."

"Yes, on your first night in Omdurman."

"Ah," said Feversham, "I was delirious, I remember;" and Ethne shivered ever so slightly.

Feversham drew the broken tip of ostrich feather from the pocket of his letter case and handed it to her. She

held it in the palm of her hand and looked at it for a little while in silence. Then she said :

"I wonder whether you have forgotten our drive to Ramelton, when I came to fetch you at the quay side. We were speaking of the friends one does not lose, and you said —"

"I said that one could make mistakes."

"Yes, and I answered that one might seem to make mistakes and perhaps for a long while, but in the end one would be proved not to have made them. I remember those words very clearly to-day. I was right you see, and you were wrong. I denied them the next day, I know ; I should have clung to them. But I was young, I knew very little," and her voice shook a little though she did not change in her attitude. "I judged too hastily, but to-day I understand." And she let the feather fall from her palm and drop gently down onto the paving of the church. Then she held out her hand to Feversham and he took it, and as he took it,

"So I have got my friend again," she said. She drew a breath and smiled. There was a look almost of wonder in her eyes, that the thing, at first unimagined, of late so earnestly longed for, should at last have come about. And Feversham, seeing the gladness with which she recovered him, cried :

"There were six years well spent, then."

"But I get you back," she resumed steadily, "only to send you away again. I hope that you won't mind very much. It doesn't really matter so very much, now that you have come back. We shall be friends, sure friends —although we shall see very little of one another. I am going to marry a friend of yours—Colonel Durrance."

It had been a difficult speech for her to make with Harry Feversham before her eyes, but she made it without a break or hesitation. It would be easier for both of them, she thought, that she should give no sign of what so quick a separation cost her. He would know, surely enough, and she wished him to know, she wished him to understand that not one moment of his six years, so far as she was concerned, had been spent in vain. But that could be understood without the signs of emotion. So she spoke her speech looking steadily at him and speaking in an even voice. Only when she had finished, she moved away a little and sat down in a pew ; and she faltered a little as she moved. Feversham went to her side.

"Yes, I heard that you were engaged. They told me at Ramelton," he said. "I don't know, but I think there is one thing I ought to say. It was no thought of mine that you would wait. When you gave me that fourth feather, I understood your meaning very clearly. There was to be a complete, irrevocable end ; and the end is irrevocable. It was not even with an unconfessed wish that you would wait, that I went out to the Soudan. I had no right to form any such wish and I never did."

Ethne bent her head and answered in a low voice :

"So Colonel Trench told me."

"He knew that too ?"

"On your first night in Omdurman."

"Well, it's the truth," continued Feversham. "I told Sutch so before I went out, I told Trench so in Omdurman, and between the two dates I did not think differently even once. The most I dared to hope for—and I did hope for that every day, every hour,—was this, that we might see something of one another—afterwards."

"Yes. There at all events there will be no parting."

Ethne spoke very simply, without even a sigh, but she looked at Harry Feversham as she spoke and if he had doubted before what the cost of the separation was to her, he could no longer doubt it now. And understanding what it meant now, he understood with an infinitely greater completeness than he had ever reached in his lonely communings, what it must have meant six years ago, when she was left with her pride stricken as sorely as her heart.

"What trouble you must have gone through!" he cried, and she turned and looked him over.

"Not I alone," she said gently. "I passed no nights in the House of Stone."

"But it was my fault. Do you remember what you said when the morning came through the blinds? 'It's not right that one should suffer so much pain.' It was not right."

"I had forgotten the words—oh, a long time since—until Colonel Trench reminded me. I should never have spoken them. When I did I was not thinking they would live so in your thoughts. I am sorry that I spoke them." And for a time she was quite silent. She meant to send Harry Feversham away, but she was deferring the actual moment. She rather hoped that he would begin to speak about his travels, his dangers, almost any subject indeed, so that for a few minutes longer she might still defer it. But he waited for her and she was compelled to go on.

"I have said this to you now, because we shall not see one another again." And Feversham asked slowly:

"Not even when you are married?"

"No, not even then, not until—afterwards. You see, Colonel Durrance knows nothing of the Four Feathers, he knows merely that for some reason the engagement was broken off. I do not wish him to know more. I do not wish that you and he should meet at all."

"Very well," said Feversham.

But Ethne did not rise, it seemed that there was something to be added. And indeed there was, but she was purposely slow, and for the same reason which had moved her before. She wished to defer the moment of farewell. Unconsciously Feversham hurried her however, for since the silence grew prolonged, it was chiefly in order to break it that he said:

"They told me at Ramelton that Durrance had gone blind."

"Yes," she answered. "It was after he went blind that I became engaged to him. It was before Captain Willoughby came to me with the first feather. It was between those two events. You see, after you went away, one thought over things rather carefully. I used to lie awake and think, and I resolved that two mens' lives should not be spoilt because of me."

"Mine was not," Feversham interrupted. "Please believe that!"

"Partly it was," she returned, "I know very well. I was determined that a second should not be. And so when Colonel Durrance went blind—you know the man he was—you can understand what blindness meant to him, the loss of everything he cared for—"

"Except you."

"Yes," Ethne answered quietly, "except me. So I became engaged to him. But he has grown very quick. If you came back, if you and I saw anything of one another, he would guess. And he must not guess. The straight and simple thing is for us the only thing to do. He must never guess, for, as you said, he has nothing left but me."

And now at last she stood up and held out her hand to him. Feversham took it.

"Good-bye," he said, and she did not answer. "Durrance shall not know that I have ever come to Glenalla."

But as they walked to the church door they saw that Durrance was standing by the gate, patting Feversham's horse.

Feversham drew back into the church.

"I can wait till he has gone." Ethne shook her head.

"That would be no use," and her words were hardly spoken before they were proved true. For Durrance entered at the gate, came straight up the path to the church door and cried out:

"How do you do, Harry?"

He came forward at a sign from Ethne, and she joined them. For a few awkward minutes they talked together of the Soudan.

"Why didn't you come to my quarters at Wadi Halfa, eh?" Durrance

asked with a laugh. "Well, we'll talk about that to-morrow. You are staying at Ramelton?"

"Yes, but I must leave to-morrow."

"Not until after you have seen me," he said, "promise!" and again a sign from Ethne bade him answer. Reluctance upon Feversham's part would only inspire suspicion in Durrance; and once he suspected he would be very sure to guess. Feversham obeyed her warning.

"Certainly," he said. "I will wait at the inn until you come. I am not after all so pressed that I cannot spare a day to a friend."

He mounted his horse and rode off, leaving Ethne and Durrance together.

"Well," Durrance asked, "did you take it back?"

He was smiling, and Ethne could not at the first believe that he spoke with a reference to Feversham. But he repeated his question, and in less ambiguous words.

"Did you take back the Fourth Feather?"

Ethne was fairly startled.

"So you know," she exclaimed. "How do you know?"

"What does it matter? I know—that is the main thing. However bravely you have tried to keep from me this story of a great mistake and a great reparation, still I know of it, and I know more. I know why you tried to keep it from me. Two lives were not to be spoilt through you. Well, I know, and the two lives are not spoilt. But they would have been had I not discovered what you hid."

Ethne turned in silence and walked at his side up the lane towards her house. As he had said, it mattered very little how he had come to know, since he actually did know. There was no possibility of any further concealment, and she made no vain effort in that direction. But she was confused by the suddenness of his avowal.

That Durrance's discovery that she still was no more than his friend would crown his misfortunes had been her point of view. But she saw now that there was another, and she strove to understand it.

"Two lives would have been spoilt had you not discovered?" she repeated.

"Yes, Feversham's and mine—yet mine no less than Feversham's. Sooner or later I should have discovered—at some moment I should have found you off your guard again. But it would have been after we were married. Two lives spoilt! No, three, for yours would have been spoilt as well! Imagine us living together all our lives, each trying to keep the pretence, you that you cared, I that I was unaware you did not care! It was well, indeed, that I found out. I kept back my knowledge until now, until Feversham had returned. But now I say to you quite frankly, that I would much rather remain just your friend and your husband's friend."

They stopped at the gate of her house, and he held out his hand to her with a smile.

"To-morrow," said he, "I shall bring back Harry Feversham from Ramelton." And he did.

THE END

A SIX-PART STORY OF CANADIAN STUDENT LIFE WILL COMMENCE IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER. THE TITLE IS "FORTUNE'S HILL" AND THE WRITER VIRNA SHEARD, AUTHOR OF "THE LILY OF LONDON BRIDGE," "A MAID OF MANY MOODS," ETC.

TWO BRAVE MEN

A TALE OF THE NORTHWEST REBELLION

By R. Henry Mainer

GEORGE HULBARTON was factor of the Hudson's Bay Co. trading post which bore his name, but apart from the business affairs, Marie, his only child, was the ruling power.

The wild freedom of the surroundings and a vigorous outdoor existence had given to the young despot a shapely form, and the cold, crisp wintry wind had kissed a healthful glow into her naturally pretty features. The mass of curly brown hair completed a picture which haunted the wandering half-breed trapper on his lonely trips into the fur-country. Her winsome smile was not the only memory with those who had met her, for she knew well how to extend the little hospitalities of her father's home. Many a hungry wayfarer tasted of the excellence of her cooking in the tiny kitchen over which she reigned supreme, and deemed her doubly gracious because she sympathized with his troubles, or listened in well-feigned eagerness to his stories.

That she should have many suitors was the most natural thing in the world, and, mayhap, she enjoyed the diversion which they afforded. But of love affairs she had small knowledge, having read but few books telling of such things. True, she knew that many seemed to appreciate her presence with more than passing admiration, but her household duties, and her interests in the doings at the store, left her small opportunity to speculate very seriously on the outcome of those languishing glances. Should one, more importunate, press his claims beyond the ordinary lines of civility and good comradeship, he would suddenly discover a will that could become as firm and obdurate as the swiftest current in the Athabasca. A few had tasted of the ordeal and had left the post.

Among these latter was One Lock, the son of Little Brown Horse, a very sagacious old Indian chief, whose people dwelt along the shores of the Great Slave Lake within the territory controlled by the factor of Hulbarton. As a youth One Lock had gone with the hunters of his tribe to the season's trading at the Post, and had grown gradually to know the child who chattered saucily in his own tongue to his august elders. Because she had shown him some attention and allowed him to wander within the forbidden precincts of her home, he had whispered to his fellows that some day he would win the heart of the pale-face girl. However, when Marie discovered that he was entertaining such high hopes, she lost no time in showing him the foolishness of his boastings. One day, while he was supping a bowl of soup by the side of the Factor's fireplace, she told him that he must not visit her any more, and if he wished a wife to share his lodge he had best seek her amongst his own people.

Then it was that Petrie Laval came into her life. Although she did not know it her petty throne began to totter when first she saw the strange young Frenchman, erect of carriage, loose-limbed and handsome, conversing with Father John, the missionary priest, as they two came up together from the river, where the boats of the McKenzie Brigade lay moored, surrounded by their crews of rough-bearded voyageurs, just arrived from Norway House with the supplies. Many years had Marie known Father John and had been a frequent visitor at his cabin, which lay deep in the forest and close by the villages of the tribes for whose spiritual welfare he had forsaken the highways of civilization at the call of his Church. A spare, hard-featured man he was, but withal kindly and forbearing, and because Factor Hulbarton had told his

daughter that a sorrowful story linked his austere loneliness with the past, she must needs show her sympathy by spending many happy hours in his bare little home, reading the few tattered books upon his shelves, and listening to his talk when he was in the mood. The coming of his nephew, for such was the relationship between the good Father and Petrie Laval, was not unexpected, as a letter had found its way northward some months before, and the news which it contained had been too good to keep. Marie had heard much of him from Father John. Almost before that day was out they had exchanged confidences, and to Petrie, fresh from the bustle and stir of Quebec, the dainty figure that swept into his vision from the threshold of the store was an agreeable surprise, and gave a quickened beat to his pulse which the monotony of a thousand miles of waterway in the boisterous company of the river men had deadened into clocklike regularity. Afterwards, on many occasions, he had played the part of weary wayfarer, so that he might sit in the kitchen of Marie.

It was like getting back to civilization when the Chief Factor and his family and the underclerks about the Post gathered around the fire, during the cold evenings, while Petrie talked of the latest news from the cities of Montreal and Quebec, and of the railway which was steadily creeping westward into the wilderness. Then when he became tired of the subject, Marie, with her large blue eyes fixed in admiration on the young Frenchman, would take up the banjo on which her father had taught her to perform and sing those sweet weird songs, half Indian, half French or English, which are the natural melody of the voyageur as he wends his solitary way down the river, or of the lonely trapper as he smokes by his camp-fire in the woods.

The months of summer waned into the early winter, while yet Petrie lingered under the hospitable roof of Father John—that troublesome winter of '84-'85 which brought evil days upon the peaceful traders about Hulbarton Post. Father John was the first to notice the strange faces that met him on his visits to the tribe of the Little Brown Horse, and also the low, muttered conferences that lulled to naught but averted glances upon his approach. With much misgiving in his voice he spoke of it to his friend the Factor.

Petrie had brought with him a curious story, gathered from the camp-fire talks of the half-breed boatmen, concerning Louis Riel, the exiled French leader, who had secretly returned to his kinsmen in the Saskatchewan valley and was working on their excitable natures to aid him in a second revolt against the unyielding encroachments of the Canadians. Already his influence had taken a strong grip upon the fancies of the men in his immediate neighbourhood, and each party of trappers or river brigade, who penetrated farther into the country, carried on the tale, or perhaps held amongst its company an agent from the disaffected region.

Antwine Duroc, a young half-breed trader, known to Factor Hulbarton for years past as a shrewd man in the store bargaining, and of considerable notoriety with his fellows, had suddenly appeared in the settlement. Instead of smoking his customary pipe with the Factor, preparatory to the opening of his pelt bundles and the setting aside of an especially valuable skin for "La petit Mmeoselle," he had passed the trading store without a glance in its direction, and on to the Indian village, where his deep tones could be heard nightly as he harangued the braves in the council-house. Trouble was in the air, and the priest tried vainly to learn the true meaning of it all. To his inquiries the men only shook their heads or muttered an ominous warning to begone before harm should befall him and his people. He bade Petrie seek the shelter of the Post until the spring sun should open a passage for him to return. Petrie took a different view of the matter and declared that he would not desert his uncle because a little danger threatened.

The night on which a messenger, snowshoeing and leading his dog-sledge, stalked through the forest with the sign from the south that hostilities had opened, there was a howling blizzard, and Father John and Petrie stayed close within their comfortable quarters. The priest was weary from a day of tramping about the Indian village and sick at heart at the stolid indifference of his once friendly flock, so taking his beads and his prayers, he retired early to his couch, leaving Petrie stretched lazily before the sparkling grate and reading by its light. The hours of the night sped by, and as the young Frenchman paused in his perusal of the book the sinister fury of the wind without, as it whirled the snow about the hut, drew a sympathetic shiver from him. He arose and laid fresh fuel upon the fire, then settled down again to gaze drowsily into its coals and finally to sleep. He knew not how long he slept, but the droning lullaby of the wind was suddenly pierced by the wailing cry of a human being. Petrie sprang to his feet, and thinking that perhaps he was the victim of some troubled dream, he turned to see if his uncle had been disturbed.

Father John was already up and bent toward the door in a listening attitude. "Mon Dieu! Some one in distress," Petrie exclaimed, and stepping over he lifted the door bars.

The scurrying snow and darkness at first blurred his vision, but becoming somewhat accustomed to the change, he could distinguish the figure of a woman, lying face downwards in the path. In a moment he had gathered the small form in his arms and carried it to the couch which he had vacated. Laying her down, the two men gazed in astonishment girlish features before them, now drawn and blue with the fierce struggle in the storm.

"'Tis Marie from the Post," murmured the Father, as he turned to mix a warming draught and fetch hot blankets, but Petrie, as he chafed the hands of the girl, felt the blood boiling in his veins so that he could scarce restrain himself, for well he guessed that terrible things were happening to drive her out unprotected on such a night.

The ministrations of Father John soon produced the desired effect, and Marie's blue eyes opened and wandered about the room in silent wonder.

It was the priest who spoke to her. "What ails thee, child, and why do you come to us at this hour?"

"I—don't know, but, yes—It was the Indians. They have taken to the war dance. They are sacking the settlement, and One Lock seized me in the fight and tried to run away unobserved, but Antwine Duroc, the half-breed trader, was close by and he sprang upon the young chief, and while they struggled I ran, and remembering your words, Father, I prayed, and when I felt that I must die, I saw your hut, and in despair I called, but it was so cold and I was afraid." The maid shuddered and lay back sobbing in the Father's arms.

"Say no more, my child," he whispered gently, stealing a second to lovingly stroke her hair ere he turned to Petrie, and continued in an undertone, "They will come to us next."

Petrie stood by the priest's side, but a grim, hard look had stolen into his careless, almost boyish, features, and his eyes dwelt hesitatingly upon two rifles that hung on the opposite wall.

"Watch over Mademoiselle, uncle, and I will open the door and listen."

A low murmuring sound, which rose and fell fitfully, above the moaning of the pines, stole softly in upon them. The priest knew what it was, for he had seen and known the unbridled Cree when love of war had swept aside the fear of God; but he said no word that might increase the terror of his charge. The howling grew in volume as they listened.

"They are following her trail, and in a few minutes will be here. Shall I load the guns?" Petrie asked.

"We will stop them with the cross," answered the Father as he helped Marie to a distant part of the room, and then took his stand by the open door.

Thus the two men kept their silent

vigil many minutes. The younger overwhelmed with his wild passions, and the older calm and dignified, his grey hair streaming in the blast. Suddenly slanting shadows fell across the white, and glided nearer, spirit-like, from tree-trunk to tree-trunk. They stopped some twenty yards from the hut.

"What want ye sons of the forest! Have you let the evil one creep into your hearts, that you should come to me, skulking from tree to tree, like wolves who dare not face the day? Is this the manner of your coming to a friend who has helped you in sickness and in trouble, and asked no payment but your good-will? Get you back to your lodges, and rather seek forgiveness for the wrongs which you have already committed this night. Listen to my good counsel, children, and destroy not those who wish you well."

The venerable churchman, standing forth undaunted in the light of the doorway, checked the savage rabble, but one young brave saw beyond to the spot where a little figure lay white against the black interior.

"You are no friend to us, but a brother to the hated pale-faces, and we only know the god of our fathers."

So, One Lock, the son of Little Brown Horse, shouted his defiance; and the long sear of a wound which had shorn from him the half of his scalp, and from which he took his name, added to the contortion of his features, made him indeed a desperate foeman as he stood out boldly in the open to encourage his companions. Father John noted with dismay that the casks at the store had been broached, and felt that appeals to their reason were well-nigh hopeless; yet he spoke again:

"Children, why do you thirst for blood of me or mine?" His entreaty was more that of a parent toward a wayward child, and suggested reproof. He stepped slowly out amongst them, with the majesty of one who was not afraid. "Get you home, my people, and touch not those who have loved you these many seasons," his lips muttered once again.

Those nearest to him began to slink away, abashed at the courage of the Christian, but One Lock, stealing up behind, dealt a blow upon the priest's head with his tomahawk, laying him lifeless upon the snow, and spreading a crimson stain about the spot.

For the moment Petrie had remained transfixed in the doorway, his eyes following his uncle in silent wonder, then, seeing the shadow rising stealthily from the path, he drew a rifle to him, and taking hasty aim, fired; but too late to stay the cowardly blow. Simultaneously with the report sounded the shrill death-cry of the Cree, and One Lock, tottering for one short breath of life, sank across the body of his victim. The spell was broken, and grotesque shapes sprang from behind the trees uttering their war-whoops, and swept in a wild medley toward the door. Petrie was there to meet them, and even as he fumbled with the recharge a small hand leaned toward him with the second rifle ready loaded. The foremost Indian died ere he had reached the open, and then, whispering an adieu to Marie, the young Frenchman advanced to meet the onslaught. There was no time for further shooting, so he grasped the iron barrel, and swinging it at arm's-length, beat them backward again and again, laughing his defiance, as the wild frenzy of the fight thrilled within him. The unequal combat could not last long against such numbers, and gradually they bore him down, but not until the stout deer-hide thongs bound him did he cease his desperate struggle. He fully expected that they would kill him at once, and waited proudly for the blow, but such was not the intention of his captors. They brought Marie from the hut, and left the two under guard at the edge of the forest whilst they returned to complete their devastation. The little of tempting value in the abode of Father John soon brought them forth again, and in contempt at its bareness they set it on fire. After a hurried division of the loot, the majority started off to where the bright glare of a settler's house offered better profit,

leaving a few to bring along the prisoners at a more leisurely pace.

Those who remained watched until the destruction of the hut was complete, and meanwhile buried their dead in a hollow scooped out in the snow. Then they too set off in single file to put as much space as possible between their next stopping place and the scene of their night's work.

The pain of Petrie's wounds hindered his movements greatly, so that they pricked him with their knives to hurry him, telling him all the while of the fate awaiting him at the centre camp. Happily it was different with the maid, for they treated her with a rough tenderness quite unusual—a circumstance which enabled Petrie to maintain a stony indifference in the face of their torments. Next day a great fire was kindled, and hunters came into the camp with plenty of game and sacks of pilfered food from the storehouse of Hulbarton Post. As a fitting celebration of their first victory the chiefs proclaimed a feast. The young braves were in high good humour, and while the elders sat around the circle eating and smoking their newly-acquired tobacco, they danced war songs, and vied with one another in fantastic apparel and in loud boastings of what they had done and were going to do.

Soon after dusk had fallen three half-breeds strode into the circle of light, and seating themselves by the fire, began to question the Indians as to their doings. The gaze of one fell upon the prisoners, who sat in the shelter of an improvised windbrake beyond the feasting, and a smile of keen satisfaction passed over his rugged features as he noticed that one was a woman, for he was Antwine Duroc the trader, who had saved Marie from One Lock in the fight at the Post. As the night wore away, one after another of the band rolled himself in his blanket, to sleep off his over-indulgence.

Antwine Duroc had assumed the right to guard the prisoners, and as he had no use for his blanket he gave it to the maid. He arose from his seat by the fire after a time, and with his rifle slung loosely over his shoulder, stalked back and forth, as if to frustrate any possible attempt at an escape. Petrie, lying wakeful and alert, cursed him for his watchfulness.

The half-breed stopped in the course of his beat to closely scrutinize the figures about the fire, and then, apparently satisfied, he stepped cautiously over to the Frenchman, and bending down whispered:

"If I save you will you get me pardon from the white man's government for what I have done in this affair?"

"What do you intend to do?" asked Petrie, suspicious of his would-be friend.

"Sacré, what of my intentions? I want free pardon, and you must get it for me if I liberate you and the child yonder," he continued angrily.

"Very well, Monsieur Duroc, let us be going."

Without further comment the half-breed cut the bonds of both prisoners, and giving each a pair of snowshoes, and a rifle to Petrie, he pointed out the direction, and bade them hurry and he would follow in a few minutes.

The forest was lighted with a clear moon, and Petrie found no difficulty in seeing a way through the trees. Uttering a short prayer of thankfulness, he grasped Marie's hand and started. Thus they travelled on in silence for an hour or more, each trying to realize the whole significance of the events of the past two days, and wondering what would befall them next, and whether they would ever reach a place of safety. Then Petrie's thoughts centred about the owner of the shapely arm which clung to his so tightly, and the pitiful gasps for breath as he hastened the pace gave him a confidence in his own powers that he had never known before.

After covering a couple of miles, Antwine caught up with them, and the cause of his delay was apparent, for on his back he carried the snowshoes of their late captors, so that when the flight would be discovered, the pursuit through the deep snow would be considerably hindered. Antwine deposited

his load against a tree with a grunt of relief, then grasping the free hand of the girl, he strode on so fast that it taxed even the long strides of Petrie to keep apace. Their progress was necessarily retarded, however, as the remaining strength of the weary girl was fast ebbing away, so that at times her two protectors had to carry her bodily between them.

The first grey streaks of dawn began to shoot across the sky lighting up the gaps between the pines overhead, and still no sound of their late foes could be detected. When it was broad daylight they halted. Antwine produced a few pieces of dried pemmican and maize cake which he had thoughtfully placed in his pouch, and of this they made a meal.

While resting, Petrie endeavoured to learn more of the half-breed's plans, but that individual was not in a talkative mood, and turned his back. At length, as if he had decided some definite course in his mind, he arose, and beckoning Petrie to follow, proceeded into the forest. He faced about in a spot where the trees partly hid him from the eyes of the maid, and for a space of minutes let his eyes dwell upon his companion as if pondering deeply the words which he was about to speak. Then a cynical smile convulsed his otherwise sober features.

"Well, Antwine, what is it?" querried Petrie.

"You whiteman think that I have a soft heart, and that I fear you so much that I save you for a pardon for myself. Bien! I cannot be the same Antwine, who was no coward until yesterday. What have I to seek pardon for? Why should I come to one who was already dead? No, no! I not save you for yourself, but that I may get the maid. I love her for many years, and she seem to like me, too; then you come and she turn against me. You love the ma'mselle, and I save you for that!" Antwine chuckled in derision at his own words.

"I will be fair and give you equal chance. You take rifle and stand by yonder tree, and I will stay here; when all is ready we both turn and fire. If I die you take girl; if you die I take her. It is our blood to decide such matters thus, and who would ask better? I cannot live with a dead heart."

Petrie realized that beneath the rough exterior of the man before him beat a heart as tender and susceptible as his own, and that no persuasion could alter his intentions.

"You have spoken the matter plainly, Antwine, and were we not the sole protectors of the Factor's daughter I would accept your conditions with pleasure, for you have guessed my secret that I, too, love her; still, she is not in safety, and it is ill-befitting two men, each planning for her sweet smiles, to fall into a quarrel over her hand while her life is in danger. Rather let our affections wait until it concerns but the two of us."

"I will have no chance when she is back amongst her people," muttered the trader bitterly. "She will forget poor Antwine as she had done before, so here it must be settled. Have I not dreamed of her as mine by my camp-fire, and now I will know whether I have lived in vain. Take your place and if you fear, you may have two shots and shoot first, Monsieur." The passion played about the breed's face like a storm at sea.

"Listen! Antwine. Already this folly has ruined our chances, for even now I can hear the bloodthirsty braves upon our trail."

"Mon Dieu! they are coming sure, and will catch us before we reach the foot of yonder hill. Let it be as you say, the safety of Ma'mselle must be considered. By Saint Chris, I can hold them for a short time, but if I escape you promise to fight me fair when I come to demand it."

"And if not?" questioned Petrie as he grasped the outstretched hand in a silent answer of acceptance.

The cloud on the trader's face lifted and almost jocularly he shrugged his shoulders, then spoke quickly: "You take the maid; there is a settlement but a few miles distant; in an hour you will

be safe. Adieu, Monsieur, we will meet again, perhaps." The gallant fellow slung his rifle over his shoulder, and walked back along the new-made trail.

Petrie did not understand his strange companion, so eager to fight for her and yet accepting a reverse of fate with equal nonchalance. However, actions of great issue were to be performed, so he turned from his reflections to tighten the laces of his snow-shoes.

Throwing reserve to the winds he picked Marie up in his arms and ran, never casting a backward glance or doubting the word of Antwine the half-breed. On and on he sped, the fear for his charge lending strength to his limbs. Soon the sounds of distant firing told plainly that Antwine was doing his duty nobly, and with a muttered prayer for the heroic defender he pressed on still faster. The exertion opened his wounds, and a red line followed his footsteps, but his love for Marie Hulbarton was great, and her white face as she lay fainting in his arms nerved him to withhold the groans which seemed determined to come The length of the journey he never knew and his whole life seemed bound to the one object.

The firing became sharper and more vicious, and a smothered war-whoop floated to him on the frosty air.

As in a dream the sounds came but he watched only for the opening in the trees ahead. Suddenly he reached a beaten path, and from this he emerged into a cleared space in the centre of which stood a long row of buildings.

No sign of life was visible, but in answer to his shout a woman peered cautiously from a half-opened doorway.

"The Indians! They are coming," he cried as he stumbled into the room.

Marie, half dead with the fright and the cold, but dimly realized that she was past the danger. She gazed about at the people and then at the fainting form of her rescuer as if unable to comprehend.

A man with bullet pouch and rifle came hurriedly into the house, in answer to the strange warning, followed by many others.

"Marie, my child!" he called huskily, and Marie was in the arms of her father.

The sacking of Hulbarton was but a prelude to the conflict at Duck Lake, and the ill-fated rebellion of Louis Riel was in its throes. The tribe of the Little Brown Horse was to be taught a severe lesson before peace again dwelt in its villages, and throughout the campaign Petrie Laval took no laggard's place.

When the fur brigades went north again, after the decisive fight at Batoche, he journeyed with them, and in time came to the new Post of Hulbarton, where Marie awaited him. For had he not promised that they two should spend a happy honeymoon in the grand cities of the south?

With Antwine, the half-breed trader, it was different. He was never seen again. The Indians say that his body lies buried side by side with Father John, under the ruins of the old hut of the priest, where his kinsmen had placed him after his defence of the woman he loved. On the rude marking cross they cut the words:

"Here sleep two brave men."

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By

M. MacLean Helliwell

EDEN

As a place of residence Eden was closed
When Adam and Eve left home;
And no one can live there, it is supposed,
For many a year to come.
But now and again, in the summer days,
The gardens are open thrown,
That the public may walk down the grassy ways:—
And nobody walks alone.

E. THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

WHEN our American cousins come trooping over the border with all the gaiety and sangfroid of young Lochinvar, they little know the inestimable service they are doing us, for it is their presence among us in hundreds and tens of hundreds that makes it possible for us to retain our complacent belief in the pleasing fiction that we of Canada are the salt of the earth so far as manners, voices and general deportment are concerned. It was a bright little Yankee girl who first drew my attention to this fact.

"I have observed," she remarked dryly, "that throughout the length and breadth of this charming country, whenever a particularly ill-mannered individual appears he or she is immediately voted an 'American' in tones of withering contempt, by everyone within whose range of vision he or she may chance to be. What would you Canadians do if we did not come over to be your scapegoats and bear the odium of all your faults and follies? Of course, I know that there is a type of American who is decidedly objectionable to even his own countrymen. Now, my private opinion is that Canadians are not as clever at determining at sight a man's nationality as they flatter themselves that they are."

After this remark I kept eyes and ears wide open. The little Yankee maiden was right. Whenever a particularly discordant or nasal voice pierced the air; whenever cloudy smoke-rings appeared in those places into which the etiquette books have decreed that tobacco shall not enter; whenever, in short, any established canon of politeness, tact, or general good-breeding were outraged, the universal chorus rose to heaven: "Lo, the rude American!"

Surely this attitude which, believe me, I am not exaggerating, is as unjust to Americans as it is injurious to ourselves. In the first place, this wholesale ascribing to Americans of all the sins and rudenesses on the calendar, even if it were justifiable from the standpoint of truth, is scarcely in harmony with that good taste and good breeding which are supposed to be Canadian characteristics. As a matter of fact, the Canadian Pharisee who takes such a position not only libels and insults the better class of Americans—than whom no people are more charming—but makes himself ridiculous and works harm to his own countrymen by drawing attention to several little failings of theirs which, had he maintained a discreet silence, might have been overlooked by charitably-minded visitors.

Undeniably there is, as the American girl herself confessed, a certain class of people living under the protection of the Stars and Stripes who are in every way objectionable and undesirable, but—is this type never found beneath the Union Jack? One is reluctantly forced to confess that a vigilant eye and attentive ear taught one, during the course of the

summer's wanderings, the sad truth that Canadian middle-class manners, as a whole, are not of that Admirable Crichton order which our fond fancy would fain paint them. Nor is the average Canadian voice—the voice which greets one on boat or train, in hotel parlours and at public gatherings —so wonderfully sweet and musical that we can afford to throw stones at our neighbours. Indeed, that which most strongly impressed the keen observer was the slip-shod pronunciation, very unpleasant intonation and lamentably unmodulated voice of the average speaker. The most distressing voice that ever jarred upon mortal tympanum was that which came from the mouth of a Canadian University graduate and school teacher who called water *watter* and drawled out her sentences with a nasality that would have done credit to the most Yankee of New Englanders. Now, why should this be? We hear a great deal for and against this or that particular school system, and much discussion is indulged in as to whether arithmetic should be sacrificed to hygiene, geography to botany, or spelling to sewing, but the absolute necessity for training the voice of young Canada does not seem to have been realized by any "system" originator or supporter. Is it not essential, above all things, that a man (or a woman) should know how to speak his mother-tongue, should be able to express what thoughts he may have in clear, forcible English, his words well chosen and correctly pronounced?

He whose tastes turn naturally to hygiene, French, German, astronomy or biology may, as he advances to manhood, pursue such studies at his pleasure, but the cultivation of the voice and the acquiring of a correct accent and adequate vocabulary must begin in childhood, nay, in infancy, if —to adopt the simile of the old fairy tale—one would have fall from one's lips pearls and diamonds instead of toads.

Through the courtesy of the President of the Woodstock Woman's Literary Club the attention of the editor of Woman's Sphere has been called to a new departure in Women's Clubs, of which the above mentioned is the pioneer association of this kind in Canada.

As this is the season when rested and rejuvenated clubwomen throughout the land are busily engaged in calling into being new organizations or in imbuing with fresh life and vigour those associations which, during the summer months, have been permitted to lapse into a state of peaceful inactivity, perhaps a short description of this new form of club will be helpful to harassed programme-makers.

The President of the Woodstock Club, in writing on the subject emphasizes the fact that the chief object of the society is *study*, and that the social element is subordinate. As the name indicates, such a club does not confine itself to one subject, but has several departments, each one presided over by a special committee. In the case of the Woodstock Club these committees are five in number, presiding over the departments of History, Art and Literature, Science and Education, Woman's Work, and Entertainment and controlling the Club days in each month (meetings being held weekly) in the order of their mention, Woman's Work and Entertainment occupying alternately the last Club day of each month.

Of course, every society may choose at will such subjects for study as particularly appeal to its members; in many department clubs, municipal and parliamentary law, contemporary history, or current events have been substituted for Woman's Work or Entertainment. The great advantage of this arrangement of committees is that the programme for the year, instead of being the work of one or two minds, represents the best efforts of twelve or fifteen, and diversity, freshness and vigour are absolutely assured.

Judging from the programme given in the attractive little purple-and-gold year book which has just come to Woman's Sphere, the Woodstock

Woman's Literary Club has a course of most delightful and profitable study before it this winter.

Speaking of clubs, an interesting little account of women's clubs in England and on the Continent has recently been published in a contemporary magazine, in which the writer states that "the honour of starting the club movement among English women belongs to the Somerville Club. Founded in 1878, six years after Mary Somerville's death, it was enjoyed for more than twenty years by professional women. The University Club was founded in Jubilee year as a friendly rival of the Somerville. For athletic women the Bath Club is the one most suited. The billiard-room is always crowded, and the magnificent tank which gives the club its name is a joy to those members who go in for aquatic delights. The Alexander Club excludes men altogether from its portals, and has made the eligibility to attend His Majesty's drawing-room a qualification of membership. This club was formed in 1884 by women of the nobility, and is still very exclusive. Then there is the Grosvenor Crescent Club, which is housed in a beautiful building, and has combined with it under the same roof the woman's institute. The London club, most typical of the modern society woman, is the Empress, now in its fourth year, and numbering three thousand members. A popular club for non-residents is the new Queen's Club. Then there are also the Sandringham and the New County. The latter is used largely as a meeting place for country cousins when in town for a day's shopping. The Sandringham Club makes rather a point of the Sunday evening concerts given at intervals during the season. The Camelot Club was founded with the laudable intention of offering a home on Sunday afternoons and evenings to women engaged in professional work. The Rehearsal Club was founded ten or more years ago, with the assistance of Princess Christian, for the convenience of theatrical women in the minor branches of the profession. It is a place of rest for them between the morning rehearsal and the evening performance.

"Then there is also the Society of American Women in London, which was established to bring American women together in the great metropolis and give them a centre where they may enjoy the companionship of their fellow-countrywomen. A similar organization of American women in Paris is known as the Ladies' Club.

"In Berlin one of the most helpful organizations for Europeans may be found in the "Hilsverein," which is thirteen years old and has some 15,000 members. The members are women from every branch of mercantile and industrial employment; the few hundred life-members and associates are women of property who pay a yearly fee of whatever sum they originally choose. The association aims to better the chances of its members by technical education, to open the way to steady employment, to provide for them when ill or in temporary need, to stand behind them in all cases calling for legal redress, to add to their opportunities for wholesome pleasure, and to influence all employers toward desirable measures for the comfort and health of their working force. Acting under the direction of committees, the association maintains an employment bureau, a whole system of information and assistance for vacations in the country, an office of legal advice, a very complete system of medical and surgical oversight, a branch for emergency cases and pension during lack of work, a series of lectures, entertainments and instructive courses, special performances at the theatre, a loan bank, etc., and has a surplus at the bank at the end of the year." Surely that is a society of which Germans may, with justice, be proud!

Although almost two months have elapsed since the crowning of our King, countless anecdotes more or less *a propos* of that momentous event are

still being circulated, and the little story of Queen Victoria's rebuke to the Master of Trinity College has been revived.

The right of Lord Kingsale to wear his hat in the presence of the Sovereign is well known; not so well known, perhaps, is the fact that this privilege is shared only by Lord Forester and the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. The story referred to relates that when Queen Victoria visited the University, the Master of Trinity exercised his right, but feeling, doubtless, that some explanation of his apparent discourtesy was necessary, he reminded Her Majesty that the holders of his office were entitled to retain their hats in the presence of the Sovereign. "In the presence of the Sovereign—yes," replied the Queen, "but not in that of a lady."

A fundamental change is required in the arrangement of the modern house in two respects, says Ellen H. Richards in "The Club Woman."

First. As to application of well-known mechanical principles in saving of labour and securing adequate results for labour given. Why are heavy iron kettles always on the lowest shelf, whence they must be lifted to the top of a high stove? Why is the sink against the wall farthest from the stove instead of in the middle of the floor? Because women do not know enough about science to use the science at their elbow. Miss Parloa says that all the main appliances of the kitchen should be within a space ten feet square. How many a housewife complains of her maid for doing only half a day's work when her kitchen is so arranged as to require twice the energy it should to accomplish a result. Each step taken, each pound lifted needlessly, is a waste.

Second. A change in the living quarters of the maid is most urgently demanded. The present plan in the majority of small houses is based on the old idea of "help," one who shares the family life. With the modern conditions of separate interests a new order of things is demanded. A room so isolated from the parlous as to admit of the running of a sewing machine or the enjoyment of a laugh without disturbing the family, a place decent enough to have a weekly visit from a friend, where a cup of tea may be served, where illustrated papers and magazines may find their way. Companionship is more necessary to those who have not the company of their own thoughts than to those who can read with ease and pleasure. Bedrooms are now better cared for than a few years ago, but still there are to be found places where maids are expected to sleep which are a disgrace to our civilization. Who is to think out a practicable plan for this modern house if the housekeeper does not? Oh, ye thousands of Club Women! how many of you can draw a plan of a house and tell whether a closet should be four or ten feet square? How many of you will give up some effective porch in order that the maid may have a sitting-room? It is a great mistake to think that she will lounge here instead of doing her work. Try it and see. Do not put your own choice of pictures on the wall; let her have what she wants. That is the mistress' weak point.

Speaking of the imperfections of wives and husbands recalls a story that a certain old lady of the writer's acquaintance is particularly fond of repeating. The story goes that when Sam Jones was holding his meetings in a certain city, on one occasion he said: "There is no such thing as a perfect man. Anybody present who has ever known a perfect man stand up."

Nobody stood up.

"Those who have ever known a perfect woman stand up."

One demure little woman rose to her feet.

"What," cried the amazed evangelist, "did you know an absolutely perfect woman?"

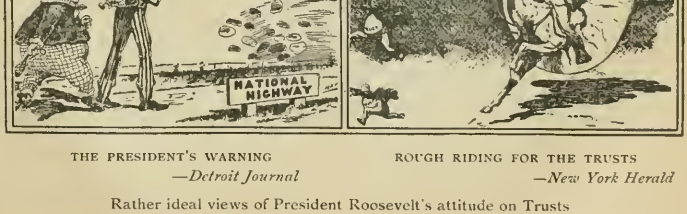
"I didn't know her personally," answered the little woman quietly, "but I have heard a great deal of her. She was my husband's first wife."

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD
by John A. Ewan

COMMERCIAL matters have become so real a portion of international affairs that anything concerning them on a large scale comes appropriately under the department of Events Abroad. The most striking contribution to this department of public discussion during the past month was President Roosevelt's references to the trusts in a recent speech at Providence. The President prefaced his remarks by saying that much that was alleged against the trusts was not sound criticism, but that there was enough of it sound to call for the attention of the nation. At present the trusts were state-authorized concerns, not readily controlled by either the Legislature or the courts. The President's proposition is that the national Government should be vested with a sufficient measure of control over them. The end to be arrived at, in the first place, is publicity, that is complete knowledge of the affairs of these commercial monsters. "The full light of day," he says, "is a great discourager of evil. Such publicity would by itself tend to cure the evils of which there is just complaint, and where the alleged evils are imaginary it would tend to show that such was the case. When publicity was attained it would then be possible to see what further should be done in the way of regulation."

We have two accounts of how the trusts receive this intimation of Presidential hostility. One is, that the magnates are incensed at the President for threatening interference with their private affairs; the other, which reaches us from the discreeter sources of the Republican newspapers, represents the President's speech as admirable and as presenting a happy solution of the question.

If the trusts object to the President's proposition they are really very unreasonable. They are in the position of a suspect who objects to being hit with a harlequin's clappers, when he could scarcely have complained had it been a policeman's baton. The President had a choice of weapons. He



THE PRESIDENT'S WARNING —*Detroit Journal*

ROUGH RIDING FOR THE TRUSTS —*New York Herald*

Rather ideal views of President Roosevelt's attitude on Trusts

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

—*The Philadelphia North American*

had one at his hand that would have delivered a mortal blow at the trusts, but he chose instead one that may, like the aforesaid clappers, make a considerable noise but inflict very little damage.

What is the genesis of the American trust? It is best illustrated by a concrete case, such as the great billion-dollar steel company. Mr. Morgan finds in the United States a considerable number of industries, all contributing to the production of iron and steel, safely guarded by the tariff from outside competition. So far so good; but, unfortunately, in a big country like the United States, with an eager, speculative population, internal competition prevents anyone from securing the big profits which immunity from outside competition promised to furnish. The problem Mr. Morgan had to solve was the stoppage of domestic competition. He achieves this by uniting by treaty or purchase almost all the iron and steel establishments in the United States, together with the cognate industries of coal and iron mining, and means of transportation. It is almost immaterial to him that he has to acquire the properties at much beyond their market values, some of them absurdly beyond. He knows that once he controls the national output he can reap the full advantage the tariff confers on him of charging for his product a figure that pays handsome profits even on the exaggerated capitalization necessary to accomplish consolidation. Who can fail to see what the remedy is, if the crime with which the trusts are accused is overcharging the consumer. All that needs to be done is to expose them to competition again, by lowering the tariff bars. The President can ascertain without stirring from his desk that the farmers of the United States are paying from 25 to 75 per cent. more for barbed wire, for example, than are their competitors in Argentina, Australia or Canada. This feature of the trust regime is not so marked at present as it may be later on. American exportations of manufactured goods are declining at present, largely because home consumption keeps ahead of production. American manufacturing establishments find all their energies needed to supply the domestic demand at prices they could not hope to get from their foreign customers. This condition of affairs will, of course, not last forever, and there will be surpluses which must be disposed of. European countries will then see the American invasion in its most portentous proportions, and the humble and unconsidered American purchaser of commodities will have the doubtful pleasure of seeing the foreigner receiving goods made in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts at prices ranging from 25 to 50 per cent. lower than he has to pay for them. How long he may be willing to stand this sort of thing cannot be confidently affirmed. He seems

ready to stand a good deal in the name of a spurious national pride. While American experts were soaring up towards the billions, and he heard so much horn-blowing about the "American invasion," he thought he was getting the worth of his money. Now that the figures show a marked decline, while a back-wash which might be called the "European invasion" has shown a corresponding increase, he may feel somewhat disenchanted. This matter of national pride or vanity has been a fruitful soil for the growth of fiscal errors.

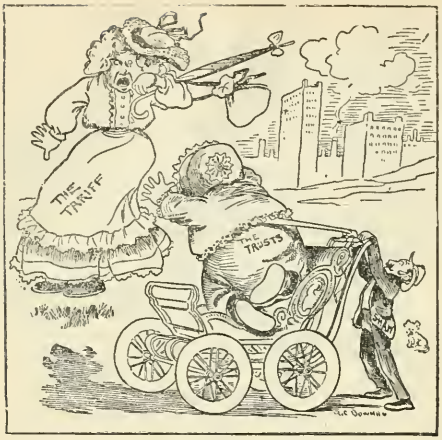
The fact is that if the trusts were merely healthy economic developments there could be no reason for public interference in their affairs. There are undoubtedly some features of them that are healthy and legitimate. To the extent that they effect economies in production they are both. We were told, for example, that the consolidation of interests in one line of production had resulted in large numbers of travelling salesmen losing their employment. When this is the result of any economic advance it is impossible to withhold sympathy from those who suffer by it. When the invention of some ingenious machine throws thousands of people out of work it seems more like a curse than a blessing. These consequences are inevitable, however. The car of progress is very comfortable for those inside, but it is something of a juggernaut, or shall we say an automobile, for the weary ones that it overtakes on the road and crushes. But the benefits so vastly exceed the temporary pains and disadvantages that each one of these achievements in the course of improvement is looked back upon as one of the great land-marks in industrial history. To the extent that the trust economises labour and relieves production of useless services, it is doing a good work. Yet we may be sure that much of the public hostility which the trust encounters is that created by the economies which it effects. It is the same hostility that in earlier days found vent in breaking machinery, setting fire to hay-ricks and Luddite riots. It is largely this class of feeling that the President's words are intended to soothe, whereas the real evil of the trust is the destruction of competition in order to have complete direction and control of the domestic market. It is an artificial thing which could not have been formed except in the rifle pits of an extravagantly protective tariff, and the President's proposal to subject private business to Federal espionage is equally artificial and contrary to wholesome business life.

Canada has no reason for opposing the Monroe doctrine as we understand it. There are two things which need

"BETTER TO SHOOT THAN GROUSE"

—*Judy* (London)

A British view of the Trust Problem



THE TRUSTS: "Mamma! Mamma! There's my mamma!"

SECRETARY SHAW: "My dear child, you have no mother. You just growed."—*The Minneapolis Tribune.*

One of the great economic questions now awaiting solution is: "Are the Trusts a result of High Tariff or of general Economic Development?"

clearing up, however. If it prevents European Powers from acquiring new territories in the western hemisphere, does it equally forbid the acquisition of new territory by any of the existing Powers of North or South America? We have seen the United States acquire the Louisiana territory from France, take Texas from Mexico, purchase Alaska, conquer Porto Rico, and buy the Danish Islands. Could they under the principles of the Monroe doctrine go on still farther and appropriate great territories in South America, while no one else in the world dare even look at a fly-speck of a West Indian Island? Canadians are charter members of this American continent. Could we buy islands from Denmark without infringing the principles laid down by Mr. Monroe? Then, again, do the United States become responsible for the good international behaviour of the peoples whose guardianship they assume? They are a somewhat disorderly, dissolute and impecunious lot. Their guardian must be prepared to enforce good manners on their part towards the rest of the world. It is but little use discussing whether the Monroe doctrine is good international law. Anything is good international law which some state or combination of states has the power to enforce.

The haste with which the German newspapers are assuring the British people that Germany is England's best friend would be amusing if it were not somewhat disgusting. There seems no disposition to accept the proffered palm. Mr. Busch's memoirs of Prince Bismarck revealed to Englishmen, if they did not know it before, how intimate the connection between the Chancellor and the German press is, so that they sourly refuse to regard the malicious criticism of a few months ago as the merely accidental tone of an irresponsible press. They regard the whole thing in a national aspect and are not disposed to be won over now by awkward Teutonic blandishments. The feeling between France and Britain, on the other hand, is rather good and will not be any the worse from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's visit to the fatherland of himself and his compatriots.

English diplomacy is every once in a while accused of lumbering immobility, lack of insight and imagination and all the other failings of which diplomacy may be guilty, but at the end of all the disparagement it generally emerges with some good treaty or profitable convention in its pocket to the chagrin of sister nations and the silencing for a time of home critics. The treaty with China is the latest triumph of this kind and following on the Anglo-Japanese understanding it distinctly strengthens Britain in the far East.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S caution during his visit to London has been noted by many writers. If there has been one special principle in evidence in his speeches, it is the principle that there need be no great haste in the matter of Imperial political organization. This was the keynote of some utterances and actions even before he left for London. It was the keynote of some editorials and speeches written or delivered by some of his ablest lieutenants outside of the Ministry. It was the keynote of Professor Shortt's notable article on Imperial problems*, which appeared early in the year.

LAURIER AND BARTON.

The editor of *Britannia*, of London, England, has shrewdly summed up the position in an editorial from which the following is a quotation:

"The extreme caution which has marked all Sir Wilfrid Laurier's utterances since his arrival in England has been noteworthy.

Those who know the cross-currents of feeling in Canada understand that he has had a difficult part to play. To go as far along national lines as would meet the wishes of the English provinces, but not so far as to alienate his French followers in Quebec, was a business requiring much discretion. He has probably taken the wisest course possible under the circumstances, and has devoted his public speeches in part to an ardent Canadianism, and in part to impressing upon English people the doctrine that the strength of the Empire rests on allowing each part to freely work out its own destiny.

Those who wish that he took a stronger national line, and would like to see him assert more vigorously Canada's natural leadership among the daughter nations of the Empire, must yet always admire the intellectual sincerity and brilliant oratory with which he wins the ear of his English audiences."

In his speeches in Canada during his recent visit, Sir Edmund Barton, Premier of Australia, has taken much the same line. He thinks it early yet to arrive at any settled plan of representation of the Empire, at any scheme which would apportion the burdens of Imperial defence, or at any common system of fiscal taxation. Sir Edmund has clearly shown that he is a moderate Imperialist, holding much the same views as Sir Wilfrid.

It would thus seem that the advance of Imperialism along the lines laid down by the British Empire League is definitely checked for the time being. Mr. Chamberlain cannot do much when Sir Wilfrid and Sir Edmund are in this frame of mind, and the hope of the advanced Imperialists rests almost entirely in the aggressive daring of the Secretary for the Colonies.

*Some Aspects of the Imperial Problem, by Professor Adam Shortt. February CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The wonderful harvest of Manitoba and the Territories will enable that part of Canada to export at least $40,000,000 worth of grain, in addition to the usual large export of cattle. The stream of immigration, so large during the present year, will be maintained and possibly increased next year. The West has entered upon an era of great expansion, and the population should double during the five-year period, 1902-1906. This means much to the whole of Canada. It means national growth and national prosperity.

THE WEST.

This expansion of the West emphasizes the importance of two problems. The first is the perfection of the means of transportation whereby the products of Western Canada may be easily, quickly and economically carried to the European market. The railway facilities are inadequate even with the Canadian Northern assisting the Canadian

Pacific in carrying grain from Manitoba to Port Arthur. It is time that the C.P.R. was double-tracked from Winnipeg to Lake Superior. This is an immediate necessity if the western grain is to be quickly transported to the Great Lakes. Again, the transhipping facilities at Port Dalhousie on Lake Erie, and at Montreal on the St. Lawrence, must be quickly enlarged to meet the pressing demands. The Lower St. Lawrence must be provided with more lighthouses and buoys to facilitate the growing traffic on that great highway. These improvements are even more important than the establishment of a fast Atlantic passenger service which for some years can be only a sentimental advantage.

The second important problem is the retention of the western market for eastern manufactures. This is essential to our national development. If Canada is to be a great nation all the parts must grow together. It is advisable at the present moment to emphasize this fact, since the manufacturers of Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis are taking steps to secure an increased footing in the Canadian West. They have recently announced that they will open a sample warehouse or showrooms at Winnipeg, where United States goods will be permanently exhibited. They claim that here is a market for their surplus goods and that it must be cultivated.

It may not be advisable to meet this competition by raising our tariff so as to exclude United States goods from the West. The Hon. Clifford Sifton, who represents that district, has declared against such a device. The Canadian manufacturers would undoubtedly accept an increase in the tariff as an easy and certain way out of the difficulty which they are facing. Leaving that remedy aside, the manufacturers may meet all competition by a careful attention to the needs of the western community, and by greater diligence in their efforts to make their goods known and appreciated.

A prominent Canadian, who has just returned from England, states that Canadian manufacturers are not careful enough in their foreign shipments. Their goods are not always up to sample, and not always well-packed. This is not the first time such a complaint has been made. Slipshod methods will not do if Canada is to compete successfully either in her own markets or in those of other nations. Thoroughness is a prime requisite. The Government may do its part, the journalists may do their part, but in the main the manufacturers must do the work of making "Made in Canada" a badge of honesty, genuine worth, and thorough-going business methods.

SITTING ON THE FENCE.

A gentleman from the Maritime Provinces, talking with a number of friends in the Russell House Rotunda, at Ottawa, a few weeks ago, made the remark that the curse of the I.C.R. country was "the large number of people sitting on the fence watching for a government job." This startling remark is one over which the good people by the sea might ponder. The enterprise among the people in that rich section of Canada has never been very noteworthy, although there are decided signs of improvement. The young man who was unwilling to be a party hack for a short time, or to chew the ends of his fingers until his relatives worked the necessary "pull" to get him a government situation, or who had no hope of being able to string the necessary wires, betook himself to "the land of hustle." The Boston and New York districts have thousands of these bright young chaps. They are well-educated, brainy fellows with plenty of physical and mental energy. Some of them migrated to Ontario and became leaders of industry, bank managers, educationists or successful business men. Wherever they go these men do well as a rule.

It is the mental attitude of the people of the Maritime Provinces which makes their progress slow. There are many energetic business men in Halifax and St. John, but, speaking gener-

ally, the people are not up to the average of the North American continent in progressiveness and aggressiveness. The fact that the Provinces are small is against them. One large Province would be better. Then again, there has been this large proportion of office-holders. The Imperial office-holders, the Provincial office-holders, and the Dominion office-holders, the number of the latter being made very large by the fact that the I.C.R. is a government road, and always run for the benefit of those who dispense political patronage in that part of Canada. If the appointments to the various staffs in connection with that railway were made on merit, instead of on political grounds, the standard of enterprise among the people would be greatly raised.

Nor is the sitting on the fence a fault of the Maritime Provinces only. The visitor to Ottawa during the session will find it full of these people from all parts of Canada. The consequence is that the departments at Ottawa are filled with drones and dead men. The Civil Service contains a large number who watch the clock. They arrive at 9.30 or 10 a.m., not a minute ahead of time. They leave at a certain hour for lunch. They return after an hour and a half, exactly on the minute. At 4 or 4.30 the clock strikes and they are off again. These clock-watchers learned their easy habits while sitting on the fence waiting for their appointments.

Occasionally in the larger cities of the Dominion one may hear of young men with university training and bright prospects taking minor Government positions with small salaries and small prospects. The father or an uncle has the necessary political influence, and it is an easy position for the dear young man! Usually it is death to his mental and business development because he has no guarantee that he will rise to be head of his department. What comes by pull remains by pull, and the higher place may be filled by an outsider with a newer and stronger influence. Again, the departments are often overcrowded and there is not enough work to keep everybody busy. There are several specific instances of this in Canada to-day if any proof of the assertion were needed.

In fact, as a general rule, the men of ability and education who take Government positions are those who have neither the energy nor the manhood to face the competition of the world. There are exceptions, of course, but this is true of seventy-five per cent. of Government employees. They belong to the class who have no higher ambition than to sit on the fence until they are pensioned off into life-long mediocrity.

In this growing country, in the face of the keen industrial and commercial competition of the time, this attitude on the part of even a small section of our young men is lamentable. Canada needs all the energy of all her sons. The country will not grow of itself. She will only progress as her people create the momentum to drive her forward. Let the young man win his spurs in public competition, and then if his services are valuable let the Government position seek him. Let him not degrade himself by sitting on the fence.

A WISE MAN'S ADVICE.

I met a wise man the other day. This was a real wise man. He knows little of literature, less of politics and nothing of creeds. But he knows people and affairs. He amasses wealth without manual labour. He is collecting in his private bank account part of the revenue of the country, some of the profits of the people as a whole. And he said to me, "Are you getting your share of the profits?" I said that I feared not as I held very little "stock." "Buy more," said he, "we are in for a long period of great prosperity." That is his method of transferring these profits to his private bank account. The people are creating much wealth and gas-company shares, electric railway shares, railroad shares are all bounding upwards in value. The en-

terprise of the people who do not hold them is enhancing their value. The farmer, the miner, the labourer, the artisan, the merchant, the manufacturer —all these by their enterprise are creating a profit for the wise man who does not labour but studies the tape of the stock-ticker.

"What shall I buy?" I asked him. "Buy Canadian Pacific for one," came quickly. "I have a few shares of that, but I do not desire to have all my eggs in one basket." He smiled and added, "Then buy some electric shares—traction, I mean. They are even better than steam-railway shares. Hard times affect them less. Even if business is bad, people must ride in the street-cars. Buy Toronto Street, Montreal Street, Halifax Tram., Winnipeg Street —any of them are good."

It was a similar wise man who prompted the advice given in this department several months ago, that the people of Canada should buy Canadian Pacific Railway stock. Then it was worth $130. Now it is worth $140. Should any person desire more advice about stocks let him take that of this wise man who says that electric traction stocks are good. The cities of Canada are growing, and one result of that growth is an increased demand for electric transportation. The bicycling craze hurt them for a time, but that is all gone now. The motor car is coming, but not soon. The electric-car is the great money-maker in modern city life. The earnings of all street railways are increasing with notable rapidity.

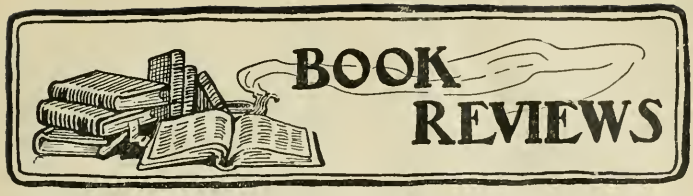
Genuine purchases of stocks are a help to trade rather than a hindrance. In this way the savings and the accumulated capital of the people is made useful in developing the larger and more general industries of the country. Stock dealing has its evil phases, but these are small in comparison with the good.

It is rather pleasant to find the Methodist Church condemning "blind speculation" on the Stock Exchange and also "all stock manipulation and capitalization which have a tendency to mislead investors." It is pleasant because the worst piece of stock manipulation and capitalization which misled investors in Canada during the past year was under the patronage of several leading Methodists—men high in the councils of the Church, and men whose financial gifts to the Church have led to much prayer and thanksgiving. It is pleasant also when it is known that several of the leading divines in the Church are expert speculators, with a splendid knowledge of stock values. That such a resolution should be passed at the General Conference of the Church indicates that the Church as a whole is sound in its belief that Christian principles should rule in the business as well as the social life of its leading members. To be consistent, the Conference should have gone farther and appointed a committee to inquire into the business life of some of these leading members to ascertain if they are making their millions honestly. Still, on this point the Methodist Church is as consistent as the other churches or as the people generally.

The same Conference expressed itself in favour of compulsory arbitration in industrial disputes. On the other hand, the Trades and Labour Congress held at Berlin recently declared against it. The latter action shows how successful the labour organizations have been in recent contests, when they can afford to declare against a remedy which they once thought vital to them.

The Curriculum of the Central Business College, Toronto, a wonderfully handsome brochure, fell into my hands recently, and made me wonder why our public schools and universities failed to give a commercial education. Perhaps, as the work is being done excellently by private enterprise, one should not complain. I am informed that Canadian business colleges are even better than those of the United States.

John A. Cooper



WINTER READING

THE Canadian reader is in danger of forgetting two things : that in recent times a literature of undoubted merit has grown up in his own country, and that common sense suggests his knowing Canada through her own writers. This is said in no narrow spirit. It is quite as absurd to underrate as to overrate the community you live in. This is the home, by birth or adoption, of us all. The ideas, poetry, history, and polity of Canada must possess for us a primary concern.

Those who have formed the reading habit seldom neglect the world's literature. In Canada it is usually our own books that suffer in the competition, and this is a fitting occasion on which to offer a few desultory remarks on the basis that might form a course of reading on Canadian subjects. "Canadian history," said a man of some distinction not long ago, "was never made interesting to me at school, and I have carried the indifference then acquired with me through life." The complaint is not new. The fault, I submit, was due both to teacher and text-book. Only in very recent years have we had attractive books on the history of Canada. There is now no excuse for either aversion or indifference. It is satisfactory to know that Prof. Pelham Edgar has prepared a work on "the Romance of Canadian History," being selections from Parkman. This, we may feel sure, has been done with insight and taste, so as to relieve the conscientious, with much ground to cover, from tackling the whole eleven volumes—an agreeable but serious task. One hesitates to prescribe Kingsford, although his ten volume history is the most authoritative, and, for certain periods, an indispensable guide. A course of reading should not be formidable. After all there is something in the rather dogmatic assertion of Dr. Johnson : "A man ought to read just as inclination leads him, for what he reads as a task will do him little good." There are, however, several one-volume efforts that enable us to escape this startling warning. Between Mr. Bradley's "Fight with France for North America," or Sir John Bourinot's "Canada under British Rule," or the general histories of Mr. Roberts, Principal Calkin and John McMullen, a choice can easily be made.

A study of some special period has much to commend it, and in this respect, too, the Canadian reader finds himself well supplied. Dent is the historian of the Upper Canada Rebellion. To Dr. James Hannay we owe an entirely readable history of the War of 1812. The Northwest is almost as deservedly famous for its crop of books as its wheat harvest, and forms, one may say, a subject by itself, whether regarded from the point of view of exploration, adventure or development. Prof. Bryce has dealt vividly with the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Begg's history covers the whole field, and there are books too numerous to mention connected with some particular department or individual inseparably connected with our great West.

It may almost be said that when you turn to Canadian biography you

plunge at once into politics—politics, all kinds, fill a large place in our national life. Exceptions exist, but of outstanding biographies of our principal men, omitting those perhaps of Dr. Ryerson, Sir William Logan and General Brock, the notable books are essentially political and—using the word in its best sense—partizan. Mr. Pope's Sir John Macdonald is a perfect mine of information. The career of Alexander Mackenzie, so faithfully brought out by Mr. Ross and Mr. Buckingham, is, from the opposite point of view, equally valuable. To Mr. Lindsay is due a life of Lyon Mackenzie which must ever occupy an important place in our biographical literature. Knowledge of a thoroughly worthy politician's success, as well as an insight into New Brunswick politics, is gained from Dr. Hannay's Sir Leonard Tilley. Lord Strathcona's biography touches several phases of Canadian life, and Mr. Castell Hopkins has handled with judgment a somewhat delicate subject in his appreciation of Sir John Thompson and that able man's place in our politics. There are other biographies, but none quite so noteworthy.

Of autobiographies we have really but three, each wholly different from the others and all by men whose interests, talents and points of view reflect widely divergent minds—Sir Francis Hincks, Colonel George T. Denison and Sir William Dawson. It would be difficult to map out a course of reading which did not, at some point, touch upon politics, military life and educational progress.

In dealing with poetry and fiction much must be left to individual preference, and unless the intention is to illumine some selected period or line of inquiry by means of imaginative writing, a portion of our most successful literary achievement would necessarily be passed over. If it is found impracticable to include poetic writers such as Campbell, Lampman, Roberts and Scott in a reading scheme, the work of Drummond in delineating the Canadian *habitant* and Charles Mair's "Tecumseh" ought, at least, to be drawn upon. As to fiction, the historical basis of so many Canadian novels renders it comparatively easy to weave into the general plan such stories as Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," Miss McIlwraith's "Roderick Campbell," Miss Jones' "Night Hawk," Lighthall's "Young Seigneur," and Miss Laut's "Lords of the North." For pure enjoyment one would turn readily to Mr. Fraser's "Mooswa" and Roberts' "Heart of an Ancient Wood," and the same may be said of a number of other Canadian tales.

A point to be kept in mind by all who wish to enlarge their knowledge of Canadian books is that the list is far longer than most of us realize; that it is not confined to any one department of study or amusement; and that mention of particular books and authors is almost inevitably arbitrary, incomplete and confined to the newer issues. Scarcely any field of literary enquiry can be disposed of in a short paper on Canadian books, but as many of the older works are out of print, only accessible in a large library, and seldom possessed by private collectors, it is better to consider the subject from a practical rather than an exhaustive standpoint. There remains much untouched material. Some Canadian books are rare and expensive, and it speaks well for the growing interest in Canada by Canadians that publishers find a demand for new editions of old books like Dr. James Bain's re-issue of Henry's Travels, or Mr. Casselman's reprint of Richardson's War of 1812. A few years ago such enterprises would have been impossible. The taste for Canadian literature may have slowly developed, but it is now a steady factor in the publishing programmes of Canadian book houses, and continues to assert itself with increasing persistence. There is a modesty about our literary growth which is not the least convincing evidence of its permanence. Not so long ago a Canadian critic complained that practically speaking we had no books. He could not say this to-day.

TEMPORAL POWER *

To unfriendly criticisms of Marie Corelli's books, the usual retort is that they sell to hundreds of thousands. That is not quite conclusive. The patrons of falsehood, thieving and drunkenness number thousands, but that is no recommendation of those vices. We do not mean to class Miss Corelli's writings with such gross offences because there is a wide difference. There is generally a reason for the presence of vice in a man: bad companionship, ill-health, moral weakness. For Miss Corelli's novels there is no excuse whatever. They are so absurd as to call for no notice at all, since the majority of persons who read novels of that kind borrow them from the libraries on the suggestion of their lady friends in other kitchens. "Temporal Power" is noticed here simply because it is not an immoral book, is not lacking in interest, is no worse than many another product of incoherent sensationalism, and because it has been sent us for review. There is no harm in the book, but it is simply rubbish. It is reported that King Edward reads Miss Corelli's novels, and if His Majesty is much afflicted with sleeplessness, the remedy is a sound one. If, however, the insinuation is that the King admires that kind of book it is really an attack upon royalty, and the author of the report should be sought out and dealt with. The author of the book may safely be left alone.

NOTES

The Rommany Stone, by J. H. Yoxall, M.P. (Longmans and the Copp, Clark Co.) is an English dialect story, which is very tedious. As the title would indicate it contains something about gipsies.

The greatest tribute to George Eliot is the fact that the final word has not yet been spoken by the critics. Sir Leslie Stephen the great English critic has written a volume on her and her work on the "English Men of Letters" series, which is probably the best that has yet appeared. He points out that her friendship with Herbert Spencer was won by years of toil spent in translating Strauss, Fuerbach, and Spinoza and the consequent acquisition of a philosophical creed. This creed was also the inspiration of her novels, and explains much that is in her books. With this foundation she combined great powers of mind, a rich emotional nature, a reflective intellect, a tolerant spirit, a playful and pungent wit. At the age of forty-four she took to poetry, but Sir Leslie Stephen does not think she achieved a permanent position in the ranks of English poets.

Robert Barr's "Prince of Good Fellows" has appeared in book form, and the critics are not complimentary. It is a series of loosely strung episodes concerning James the Fifth of Scotland.

Guy Boothby has written a story showing how a South American revolution is carried on. It is entitled "The Kidnapped President," and is quite sensational enough to be popular.

Rudyard Kipling has transferred his residence from Rottingdean to Burwash, near Tunbridge Wells. It is said that the change was made on account of the annoyances to which he has been subjected at the hands of "trippers" and visitors.

There were few topics of human interest that John Ruskin left untouched during the course of his long and notable literary career. He created something of an epoch in the history of art criticism; he left a deep impress upon the political economy and social thought of his time; and he wrote with rare discernment on questions of natural history and science. Back of all, however, was a great and dominating moral passion. Prof. J. F. Bonnell, of Emory College, Oxford, Ga., chooses to regard Ruskin pre-eminently as "a great Christian teacher," who "came from the bosom of a family warm with Bible truth and devout almost to asceticism; who, being heir to large wealth, yet steadily consecrated it to the public benefit; who with a spirit more lofty

* Temporal Power, by Marie Corelli. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

and heroic than Jephthah's, because more enlightened and voluntary, made surrender to Love his own admiration and love, and yielded to a fateful invasion of other claims the dearest object of his affections—the wife and idol of his heart—thus doing the act of a self-crushing and sublime grace; who sought to teach the economists and commercialists the human side of society and of men, and the supreme authority of Christianity in every domain."

Miss Laut, who, since the publication of "Lords of the North," has been residing at Ottawa, has taken up her residence in Laurence Oliphant's old country-place, "Wildwood Place," Wassaic, an hour out of New York, up the Harlem River. Our author explains her change of residence sententiously: "It's heartbreaking to leave one's country, but it's heartbreaking to run down to New York five times every six months."

George N. Morang & Co. are announcing a book of exceptional interest to the Empire in general, and in many phases to Canada in particular. To lovers of biography and to those interested in historical and political sketches, E. C. Black's "Life of Marquis of Dufferin and Ava" will prove exceedingly popular. It is now twenty-four years since the lamented Imperial servant laid down the staff of office as Governor-General of Canada. The fact that Mr. Black was able to confer with Lord Dufferin regarding a portion of the work will be a guarantee of the authenticity and worth of letters of that period, a period of especial importance in the development and growth of Canada. The life of this brilliant servant, diplomat and statesman, who has done so much, and been so much, reads like the stories of mediæval times when knights accomplished such feats. Dufferin has made history, and now through a historical sketch we will know him.

"Confessions of a Wife," which is running through *The Century Magazine*, is making the hit of the year. It is told in the form of a diary and letters, but it is done with such sly humour and admirable literary reticence that it captures the reader as insensibly and completely as Marma was captured by the unreasonable man. Whoever the author, "Mary Adams," may be, she has a dainty and original touch. The Canadian edition will be published by the Copp, Clark Company.

George N. Morang & Co. have secured Kipling's latest book, "Just So Stories." To those who have experienced the delights of reading Kipling's clever animal stories this book will prove a welcome boon.

The recent death of Rev. Norman Russell, missionary of the Canada Presbyterian Church, Central India, lends an additional interest to his volume, "Village Work in India," Fleming H. Revell Company. The lamented missionary had a fascinating style of description which, coupled with his peculiar penetrative insight into human character, makes the book at once delightful and instructive.

A volume of biographical sketches from the pen of the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., is to come out in England this autumn. The subjects include Gladstone, Disraeli, Parnell, Lord Sherbrooke (Robert Lowe), Freeman, Cardinal Manning, Dean Stanley, and J. R. Green, with all of whom Mr. Bryce has had official or close personal relations.

Seton Merriman's new novel "The Vultures," contains rather more love-making than any of his previous books, as it works out the romances of Wanda, the Polish Princess, and Netty, the keen-witted American girl. But the stronger motive of the story is a Polish rising against the Russian yoke, a theme which the author handles with greater power than drawing-room scenes.

Winston Churchill, M.P., has begun the biography of his father, entrusted to him by the literary executors of Lord Randolph Churchill, namely, Earl Howe and E. Beckett, M.P., and is asking for the loan of private letters and other documents to be used in the work.

IDLE MOMENTS

EUROPEAN vs AMERICAN HUMOUR

A CANADIAN who has recently returned from a visit to the Old Country sends us the following :—

I think, or I have always thought, that the English have both wit and humour in at least as great a degree as any other people. There is a great literature known to the whole world to justify the belief, to say nothing of the proofs which the press and platform of the moment supply. But I am bound to confess that there is something in the familiar American dictum that an Englishman cannot fathom a Yankee joke. I had two rather amusing illustrations of this. In the first case it was an Englishwoman, but that makes no difference.

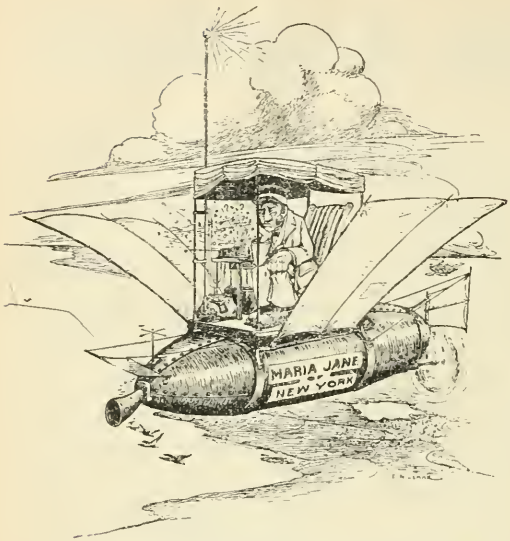
The lady in question was a person of birth and culture; a very earnest and pious soul, with what might be described as an "intense" temperament. One day in the course of conversation (it was on shipboard) I told, with all the necessary solemnity of face and manner, a story to illustrate the wickedness of the western cowboys. It was to the effect that a gang of these lawless wretches on a certain occasion hanged a man for horse-stealing, and subsequently discovered that they had lynched the wrong party. Feeling that something should be done to make amends for the error, they sent a deputation to apologize to the widow of the victim. The spokesman on the cabin door being opened, politely removed his broad-brimmed hat and said, "Does Widow Burns live here?" "Not Widow Burns," said the woman, "but Mrs. Burns; yes, she lives here." "Excuse *me*, ma'am, but I guess it's Widow Burns." Whereupon, having thus prepared the way for the announcement, he stated the particulars of the unfortunate mistake, and wound up by making the *amende honorable* in the words, "Er—you've got the laugh on us this time, missus!"

I cannot attempt to convey an idea of the horrified expression of countenance the good English lady wore throughout this story, nor the vehemence with which, at its conclusion, she exclaimed, "Oh! the wretch! Laugh! Did he say *laugh*, when they had killed her husband? Oh! the vile creature! Such men ought to be—they ought to be positively tortured!"

The other story was told at the dinner table, being specially addressed to my *vis-a-vis*—an English clergyman, as well educated as the generality of his order, and withal a most genial man. His also was a tale of the West. It was of an English gentleman who went out to the prairie country to look for a younger brother. Having arrived at the town to which he had been directed, he accosted a rough-looking citizen, slouching near the door of a saloon, and politely asked if he happened to know a Mr. So-and-so living thereabouts. "Was he a tall feller with a sandy moustache?" enquired the citizen, coolly. "He was, precisely." "Did he have a Roman nose?" "Yes, quite so; the very same man, no doubt. Where does he live?" "He's dead, Mister." "Dead! when did he die?" "Last summer; he commited suicide." "Suicide! dear me, really? How—?" "Mister, he called me a liar."

"Aw!" slowly ejaculates the reverend gentleman, reflectively, gazing through his eye-glasses. Then for a few moments he grappled with the problem. "Aw. But—en—that wouldn't be suicide. *Sui* signifies self, and, you see, in that case the man didn't kill himself, it was the other who killed him!"

The "British hospitality" accorded to these stories calls to mind the judg-



"CONFOUND THIS WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. MY WIFE HAS BEEN TALKING TO ME EVER SINCE I LEFT HOME."—*Life*.

ment of the German Professor on the subject of western yarns in general. An American in Berlin, had asserted, in conversation with a learned Professor of the University, that Germans, like Englishmen, were incapable of appreciating United States' jokes, whereupon the philosophical Teuton requested a sample that the point might be settled. "Well, for instance," responded the Yankee, "we have a story about a man who had such large feet that he could not get a boot-jack large enough to pull off his boots, so he used to go and take them off on the forks of the road." The Professor made no response, except to look a little more profound, so the Yank. resumed: "There are buildings in New York so high that it takes a man and a boy to see to the top of them—the boy beginning to look from where the man leaves off." The Professor solemnly gazed through his spectacles. "There, just as I thought; you don't see the point of either of these jokes," said the American. "My friendt;" remarked the learned German, after due consideration: "in Chermanyve do not such tings call chokes—ve lies dem gall!" *B.*

A PUBLISHER'S WIT

Rev. Dr. Briggs, of the Methodist Book Room, Toronto, is "not an Irishman for nothing." He has the gift of wit, which is one of the characteristics of his countrymen. An example of it, which he gave at the recent meeting of Conference, will be especially appreciated by his fellow-publishers. The Doctor was making his report on the subscription list of the *Christian Guardian* and had to touch upon the sad fact of many subscribers being in arrears. "The paper has hosts of friends," said the Doctor. "All over the country are those who boast of being unremitting supporters of the *Guardian*. But, for my part, I would much prefer that they should be occasionally remitting supporters!" *C.*

HIS UPRIGHTNESS

There was a certain bank manager whose bank was about to be amalgamated with others, and converted. A company promoter, who wanted the contract, had been interviewing him, and ended up with: "I needn't say, of course, Mr. Blank, that if we get this contract, you—er—I mean we shall not forget you, you know." "That is an insult, sir," said Mr.

Blank, very gravely, "I have been a bank manager for six and thirty years, and I have never yet taken a commission. And," he added, opening the door, "I never will. "But," he ended, as his guest went away crestfallen, "Mrs. Blank has never refused one."

A SCOTCH REPLY

There is a certain Scottish minister in a West Highland parish who has never yet been known to permit a stranger to occupy his pulpit.

The other day, however, an Edinburgh divinity student was spending a few days in the parish, and on the Saturday he called at the manse and asked the minister to be allowed to preach the following day.

"My dear young man," said the minister, laying a hand gently on the young man's shoulder, "gin I lat ye preach that morn, and ye gie a better sermon than me, my fowk wad never again be satisfied wi' my preaching; and gin ye're nae a better preacher than me, ye're no' worth listening tae?"—*Selected.*

THE MODERN TEST

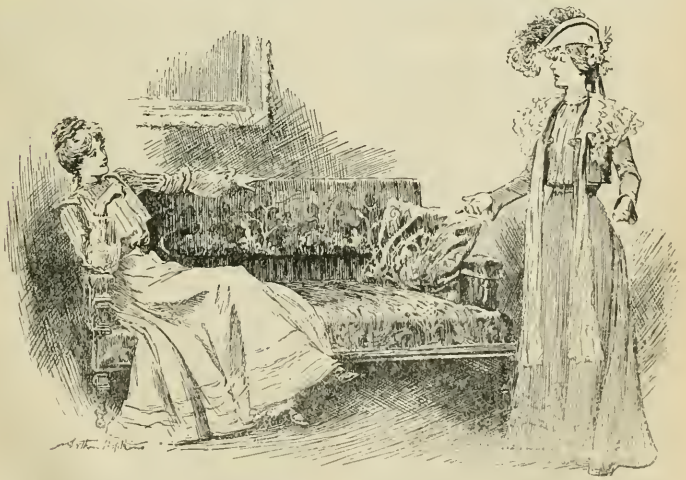
"There goes the most popular man in this town."

"That so? Did he make his money himself or inherit it?"—*Selected.*

SELECTED ANECDOTES

In spite of his immense wealth, the Sultan Abdul Hamid is one of the most plainly dressed of all the monarchs of Europe. While he is surrounded by officials in all the brilliance of Eastern uniforms of kaleidoscopic colours, and blazing with orders and jewels, he himself is conspicuous in a simple frock-coat suit of blue, relieved by a single decoration, with a red fez and a sword in a steel scabbard.

The German Emperor ascribes his good health and vigour to the excel-



MRS. NOODEL—"My husband says this is such an awful hat! You don't see anything absurd in it, do you, dear?"

MISS SHARPE—"Oh, no, dear; not much—only your head."

[*Friendly relations are subsequently re-established.—Punch.*

lent advice given to him by his favourite doctor, and he has learnt by heart the latter's "rule of life," which is as follows:—Eat fruit for breakfast. Eat fruit for lunch. Avoid pastry and hot cakes. Only take potatoes once a day. Don't drink tea or coffee. Walk four miles every day, wet or fine. Take a bath every day. Wash the face every night in warm water. Sleep eight hours every night.

When Lord Charles Beresford was a cadet in the Royal Navy, he was one day driving a drag, in which there were ladies, back from the races, when the occupants of another vehicle worked off their exuberance of spirits by the use of peashooters, the pellets from which struck the ladies. The future admiral saw this, and thought out a plan to get his revenge. They had not gone much farther when he managed to lock one of his wheels in one of the other carriage, and then, bearing to the right, caused the other vehicle to tip its human cargo into the ditch. Then Beresford whipped up his horses and drove off as innocent as a new-born babe.

Some fifty years ago Roger, a celebrated tenor, gave a supper, at which Berlioz was present, and also the musical critic Fiorentino.

In the early hours of the morning Fiorentino got up, "to stretch his legs," as he said, and strayed into the next room, where there was an interesting collection of firearms. In a few minutes he came back, carrying a gun, and in the spirit of mischief began to point it about in the most reckless manner. Finally he turned it upon Berlioz.

"I am going to kill Berlioz," he said. "He is a formidable rival. He is in my way as a musical critic."

Berlioz turned pale and shook with fear, but his host assured him that the gun was not loaded.

Fiorentino changed his aim. "Berlioz isn't worth killing, after all," said he. "I shouldn't get his place, for they'd say I'd used undue influence. Now I've a grudge against grand opera, and against Meyerbeer for not having handed me over a part of his gains. So I'll kill Roger, for that will stop the receipts at the opera house."

Thereupon he took aim at his host, who, feeling sure that the gun was not loaded, did not budge an inch. But in another second Fiorentino changed his mind again.

"There's no pleasure in killing Roger," said he. "He isn't even afraid of dying. But I must kill something. I'll kill his portrait."

He turned the muzzle of the gun towards a full-length picture of the tenor, pulled the trigger, and, to everybody's horror, simply riddled the canvas with shot.

CURRENT JOKES

Author's Little Boy: "Papa, what is a magazine editor?" Author (of some repute): "Why, he is the man in the magazine office who prints the articles he ought to send back, and sends back the articles he ought to print."

"There is nothing the matter with you," persisted the Christian Scientist, "absolutely nothing. Can I not convince you?"

"Let me ask you a question," replied the sick man.

"A thousand if you like."

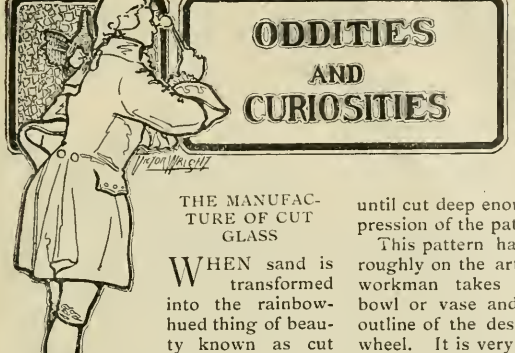
"Well, suppose a man has nothing the matter with him, and he dies of it, what didn't he have the matter with him?"

A lawyer who had recently come into town placed his shingle outside he door. It read, "A Swindler." A gentleman who was passing by saw the sign, and, entering the lawyer's office, said, "Man alive, look at that sign. Put in your name in full, Alexander, or whatever it is. Don't you see how it reads now?"

"Oh, yes, I know," replied the lawyer, "but I don't exactly like to do it."

"Why not," said the stranger, "it looks mighty bad as it is; what is your name?"

"Adam Swindler."



THE MANUFACTURE OF CUT GLASS

WHEN sand is transformed into the rainbow-hued thing of beauty known as cut glass it is a feat worth talking about. Digging a rough-looking stone from the earth, cutting and polishing it, until it becomes a glorious diamond is a simple thing compared to making the effulgent punch bowl, the shimmering decanter and the prismatic water pitcher from a spadeful of minerals mixed and melted.

It may be thought by some that the cutting of the beautiful glass tableware that is so highly prized is done with delicate tools, wielded by artists as fragile and esthetic as the product of their skill. The cut glass factory, as a matter of fact, is as rough and workmanlike an establishment as any shop where machinery buzzes and leather belts whirr the day through.

Along each side of the shop run rows of wheels, differing in sizes, but all alike in one particular. Above each is a receptacle for fine sand and water. The mixture is allowed to trickle down on the wheel at which the workman is cutting a piece of glass, and against this sanded wheel the cutter presses the punch bowl or vase or tumbler upon which he is at work, allowing the combination of sand and whirring wheel to wear away the glass until cut deep enough to take the impression of the pattern.

This pattern has first been marked roughly on the article to be cut. The workman takes this rough-marked bowl or vase and follows closely the outline of the design with his sanded wheel. It is very important not to cut either too deep or too shallow a groove in the glass, for the one would send the wheel right through the glass, while the other would leave the design of uneven shape and finish. In knowing just how far to cut and in avoiding the chipping of the material, while patiently boring away at the pattern, is where the glass cutter shows his skill.

When the first cutter has shaped the pattern in the glass he turns it over to another man presiding over a wheel of more delicate edge. This man goes over the work the second time, assuring the smoothness of the grooves cut. Then a third man goes over the work, making it still smoother, and so the cut glass travels around the room until it finds its way at last into the final hands, in a room off in the corner, where men work, wearing thick rubber gloves and rubber aprons and inhaling noxious acid fumes that compel them every few minutes to seek the outer air.

For three centuries glass cutters have been improving the work of turning into exquisitely-hued tableware the plain glass articles that come from the cooling-room of the glass factory. It was only in 1630 that the art of making flint glass was discovered in England. It had greater density and power of refraction than the ordin-

ary glass, and lent itself more readily to the manipulation and so was the first glass suitable for cutting. Glass that could be cut had long been sought, but only faint outlines and engravings were possible up to that time.

It seems strange that the method should have remained undiscovered for so long, when it is remembered that the making of glass is one of the oldest arts in the world. No one knows, in fact, when, where or how the manufacturing of glass originated, so ancient is its origin. Sculptured designs representing glass-blowers at work were found in ancient Memphis. These sculptures were made 5,700 years ago, and represent glass being blown through long tubes, just as is done to-day. The Egyptians made beautiful glass, both for wares and ornaments, and the Romans patterned from them.

THE MOOSE KILLED OFF THE HORSES

While the peculiar pacing gait of a moose will not carry him over the ground as rapidly as the deer or caribou, his endurance far surpasses either of these animals. For a short spurt, or in very deep snow, the caribou can easily discount the moose, but for an all-day's jaunt, where the course is fairly open, the moose has no rival. Many years ago, when Sir Edmund Head was Governor of this Province, writes a New Brunswick journalist, he owned a tamed moose that performed remarkable feats of speed and endurance. On one occasion the Governor wagered $2,500 that a moose could travel from Fredericton to St. John over the ice, a distance of eighty-four miles, in faster time than any team of horses in the stud of Lord Hill, of the Fifty-Second Regiment. A sledge was attached to the moose and another to the horses. The river ice was covered with about eight inches of snow. The start was made opposite the Government House at 8 o'clock in the morning.

In several hours the moose and his driver were in Market Square, St. John. Lord Hill's team was distanced, one of the horses expired at Gagetown, and the other reaching St. John three hours behind the moose.

THE USE OF PERFUMES

That question of the compounding of scents was an interesting one to scientists who experimented with it. The necessary civet or ambergris used in the base of all lasting perfume must be carefully added. A trifle too much of it will make the scent distressingly irritant to the wearer as well as to the unfortunate with whom she comes in contact. The same is true of many combinations of perfume, and several separate scents, attacking a sensitive set of nerves at one time, may induce violent hysteria, though the victim may not be able to understand the cause of the attack. So here is another argument against the indiscriminate and lavish use of perfume. All the laws of good taste cry out against it, but women cheerfully continue to saturate their belongings with perfume under the mistaken impression that they are adding a last touch of daintiness and femininity to their make-up.

All this is bad enough when elaborately carried out without regard to trouble or expense, but few women are artists in the perfume line. If the perfumes are not of the rarest and purest, they can achieve no desirable result. If the powder and liquid and soap and pastils and all the rest are not identical in scent, they produce a compound that is not pleasant to smell and is harmful to the nerves. It is the rare and exceptional woman who attains subtlety and delicacy in her use of perfumes, if she uses them at all. Far better use no perfume than use any cheap variety. Even among the expensive perfumes there are many that are deplorably poor, and if a woman does succeed in obtaining a really good perfume, she should, of her charity, be considerate in her use of it.

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